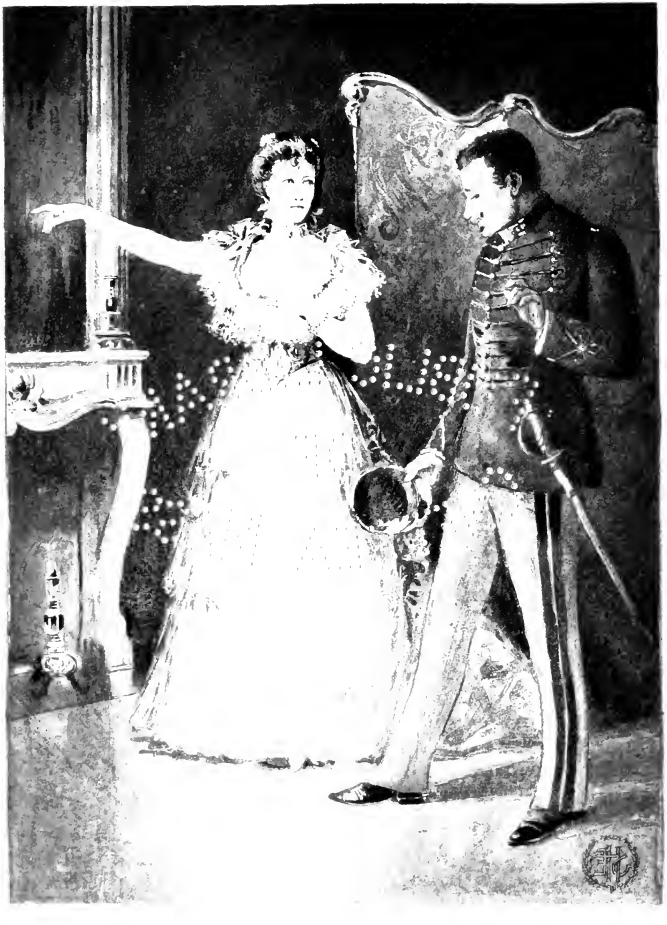
Victor Hugo

CITY APPROPRIATION

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.



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Vol. I.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.

The First Day.

THE PITFALL.

CHAPTER I.

SECURITY.

ON the 1st of December, 1851, Charras, who had been Under Secretary of State in 1848, and Acting Secretary of War under the Provincial Government, shrugged his shoulders, and drew the charges of his pistols. In fact, all credence in the chance of a *coup d'état* occurring had become too humiliating to be believed in for a moment. Indeed the idea that M. Louis Bonaparte would venture upon a deed of illegal violence was almost beyond the possibility of belief. The Devincq election was occupying every mind at the moment, and it was evident that the Government was entirely taken up with it. How could any one contemplate such an act as a conspiracy against the Republic or the people? Where was there a man capable of harbouring so wild a thought? To enact a tragedy an actor is required, and here the actor was conspicuous by his absence. To violate all right, suppress the Assembly, set aside the Constitution, destroy the Re-

public, confound the nation, sully the flag, dishonour the army, debase the clergy and the magistracy; succeed, triumph, govern, rule, exile, banish, transport, ruin, assassinate, and reign, — with such accessories as these, the law was one mass of corruption.

And by whom were these atrocities to be committed? By a Colossus? No; by a dwarf. People ridiculed the idea, and ceased to exclaim "What a crime!" to add "What a farce!" They considered that, after all, a wide range was required for the committal of heavy offences, and crimes of a particular nature are too vast for certain minds. To accomplish an eighteenth Brumaire, a man must date from an Arcola in the past, and give promise of an Austerlitz. To be a great scoundrel is not the province of every new-comer. People thus reflected: "What kind of person is this Hortense's son, who has Strasbourg instead of Arcola, and with whom Boulogne takes the place of Austerlitz? He is a Frenchman, a Dutchman, a naturalized Swiss, a Bonaparte crossed by a Verhuell, chiefly remarkable by the simplicity of his imperial attitude; let him therefore beware, lest he who plucks the eagle's feather should find a goose's quill in his hand. The army will not give currency to this Bonaparte, for the effigy is far heavier weighted with lead than with gold. Surely, French soldiers in exchange for this false Napoleon's coin, will not take part in rebellion, enormities, massacres, crime, and treason. His villainous efforts would only prove futile, for not a regiment would rise. Then again, what can be his reason? His character has doubtless its dark side, but why pronounce him a thorough scoundrel. As he is incapable physically of great outrages, why give him credit for planning them? Is he not in honour bound? Has he not said: 'In Europe no one doubts my word! Let us calm our fears.'" We could in turn reply: "Crimes

are of greater or lesser magnitude. Cæsar ranks with the first, and Mandrin with the latter. Cæsar crosses the Rubicon, Mandrin leaps the gutter." Some men will wisely interpose: "Why judge a man so harshly, who has endured exile and misfortune? Exile but enlightens, misfortune acts as a corrective."

Louis Bonaparte made great protestations, and everything seemed to favour him. After such solemn assurances, why doubt his honour? Towards the end of October, 1848, when he became candidate for the Presidency, he called on one living at No. 37, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, to whom he said: "As I have been calumniated, I now come to give you an explanation. Do you think me mad enough to venture a Napoleon's career? There are two fit models for a man of great ambition to be found in Napoleon and Washington, — one representing genius and the other virtue. To say you will be a genius is absurd, but to state you will act as a man of honour is an honest confession. How much of this depends on our own free will? To be a genius? No. To be an upright man? Yes. To instil genius into ourselves is impossible; but to act honourably is quite possible. Do you consider me mad enough to renew the Napoleonic era by one thing only, — crime? That would be a mighty ambition certainly. The Republic is established, and as I am not a great man, I shall not attempt to imitate Napoleon; but as I am an honourable man, I shall take Washington as a model. The name of Bonaparte shall twice be inscribed in the history of France; the first with crime and feats of glory, the second with integrity and honour. The latter will avail doubtless far more than the former. Why? Because Napoleon may have been the greater, but Washington is the better man; and I prefer being a good citizen to a guilty hero. So much for my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years elapsed, and although the people had long suspected Louis Bonaparte, time the great healer, had succeeded in lulling their suspi cions. Louis Bonaparte's ministers, Magne and Rouher, were both men of great dissimulation; but, on the other hand, his ministers Léon Faucher and Odillon Barrot were most honourable,—the latter was a voucher for uprightness and sincerity.

When at Ham, Louis Bonaparte was noticed standing at the door, beating his breast. Madame Hortense Cornu, his foster-sister when writing to Merolawsky said: "I am a good Republican, and I can answer for him." Peanger, a friend of his at Ham and a loyal subject declared: "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason."

Was not Louis Bonaparte the author of a work called "Pauperism"? Count Potochi, a Republican, and Count d'Orsay, a Liberal, formed part of the intimate circle frequenting the Elysée. Louis Bonaparte would say to Potochi: "I am one of the Democracy;" and to D'Orsay, "I am a man for Liberty." The Marquis du Hallays was against the *coup d'état;* the Marquise, on the contrary, favoured it. To the Marquis Louis Bonaparte would say, "Fear nothing;" adding, however, to the Marquise, "Do not be anxious." After some show of uneasiness the Assembly had gradually calmed down.

General Neumayer, a man of reliance, was stationed at Lyons, and who, if the necessity arose, would at once march upon Paris. Changarnier exclaimed, "Representatives of the people, deliberate in all security." Louis Bonaparte himself uttered the well-remembered words: "Whoever attempted forcibly to set aside the established law, I should consider him my country's enemy." Force meant the army, which was commanded by men who were beloved and successful leaders, —Lamorcière,

Changarnier, Cavaignac, Leflô, Bédeau, Charras. Can the thought be for one moment entertained, that soldiers from Africa would attack their own generals? Louis Bonaparte on Friday, November 28, 1851, said to Michel de Bourges: "If I sought to do evil, I should find myself powerless to accomplish it. I sent an invitation to dinner to five colonels belonging to the Paris garrison, and the fancy took me to question each one separately. They were all of one opinion,— that the army would never attempt to shake the inviolability of the Assembly, nor give any assistance to a *coup de force.* This you can relate to your friends." "With this he smiled," said Michel de Bourges, "and I did the same." Michel de Bourges afterwards declared in the Tribune: "That is the man for me."

In the same month of November, the President of the Republic brought a charge of calumny against a satirical journal, for a caricature representing Louis Bonaparte at a shooting-gallery, and using the Constitution as a target. The sentence passed was fine and imprisonment. When in Council, Thorigny, Minister of the Interior, declared in the presence of the President, "that no man in power should transgress the law; if so, he would be considered a dishonourable man." This had already been stated by the President, and every word and deed of his had now become a matter of public notoriety. The impossibility, both practically and morally, of compassing a *coup d'état* was evident to every one. What! attack the National Assembly? Arrest its members? What utter folly! Charras, whose suspicions were of long standing, as we have seen, now set aside all precaution. A feeling of complete security pervaded all parties, with few exceptions. Some of us in the Assembly still had our doubts, and we continued to shake our heads; but we were looked upon as idiots.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS SLUMBERS. THE BELL RESOUNDS.

VERSIGNY, the member for Haute-Saôve, was residing in Paris on December 2, 1851, at No. 4, Rue Léonie. He was sleeping soundly, tired out with working late overnight at one of Bastiat's works, from which he had been taking notes. Versigny was thirty-two years of age, fair, and mild-looking; he was a noble-minded man, and much given to the study of social economy.

He had fallen asleep with the book left open on the table, when he was suddenly awakened by the sharp ringing of the bell. Starting up, he at first imagined that there was some mistake, never dreaming a visitor would pay so early a call, — it was now about seven o'clock in the morning. He quietly settled himself to sleep again, when the bell sounded a second time; this peal was louder than before. Versigny, now thoroughly aroused, sprang out of bed to the door, to find on opening it Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac there. Michel de Bourges lived at 16, Rue de Milan, and was a neighbour of Versigny's.

Théodore Bac and Michel looked pale and greatly agitated.

"Versigny, come, dress quickly; Baune has been arrested," said Michel.

"What!" cried Versigny, "are we going to have the Manguin business over again?"

"Even worse than that. Baune's wife and daughter came and awoke me about half an hour ago, saying, that Baune had been arrested at six o'clock this morning, while still in bed."

"What does it all mean?" said Versigny.

Again the bell resounded.

"We shall now, doubtless, hear further news," replied Michel de Bourges.

Versigny then opened the door to Pierre Lefranc, the member who soon solved the problem.

"Are you aware of what is taking place?" said he.

"Baune is in prison," answered Michel.

"The Republic is the prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc.

"Have you not seen the placards?"

"No."

Pierre Lefranc then informed them that people were eagerly reading the bills posted on the walls at the corner of the street where he resided; it was then he learned that the blow had been struck.

"Blow indeed!" exclaimed Michel; "why not say crime?"

Pierre Lefranc further stated that two proclamations and one decree had been issued, all on white paper, following closely together, the decree being printed in larger type.

The news was strengthened by Laissac, an ex-Constituant, who lived at No. 4, Cité Gaillard, which was in Michel de Bourges' neighbourhood. Laissac added that other arrests had been made during the night. Moments were now precious.

They hastened to the Rue de Boursault to warn Yvan, Secretary to the Assembly, who had been elected by the Left. A meeting must at once be arranged of all the Republican representatives still at large.

"I will go in search of Victor Hugo," said Versigny.

It was now eight o'clock, and I was at work that morning in bed, when the servant, looking much startled, came in, saying,—

"Sir, a Representative of the people wishes to see you."

"What name?"

"Monsieur Versigny."

"Admit him."

Versigny told me at once what had taken place, including the meeting at ex-Constituant Laissac's. Rising hastily, I said to him on leaving me:—

"Go immediately and warn the other Representatives."

CHAPTER III.

"THE NIGHT'S RESULT."

BEFORE the fatal days of June, 1848, the esplanade at the Invalides was divided into eight large grass plots, surrounded by wooden railings, which were enclosed by two groves of trees. A thoroughfare ran almost perpendicularly up to the gateway of the Invalides; this was intersected by three other streets, all running parallel with the Seine. These spacious lawns formed good playgrounds for children. The pedestal in the centre of the eight plots marked the different eras. Under the Empire the bronze lion of St. Mark, taken at Venice, figured there; at the restoration a white marble statue of Louis XVIII. was erected; under Louis Philippe this was replaced by a plaster bust of Lafayette. On June 22, 1848, a party of insurgents had nearly succeeded in taking the Palace of the Constituant Assembly, owing to the want of military force, no barracks being in the neighbourhood. General Cavaignac, to remedy the evil, used the grass plots at the Invalides as a site for several rows of huts, which were within three hundred paces of the Legislative Palace, and capable of accommodating three or four thousand men, who were placed on duty to guard the National Assembly. On December 1, 1851, the two regiments that were quartered on the Esplanade were the 6th and the 42d Regiments of the Line. Colonel Garderens de Boisse, the commander of the 6th, rendered himself

famous before the 2d of December, and Colonel Espinasse has since celebrated himself. The night-guard to the Assembly Palace consisted of a battalion of infantry, and thirty artillerymen, under a captain. A few men for orderly service had been sent by the Minister of War.

In the Cour des Canons, a small square courtyard to the right of the Cour d'Honneur, two howitzers and six field-pieces with their tumbrels were ready for action. The military commander at the palace, in command of the battalion, was himself under control of the Questors (a body elected by the Assembly to regulate all details relating to social economy). At night the palace was closed like a fortress, the bolts of doors and gratings drawn, sentinels duly instructed and posted. The password was the same as that given for the Place de Paris.

The Treasurers had strictly forbidden admittance to any armed force but the regiment on service. On the night which intervened between the days of the 1st and 2d of December, a battalion of the 42d was on duty.

The sitting on the 1st of December ended late, owing to the question of municipal law which, though argued quietly, had ended in a tribunal ballot. When M. Baze, a Treasurer, mounted the Tribune to give in his vote, he was accosted by a Representative of Les Banés Elyséens, who in a low tone said, "You will be carried off to-night." These warnings were of such daily occurrence that people ceased to heed them. The Treasurers, however, sent for the Commissary of Police to come to the Assembly, President Dupin himself being present. To use the Commissary's expression, there was "a dead calm," so his agents reported, and there was nothing to fear that night. The Treasurers still pressed the subject; President Dupin left, exclaiming, "What nonsense!"

That same afternoon as General Leflô's father-in-law crossed the boulevard facing Tortoni's, some one quickly passing by, whispered these significant words to him, "Eleven o'clock — midnight." According to habit, little notice was taken of this; at the Treasury some even ridiculed the idea. General Leflô remained at the Treasury Office after the hour named, leaving only about one o'clock. Four commissionaires employed at the "Moniteur" acted also as such for the shorthand department at the Assembly, by taking the shorthand writers' copies to the printing works and returning with the proofs to the Assembly Palace, where they were corrected by M. Hippolyte Prévost, head of the stenographic service, occupying rooms at the Legislative Palace. He was also the writer of musical articles in the "Moniteur." On the 1st of December a new piece was brought out at the Opéra Comique, which detained M. Hippolyte Prévost till after midnight. On his return the fourth commissionaire from the "Moniteur" was awaiting him with the last proof-sheet of the sitting. M. Prévost made the corrections, and the man left. Judging from the quietude which reigned around, every one was asleep at the palace excepting the guard, for it was now a little after one. A singular incident occurred about this time. The captain, adjutant-major of the battalion stationed at the Assembly, came to the major saying, "The colonel has sent for me," adding, according to military regulations, "Have I your permission to leave?" The astonished commandant sharply replied, "Go! but the colonel should not summon an officer when on duty." The soldier on guard heard the commandant mutter several times to himself as he paced up and down: "What the deuce can he want with him?" but he attached no meaning to the words.

When the adjutant-major returned in about half an

hour, the commandant exclaimed to him, "Well! what made the colonel send for you?"

"Only to give me orders for to-morrow," replied the adjutant.

Towards four o'clock the adjutant-major again sought his chief: "Major," said he, "the colonel requests my attendance."

"Again!" cried the commandant. "This is somewhat strange, but go of course."

The adjutant-major, in addition to other duties, gave the sentries their instructions; he also had the power of countermanding them.

When the adjutant-major had left, the major, in his anxiety, determined to lay the matter before the military commandant at the palace, Lieutenant-Colonel Niols. The colonel had retired to his room, and the attendants likewise to theirs in the attic. The palace was quite new to the major; he groped about the passages until he reached what he fancied was the colonel's apartment. He rang the bell; on receiving no answer, the major withdrew without meeting a person on the way. The adjutant-major on his return to the palace, made no effort to see the major. The adjutant, enveloped in his cloak, walked up and down the courtyard in front of the grating on the Palace Bourgogne, evidently awaiting an arrival.

The great clock in the dome had just struck five when the soldiers quartered in the huts at the Invalides were suddenly awakened, and quietly ordered to take up arms in silence. Shortly after, the 6th and 42d regiments put on their knapsacks, and made for the Assembly Palace.

At the same hour the infantry stationed in all quarters of Paris left their barracks in silence, with their colonels in command. The taking up of arms was

under the superintendence of Louis Bonaparte's *aides-de-camp* and orderly officers at all the barracks.

The cavalry had their orders given to them three quarters of an hour after the infantry had received theirs, lest the clank of the horses' hoofs should rouse slumbering Paris too early.

M. de Persigny came straight from the Elysée with the order to take up arms at the Invalides, as he and Colonel Espinasse were at the head of the 42d in command.

Although people in the present day are weary of hearing dishonourable events recorded, they can now relate with sad indifference some few incidents. The following story is current in the army. A colonel whose name is known, hesitated to take the command of his regiment, when a messenger from the Elysée presented him with a sealed packet saying, "Colonel, it must be allowed that we run great risks. I have therefore been requested to hand you this envelope, in which you will find a hundred thousand francs in bank-notes to meet *all contingencies.*" The packet was accepted and the regiment moved forward.

On the 2d of December this same colonel remarked to a lady that evening, "My general's epaulets were gained this morning, and a hundred thousand francs besides." The lady at once ordered him out of the house. The story was related to us by Xavier Durrieu, who afterwards had the curiosity to see this woman. She confirmed the fact by saying, "Certainly she had ordered the villain out. What! a soldier, traitor to his flag, daring to visit her? Would she receive such a man indeed? No! she had not sunk so low as that." Now adding, according to Xavier Durrieu, "Yet I am one of the unfortunates."

The Prefecture of Police was the scene of another

mystery. People who returned home late to the Cité noticed a number of cabs scattered about in groups in the neighbourhood of the Rue de Jerusalem.

Under pretext of refugees arriving from Genoa and London the Brigade de Sureté and eight hundred policemen had remained at the Prefecture since eleven at night. A summons had been issued at three o'clock in the morning to forty-eight Paris and suburban commissaries, and to all the police. They arrived in about an hour, and were located in separate chambers, every possible endeavour being made to keep them apart.

The prefect's bell rang at five o'clock, when each commissary of police was brought before Prefect Maupas, who revealed to each one in turn the plot, and told them singly the share they were to take in the crime. Not one refused, some even tendered their thanks.

There were seventy-eight Democrats whose influence in their own immediate neighbourhood was dreaded at the Elysée. As these men were likely leaders of the barricades, they were to be arrested even within their own walls. A more daring outrage was even contemplated: sixteen Representatives of the people were likewise to be seized in the same way. Those magistrates amongst the commissaries of police who favoured the ruffianly idea were selected for the latter work. Each man had a Representative allotted to him. Sieur Courtelle had Charras; Sieur Desgranges had Nadaud; Sieur Hubaut, senior, had M. Thiers; and Sieur Hubaut, junior, General Bédeau. General Changarnier was portioned to Lerat, General Cavaignac to Colin. Sieur Dourlens was to take Representative Valentin; Sieur Benoist, Representative Miol; Sieur Allard, Representative Cholat; Sieur Barlet, Roger (du Nord); General Lamoricière fell to Commissary Blanchat; Representative Lagrange to Commissary Boudrot; Representative

Greppo to Commissary Groufier. The Questors were equally distributed; Sieur Primorin was to take Monsieur Bage in charge, and Sieur Bertoglio was to act likewise by General Leflô. The names of the Representatives had been inscribed on the warrants issued at the prefect's; a blank was left to be filled in only with the commissaries' names at the time of departure.

Each Commissary, in addition to the armed force in attendance, was to have two escorts, consisting of a *sergent de ville* and a policeman in plain clothes. Baudinet, Captain of the Republican Guard, was in league with Commissary Lerat for General Changarnier's arrest, as Prefect Maupas had asserted to M. Bonaparte.

At half-past five the cabs in waiting all started, with full instructions how to proceed.

About the same time, in a different part of Paris,—in the old Rue du Temple, the Royal Printing Office, now called the National Printing Works, and formerly termed the old Hôtel Soubise,—another link in the crime was being developed. As a stroller came to the corner between the Rue du Temple and the Rue de Veilles-Haudriettes about one in the morning, he noticed how brilliantly the long windows were lighted belonging to the workrooms of the National Printing Office. Turning to the right, down the old Rue du Temple, he soon faced the crescent-shaped entrance to the printing-house. The gates were closed, but two men were on guard at the small side door, which had been left ajar, and by that means he was enabled to see that the courtyard was filled with soldiers. Visible were the glistening bayonets, and around all was dead silence. The looker-on, greatly surprised, drew near, when he was at once roughly thrust back by a sentinel. "Keep off!" said he. The Prefecture of Police had retained the *sergents de ville* on night service; and under the same plea the

National Printing Office retained its workmen. At the same time M. Hippolyte Prévost entered the Legislative Palace the manager of the National Printing Works returned to his office from the Opéra Comique; his brother, M. de St. Georges, being the composer of the new piece now being performed there. During the manager's absence an order had come from the Elysée; he at once armed himself with a pair of pocket pistols, and descended into the lobby, which lead by a few steps into the courtyard. Shortly after, the gateway opening on to the street was thrown back to admit a cab, bringing an individual with a large portfolio. On alighting, he was immediately accosted by the manager, who inquired, "Are you not Monsieur de Béville?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The horses were placed in the stable, the cab drawn aside, the coachman safely locked in a lower room holding the purse which had been given him, and supplied with plenty to drink. The basis of these politics consisted in bottles of wine and gold. The bolts of the door were drawn, and the coachman was left in the room to drink himself to sleep.

Scarcely had the printing-house gateway leading to the courtyard been closed, when it was again thrown open to give access to an armed force, which entered in silence, and proved to be the 4th of the 1st Battalion of the Gendarmerie Mobile, commanded by Captain La Roche d'Visy. The gate was at once shut upon them. The result showed that the men belonging to the *coup d'état* selected the Gendarmerie Mobile and the Republican Guard for all delicate expeditions, as they were men mostly belonging to the former Municipal Guards, in whose hearts revenge was still rankling in remembrance of the February disaster.

The Minister of War had sent a letter by Captain La

Roche d'Visy, in which he placed both captain and soldiers at the service of the manager of the printing works. In silence the muskets were charged; sentinels posted everywhere,— in the workrooms, the corridors, at the windows and doors; two were placed on guard at the gateway leading on to the street. The captain inquired what were the orders for his men.

"Simply this," replied the man who had lately driven up in the cab, "shoot whoever attempts to leave the place or throws open a window." This came from De Béville, M. Bonaparte's orderly officer, who then retired with the manager to a large solitary room on the first floor, overlooking the garden, where he at once showed the contents of the portfolio. This consisted of a decree for the dissolution of the Assembly, an Appeal to the Army, an Appeal to the People, a decree convoking the electors, Prefect Maupas's proclamation, and his letter to the Commissaries of Police.

The President had written the first four documents, wherein a few slight erasures occurred.

In the workshops strict silence prevailed. Each compositor was placed between two gendarmes. The matter for printing was cut into very small pieces and distributed, so that no workman should have an entire sentence; the manager gave them one hour to complete the whole. The various scraps were handed to Colonel Béville, who placed them in form, and corrected the proofs. The same caution was used in printing; each machine was guarded by two soldiers. In spite of every exertion the work lasted two hours. The gendarmes watched the workmen. Béville kept his eyes on St. Georges.

When all was finished a suspicious circumstance occurred which suggested that treason had met with its like. A traitor served by one still greater. Crime of

this kind is subject to this. Béville and St. Georges the two confidential agents, held the secret of the *coup d'état;* in other words, the President's life was in their hands. To make any disclosure before the given hour was to risk total defeat; yet, as ex-Colonel Béville added simply afterwards, "to test the effect," the mysterious document just printed was read to two hundred men in the courtyard, consisting of the Gendarmes Mobiles. The ex-Municipal Guards greeted the matter with applause; instead of which, had they hooted, what course was then left open to these promoters of the *coupd'état?* M. Bonaparte's dream at Vincennes would then doubtless have come to an end.

The coachman was set at liberty, the cab horsed to take the two criminals, — for such were the orderly officer and the manager of the National Printing Works, — to the Prefecture of Police at four in the morning, there to give in the decrees which branded them with infamy. Prefect Maupas quite took them in hand.

A troop of bill-posters, hired for the occasion, went off in all directions, laden with decrees and proclamations.

This was the exact time the National Assembly Palace was invested. In the Rue de l'Université there is an old entrance to the Bourbon Palace, now the door of the National Palace, and opening on the avenue leading to the President of the Assembly's house. At the Presidency door, so termed, a sentinel was always on guard. The adjutant-major, who had been summoned twice during the night by Colonel Espinasse, now remained silent and motionless near the sentry. The 42d Regiment of the Line left their huts at the Invalides, and five minutes afterwards they came up the Rue de l'Université, followed in the distance by the 6th Regiment, which had come by the Rue de Bourgogne. "The regiment," said an eye-witness. "marched

as lightly as one steps into a sick-room." It thus went forward towards the Presidency door, there to lie in ambush to surprise the law. On the soldiers' arrival, the sentry halted and was about to cry, "Qui vive," when his arm was suddenly seized by the adjutant-major, who had power to countermand any instructions, and who commanded the astonished man to allow free passage to the 42d. The door revolved on its hinges to give the soldiers free access to the avenue, followed by Persigny, who exclaimed, "It is done!" The National Assembly was invaded.

Hearing the noise, Commandant Meunier ran forward.

"Commandant, I have come to relieve your battalion," exclaimed Colonel Espinasse.

The commandant turned pale, and remained for a moment transfixed; he then tore off his epaulets, broke his sword across his knee, and dashing the pieces to the ground, in a voice trembling with rage, exclaimed, —

"Colonel, you are a disgrace to your regiment."

"Very well! very well!" said Espinasse.

Every entrance was closed except the Presidency door. The guards and sentries were relieved; the battalion on night duty was ordered back to the Invalides; the soldiers piled their arms in the Cour d'Honneur and in the avenue. The 42d kept strict silence throughout. They were both at the outer and the inner doors, in the courtyard, in the rooms, the galleries, the passages, and the lobbies, yet every one in the palace still slept on. Two small *coupés*, called "forty sous," and two cabs soon after arrived, under the escort of two detachments belonging to the Republican Guard and the Chasseurs de Vincennes; likewise a number of policemen. The Commissaries Bertoglio and Primorin alighted from the *coupés*.

On the arrival of the carriages, a young man, though

bald, presented himself before the grating on the Place de Bourgogne. He was evidently a man of the world, with the air of one who had just left the opera; he had, in fact, been there, having since passed through a den, as he had taken the Elysée on his way. This was M. de Morny. He stopped to notice the soldiers piling their arms, and soon made his way to the Presidency door, where he said a few words to M. de Persigny. A quarter of an hour after, he was at the head of two hundred and fifty Chasseurs de Vincennes, and took the Home Office, startling M. de Thorigny in his bed, and gave him abruptly a letter of thanks from M. Bonaparte. Honest M. de Thorigny's ingenuous remarks have already been quoted, and it was only a few days before that he had said to some men as M. de Morny passed by, "How these Democrats slander the President!" The man who could break his oath to accomplish a *coup d'état* must indeed be a villain. Thus roughly awakened in the middle of the night, and deprived of his ministerial post, like the Assembly sentinels, the good man, in utter astonishment, could only stammer forth, "So the President then is a —"

"Yes," said Morny, laughing aloud.

The writer of this work knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky stood in the same relation to the quasi-reigning family, — the one was a royal bastard, the other an imperial one. What kind of man was Morny? A famous wit, an intriguer, possessing little austerity of character, Romieu's friend, and an upholder of Guizot. His manners were refined, yet his ways were those of roulette frequenters; satisfied with himself; intellectual; liberal in his views, but ready to admit science when of use; with a gracious smile despite his wretched teeth; leading a life of pleasure; dissipated yet reserved; ugly, good-humoured, savage, well-dressed, fear-

less; willing to allow a brother to remain a prisoner under bolts and bars, yet ready to serve a brother, an emperor, at the risk of his head. Louis Bonaparte and he were both of the same mother, having like Louis Bonaparte a father in some one or other, with the option of styling himself Beauharnais or Flahaut, yet calling himself Morny. His literature consisted in light comedy, his politics in tragedy; a free-liver to a killing degree, combining every frivolity with assassination. Marivame could have sketched provided Tacitus wrote the treatise; his conscience a blank, of faultless elegance, infamous yet agreeable, on occasions he could be quite the duke. Such was this evildoer.

One o'clock had not struck when the troops began to assemble in the Place de la Concorde, to pass in review before Leroy Saint Arnaud, who was there on horseback.

The Commissaries of Police, Bertoglio and Primorin, had drawn up two companies in battle array, within the arch of the large Questure staircase, not to make the ascent that way, as the police agents who were in attendance knew most of the secret passages of the Bourbon Palace, and they all went through the Corridors.

General Leflô occupied the Pavilion, formerly the residence of M. de Feuchères in the Duc de Bourbon's time. His sister and his brother-in-law had come to Paris on a visit, and were sleeping that night in a room, the door of which opened into one of the passages in the palace. Commissary Bertoglio knocked, then had the door forced open, when he and his agents dashed into the room where a woman lay in bed. The General's brother-in-law rushed forward, calling to the Treasurer, who was sleeping in the next room, "Adolphe, the doors have been forced, the palace is filled with soldiers. Rouse yourself!" The General unclosed his eyes to find Commissary Bertoglio standing before his bed. He quickly sat up.

"General, I have a duty to perform," said the Commissary.

"I understand," replied the General, "you are a traitor."

The Commissary mumbled forth the words, "plot against the safety of the State," and showed his warrant. The General struck the shameful document with the back of his hand, but never uttered a word.

He dressed in the full uniform of Constantine and Médéah, still believing in his loyal military illusion that for the soldiers, there were yet the generals from Africa. The generals now serving were nothing but brigands. His wife embraced him, and while clasping her in his arms the General whispered, "There are some field-pieces in the courtyard; manage to fire off a cannon." His son, a child of seven, in his night-shirt, pleaded in tears to the Commissary of Police: "Pardon, Monsieur Bonaparte!"

The General was taken off by the Commissary and his men, treating the policemen with silent contempt; but when he saw the soldiers in the courtyard, and recognized Colonel Espinasse, his military and Breton indignation was thoroughly roused.

"Colonel Espinasse," exclaimed he, "you are a scoundrel, and I trust my life may be spared to wrench the buttons from your uniform!"

The ex-Colonel Espinasse hung down his head, stammering forth, "I do not know you."

A major, with a wave of his sword, cried out, "We have done with lawyer generals." Soldiers crossed their bayonets against the unarmed prisoner; three policemen jostled him into a cab; a sub-lieutenant came up to the carriage, and staring at him, flung the infamous word in his face, "Canaille," regardless of the fact that as a citizen this was his Representative, as a soldier this was his general.

Commissary Primorin had gone out of his way to effect a surer surprise on the Treasurer, M. Baze, whose apartment had a door leading into the passage, in direct communication with the chamber of the Assembly. Sieur Primorin knocked at this door.

"Who is there?" said a servant who was dressing herself.

"The Commissary of Police," was the reply.

Thinking he was the Commissary of the Assembly, the servant opened the door.

M. Baze, awakened by the noise, hastened to put on his dressing-gown, exclaiming, "Do not open the door."

Scarcely were the words uttered before a man in plain clothes, and three policemen in uniform, sprang into his room. The man, throwing open his coat, showed the tricolour scarf, and said to M. Baze: "You recognize this."

"You are a villain," replied the Treasurer.

"You will not take me in charge," said he. "You, a Commissary of Police, a magistrate who knows what he is doing, by attempting to violate the law and opposing the National Assembly, you become a criminal."

Four to one in the hand-to-hand struggle. Madame Baze and her two little girls screamed; the policemen aimed blows at the servant to keep her back.

"What vagabonds!" exclaimed M. Baze.

He continued to struggle, but they literally carried him off in a nude state, for his dressing-gown was in fragments; he was fearfully bruised, his wrist all torn and bleeding.

Soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms were on the stairs, the ground-floor, and the courtyard.

The Treasurer began by saying, "Your Representatives are under arrest; your arms were not given you to outrage the law."

He perceived a sergeant with a new cross.

"Was it for this that you were given that cross?"

The sergeant replied, "We know but one master."

"I shall remember your number, for it is that of a dishonoured regiment."

The soldiers listened as though they were still asleep.

Commissary Primorin remarked to them: "As this does not concern you, make no reply."

The Treasurer was taken from the courtyard to Porte Noire guard-house. The little door was so-called, which stood beneath the arch facing the Assembly Treasury, opening on to the Rue de Bourgogne opposite the Rue de Lille. Several sentries were stationed at the guard-house door, and also on the steps leading to it. M. Baze was in charge of three policemen. A few unarmed soldiers, simply in jackets, came to and fro. The Treasurer appealed to their military honour, but the policemen at once said to them, "Make no reply."

M. Baze's two little girls were looking after him terrified, and when he was lost to sight, the younger burst out crying.

"Sister," said the elder, a child of seven, "let us pray;" and joining their two hands together, the two children knelt down.

Commissary Primorin and his swarm of agents rushed into the Treasurer's private room, and made short work of everything. The papers on the centre of the table were the first he seized; they were the famous decrees, in readiness should the Assembly accept the Questor's proposals. Every drawer was ransacked. The upsetting of all M. Baze's papers lasted an hour and was termed by the Commissary of Police a "domiciliary visit."

M. Baze had been allowed to dress himself, and as soon as the "domiciliary visit" came to an end, he left the guard-house to take a cab, which was in the

courtyard, attended by three policemen. To reach the Presidency door, the carriage had to drive through the Cour d'Honneur, thence by the Cour de Canons. Day was dawning, and M. Baze was able to notice if the cannons were still there. He could only see the ammunition wagons, with the shafts thrown back; the six cannons and the two howitzers were gone. The cab stayed for a moment in the Presidency Avenue; the footpaths were lined with two files of soldiers standing at ease. Three men were standing at the foot of a tree in deep consultation, all swords in hand. M. Baze recognized Colonel Espinasse; the others were a certain lieutenant-colonel, decorated with an orange and black ribbon round his neck, and a major of the Lancers.

M. Baze tried to lower the cab-windows in order to address these men, but his arms were seized by the policemen. Commissary Primorin had arrived in a *coupé* for two persons, and he was about taking his seat. He now came forward and said with the abominable courtesy with which the agents of the *coup d'état* covered the crime:—

"Monsieur Baze, the cab with those three men inside is uncomfortable for you. Come with me; you will be more at ease."

"Leave me," said the prisoner; "these three men may cramp me, but to be with you would degrade me."

The cab, on both sides, was now under an infantry escort. Colonel Espinasse called out to the coachman:

"Go slowly up the Quai d'Orsay, until you meet the cavalry; they will take the place of the infantry escort, who can then return."

They all left.

Just as the cab reached the Quai d'Orsay, the escort, —a detachment of the 7th Lancers,—came up at full speed, quickly surrounded the vehicle, and all went off at a gallop.

Nothing particular happened on the journey. Some heads were seen at the windows, which were opened at the sound of the horses' hoofs, and the prisoner, who had managed to lower the window, could hear some voices in tones of alarm asking, "What is all this about?"

"Where are we?" said M. Baze, when the cab drew up.

"At Mazas," was the policeman's answer.

As the Treasurer was entering the prison registration office he saw Baune and Nadaud brought out. Commissary Primorin, who had followed in his *coupé* seated himself at the centre table and commenced writing. M. Baze meanwhile observed a paper on the table, evidently a prison register, on which the following names were inscribed, according probably to the order of the arrival of the Representatives in jail: "Lamoricière, Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Leflô, Thiers, Bédeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle."

When Primorin had finished his writing M. Baze said: "You can now add my protest to your *procès-verbal.*"

"It is not a *procès-verbal,*" said the Commissary; "it is simply an order for committal."

"I demand to write my protest immediately," replied M. Baze.

"You will have plenty of time in your cell," smilingly said a man, standing near the table.

M. Baze looked round, saying: "Who are you?"

"The governor of the prison," was the answer.

"I pity you, then," said M. Baze, "for you know the crime of which you are guilty."

The man turned pale, and muttered some unintelligible words. The Commissary rose from the table. M. Baze quickly took his seat, and said to Sieur Primorin:

"You are a Government officer; I request you to add my protest to your *procès-verbal.*"

"Well, be it so," rejoined the Commissary.

Baze then wrote the following protest:—

I, the undersigned, Jean-Didier Baze, Representative of the People and Treasurer of the National Assembly, carried off by violence from my home at the National Assembly Palace to this prison by an armed force impossible to resist, protest in the name of the National Assembly and my own at the attempt made against the National Representation in the persons of my colleagues and myself.

Given in at Mazas on the 2d of December, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning.

BAZE.

During all this time at Mazas, and in the Assembly courtyard, soldiers were laughing and drinking, lighting immense fires to make coffee in saucepans, the flames carried so high by the wind as to touch even the Chamber walls. An *employé* holding a superior position in the Treasury, an officer of the National Guard, M. Ramond de la Croisette, ventured to remark, "You will set the palace on fire," when a soldier immediately levelled a blow at him with his fist.

Four pieces brought from the Cour des Canons formed a battery to use against the Assembly: the two on the Place de Bourgogne were directed towards the grating, the two on the Pont de la Concorde were pointed towards the grand staircase.

This instructive history can be supplemented by a curious fact. The 42d Regiment of the Line had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne, and in 1840 had strongly supported the law against the conspirator. So much for passive obedience.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE NIGHT WORK.

ACTS of lawlessness were rife that night in all parts of Paris. Armed troops were headed, unknown, by men shouldering hatchets, mallets, pincers, crowbars, life-preservers, with swords concealed beneath their coats, and pistols of which the butt-ends were plainly discernible. They advanced quietly towards a house, taking possession of the street; they surrounded all approaches, forced the lock, garotted the porter, invaded the stairs, burst open the doors, and rushed in upon a sleeping man. Thus startlingly awakened, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" to these bandits.

The leader answered, "A Commissary of Police."

Such was the conduct to Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchat, and furthermore threatened with a gag. Greppo was also assaulted and brutally thrown down by Groufier and six other men, who carried a pole-axe and a dark lantern. Cavaignac was seized by Colin, a smooth-tongued vagabond, who pretended to be shocked on hearing him "curse and swear." M. Thiers was arrested by Hubaut, senior, who declared he had seen him "tremble and weep," thus adding falsehood to crime. Valentin was attacked by Dourlens, taken up by arms and feet and cast into a police van fastened with a padlock. Miot, destined to the torture of African casemates, was seized; also Roger (du Nord), who had the courage and sarcasm to offer ironically sherry to the

villains. Charras and Changarnier were taken by surprise. They lived nearly facing each other in the Rue St. Honoré, Changarnier being at No. 3 and Charras at No. 14. Since the 9th of September Changarnier had kept fifteen men fully armed on guard every night, but as we have before observed, Charras, on the 1st of December, unloaded his pistols. When they came to place him under arrest these pistols, with their charges drawn, were on the table. The Commissary of Police immediately pounced upon them.

"You idiot!" exclaimed Charras; "why, if they had been loaded you would have been a dead man."

When Mascara was taken, these pistols had been given to Charras by General Renaud, who, at the time of Charras's arrest, was riding up the street on service for the *coup d'état.* Had these pistols still been charged, and General Renaud been commissioned with Charras's arrest, it would have been a strange coincidence if Renaud's pistols had been used to kill Renaud. Charras would not have hesitated to do so most certainly. We have already given the names of the police, but it would be well to repeat them.

Courtelle arrested Charras, Lerat arrested Changarnier, Desgranges arrested Nadaud. These men, seized from within their own dwellings, were the people's Representatives, who ought to have been considered inviolable. Personal outrage was added to the crime of high treason, for such was the violation of the Constitution. These criminal attempts were coupled with an amount of impudence. The police agents were quite merry; some of these rascals jested. When Thiers was at Mazas the warders stood chuckling around him. Nadaud gave them a severe reprimand, Hubaut, junior, awoke General Bédeau by saying, "General, you are my prisoner."

"My person is inviolable."

"Except in the case when you are caught in the very act of treason."

"Then," said Bédeau, "I am caught, but in the very act of sleeping."

He was seized by the collar and thrust into a cab.

When they met at Mazas, Nadaud shook hands with Greppo, and Lagrange did likewise to Lamoricière, which excited the policemen's laughter. A colonel, named Thirion, decorated with a commander's cross, which he wore suspended from the neck, was present when the names of the generals and Representatives were entered in the jail-book.

"Why not look me in the face; you, I mean," said Charras, looking at him.

Thirion went quickly off.

Without counting the arrests which further took place, sixteen Representatives and seventy-eight citizens were imprisoned during the night of the 2d of December. The two agents charged with the crime sent in their report to Louis Bonaparte in these words: "Locked up," wrote Morny; "Quodded," wrote Maupas, — the one using fashionable slang, the other the slang of the galleys; simply shades of language.

CHAPTER V.

"THE DEPTH OF THE CRIME."

VERSIGNY had just left, and while I was hastily dressing, a man came to me in whom I had great confidence. He was a poor cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard; he was also a wood-carver, and not illiterate, whom I had sheltered beneath my roof. He came in trembling from the street.

"Well, what have the people said?" I inquired.

"They are bewildered," he replied. 'The blow cannot be realized from the way it has been dealt. Workmen read the placards, make no remark, and pass on. Only one out of a hundred speaks, and that is only to exclaim, 'Well!' This is how they understand the matter: That the Act passed on the 31st of May is repealed. 'Quite right.' Universal suffrage is re-established. 'Also quite right.' The reactionary majority has been expelled! 'Admirable!' Thiers is arrested. 'Perfect!' Changarnier has been seized. 'Bravo!' Near to every placard there are *claqueurs.* Ratapoil explains his *coup d'état* to Jacques Bonhomme, and Jacques Bonhomme takes all in. Briefly, I believe the people consent."

"Be it so," said I.

"But, Monsieur Victor Hugo," asked Girard, "what do you propose doing?"

I took out my official scarf and showed it to him. He at once understood. As he left we shook hands and Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is a brave man, and during the Sicilian insurrection he commanded the cavalry under Mieroslawsky.

In a few moving and enthusiastic pages he has related the story of that noble insurrection. Carini is one of those Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every man with real feeling belonging to this century has two fatherlands, — the Rome of other days and the Paris of the present.

"Thank God," said Carini, "you are still free;" adding, "the blow has been dealt in a formidable way. The Assembly is invested, for I have just come from there. The Place de la Revolution, the Quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards are crowded with troops. The soldiers are in marching order. The batteries are horsed. If any fighting takes place it will be terrible."

"There will be fighting," I replied; and I added laughingly, "you have proved that colonels can write like poets; now the poets must fight like colonels."

My wife knew nothing, and I found her in bed quietly reading the paper. I had about me five hundred francs in gold. I placed a box containing nine hundred francs on my wife's bed,—all the money that remained; then I related what had occurred.

She turned and said, "What will you do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, saying but two words: "Do so."

My breakfast was ready, and I made but two mouthfuls for one cutlet. My daughter came in just as I finished; startled by the way I kissed her, she asked, —

"What is the matter?"

"Your mother will explain all to you."

With this I left. The Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was, as usual, quiet and deserted. Four workmen were talking together near my door, and they wished me "Good-morning."

"You know what is taking place?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," they replied.

"Well, then, it is treason; Louis Bonaparte is strangling the Republic. The people are attacked, and they must defend themselvs."

"They will defend themselves."

"You give me your promise?"

"Yes," they answered.

One added: "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were erected in my street (Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne), in the Rue des Martyrs, in the Cité Rodier, in the Rue Coquenard, and at Nôtre Dame de Lorette.

CHAPTER VI.

"PLACARDS."

ON leaving these brave men, I turned towards the corner between the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne and the Rue des Martyrs, and there I read the three infamous placards which had been posted on the Paris walls during the night. The following are they.

PROCLAMATION

OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

Appeal to the People !

Frenchmen! the present situation can last no longer. Every day but increases the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which should strongly uphold order, has become a focus for conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred members has been unable to put a stop to its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws for the general welfare, it creates arms for civil war; it attacks the power with which the People have invested me; it gives encouragement to all evil passions; it jeopardizes the peace of France. I have dissolved the Assembly, and I call upon the People to judge between it and me.

As you know, the main object for electing the Constitution was to weaken the power which you were then about to confer on me. Six millions of votes

loudly protested against it, yet I have faithfully upheld it, and remained unmoved by provocations, calumnies, or insults. Now that the fundamental compact has ceased to be respected by the very men who constantly recall it, and those who have ruined two monarchies endeavour to keep my hands tied that they may overthrow the Republic, my duty is to frustrate such treacherous schemes, to uphold the Republic, and save the country by appealing to the solemn judgment of the only sovereign I acknowledge in France, — the People.

I call upon the loyalty of the whole nation; and I tell you, if you wish to continue in this uncomfortable state, which degrades us and compromises our future, elect another in my place, for I must refuse the power which is useless to do good, and makes me responsible for actions I am unable to prevent, thus chaining me to the helm of a vessel rushing, I can plainly see, towards the abyss.

If, on the contrary, you still have confidence in me, give me the means to accomplish the great mission I have received from you.

This mission consists in putting an end to the revolutionary era, by satisfying the legitimate wants of the People, and by protecting them against subversive interests, and to found institutions which will stand the test of time beyond the age of man, on which something durable can be based. I am convinced that the instability of power, and the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the real causes of trouble and discord. I submit to your suffrage the following fundamental base of a Constitution, which will afterwards be developed by the Assemblies.

1. A responsible Chief elected for ten years.
2. Ministers dependent alone on the Executive Power.

3. A Council of State, formed of the most celebrated men, who shall prepare laws and uphold them in debate before the Legislative Body.

4. A Legislative Body, elected by universal suffrage, which shall discuss and carry out the law without that publicity that corrupts the elections.

5. A second Assembly, composed of the most illustrious men in the country, with full power to protect the fundamental compact and public liberty. This system, created by the First Consul at the commencement of the century, has already given peace and prosperity to France, and it will still continue to do so.

Such is my deep conviction. If you are of the same mind, declare so by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a Monarchial or Republican Government, borrowed from some unknown past, or some imaginary future, answer in the negative.

Thus, for the first time since 1804, your vote can be guided by circumstances, knowing exactly for whom and for what purpose it is given.

If I fail to obtain the majority of your suffrages, I shall convoke a new Assembly, and remit the commission I have received from you to them.

But if you believe that the same cause is yours, of which my name is the symbol, — that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of 1849, organized by the Emperor, — then proclaim it by confirming the power I ask of you.

France and Europe will be saved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will cease, for the People's decision will be respected by all as a decree of Providence.

Given at the Elysée Palace, December 2, 1850.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY.

Soldiers! be proud of your appointment, for you will save the country. I rely on your not violating the laws ; and you must ensure respect for the chief law of the country, — National Sovereignty, — of which I am the Legitimate Representative.

You have suffered, like myself, from obstacles, hindering both the good for which I have laboured and preventing all demonstrations of sympathy on your part in my favour. These obstructive measures have been set aside.

The Assembly which attempted to overthrow the authority invested in me by the whole Nation has now ceased to rule.

I therefore appeal to the loyalty of the People and the Army in the following words: " Either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or elect another man in my place. "

Both in the years of 1830 and 1848 you were treated as vanquished men. After dishonouring your heroic disinterestedness, disdaining to consult your wishes, heedless of your sympathies, — you, the very *élite* of the Nation, — I am now determined, at this momentous time, that the Army shall make itself heard.

Vote, therefore, as free citizens, not forgetting that as soldiers you owe implicit obedience to the Chief of the State, — a duty strongly imposed on the Army, from a general to a private soldier.

I am responsible both to the People and to posterity for my actions. I am, therefore, compelled to take measures which to me appear indispensable for public welfare.

Your conduct must be strictly within the rules of discipline and honour. May your imposing attitude help to manifest the whole country's decision, to be given both with calmness and reflection.

Be ready to repress every attack made against the free exercise of the People's Sovereignty.

Soldiers! I will not dwell on the memories attached to my name; they are engraven on your hearts. The ties which unite us are indissoluble, for your history is also mine.

Our community in the past was linked by glory and misfortune.

Our community in the future shall be bound by sentiment and resolution, all tending to the peace and greatness of France.

Given at the Elysée Palace, December 2, 1851.

(*Signed*) L. N. BONAPARTE.

IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE, THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC DECREES:

ARTICLE I.

The National Assembly dissolved.

ARTICLE II.

Universal suffrage re-established. The law made on May 31st is abrogated.

ARTICLE III.

The French people from all districts are summoned to the elections, which take place from December 14th to December 21st.

ARTICLE IV.

A state of siege is decreed throughout the first Military Division.

ARTICLE V.

The Council of State is dissolved.

ARTICLE VI.

The Home Secretary is charged with the execution of the present decree.

Given at the Elysée Palace, December 2, 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

DE MORNY, *Home Secretary.*

CHAPTER VII.

NO. 70, RUE BLANCHE.

THE Cité Gaillard is a deserted alley in the new quarter, separating the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche, and difficult to find. Yvan came up to the gateway of No. 4, and said to me, —

"I warn you that the police are watching this house. Michel is waiting for you at No. 70, Rue Blanche, near here."

Manin, the famous President of the Venetian Republic, lived there, but his rooms were not used as the meeting-place.

I knew No. 70, Rue Blanche, and the porter directed me to the first floor. The door was opened, and the Baroness Coppens, a handsome woman about forty, whom I had seen in society and at my own house, ushered me into a drawing-room. Michel de Bourges was there, and Alexander Rey, an ex-Constituant, who was both an eloquent writer and a brave man, editor at that time of "The National." We shook hands.

"Hugo, what will you do?"

"Everything," I answered.

"I am quite of your opinion," said he.

Several Representatives arrived, amongst them being Pierre Lefranc, Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noël Parfait, Arnaud (de l'Ariège), Demosthenes Ollivier, an ex-Constituant, and Charamaule. Deep and unutterable indignation filled them all, but no useless words were

spoken. They were stirred by the manly anger which gives rise to great resolutions. They set forth the situation, for each one was the bearer of news. Théodore Bac came from the Rue Blanche, where he had been to awaken Léon Faucher and announce the news to him. Faucher's first words were, "What an infamous deed!"

Charamaule displayed courage from the first, and which never deserted him during the four days' struggle. Charamaule was a tall man; energy was stamped on every feature of his face, and his eloquence was most convincing. He voted for the Left, although he sat on the Right at the Assembly. Montalembert and De Reancey were his neighbours there; and sometimes he had some warm discussions with them, which rather amused us as we watched them from afar. Charamaule had come to the meeting at No. 70 dressed in a kind of blue cloth military cloak, and armed, as we afterwards perceived.

The situation was indeed grave: sixteen Representatives arrested, all the generals in the Assembly, and he who was more than a general,— Charras. The papers were all suppressed, the printing works occupied by the military. On Bonaparte's side an army of eighty thousand men, which could be doubled in a few hours; on our side nothing. The people were deceived and moreover disarmed; the telegraph at their disposal; the walls all covered with their placards, and we did not possess a single printing-case nor even a sheet of paper. With no means of raising the protest, with none to begin the contest. The *coup d'état* was protected by a suit of mail; the Republic with nothing. The *coup d'état* had a speaking-trumpet; the Republic wore a gag. What could be done?

The raid against the Republic, the Constitution, the

Assembly, against right, against law, against progress, against civilization, was commanded by African generals. These brave men had proved themselves cowards. They had taken their precautions with the skill which fear alone can suggest. All the men of war belonging to the Assembly had been arrested, and all the men of action from the Left, — Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. All the chiefs likely to head the barricades were in prison. The organizers of the ambuscade had studiously forgotten Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and me, considering us more fitted for the Tribune than for action, willing to leave at the Left men capable of resisting, but powerless to conquer, hoping to dishonour us if we did not fight, or to shoot us if we did. No one showed the slightest hesitation, and the deliberation commenced.

Representatives continued to arrive — amongst them being Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner, Baudin, Chauffour — and remained either seated or standing until the room was full. There were evident signs of confusion in all, but no inclination to tumult.

I first addressed them by declaring that the moment had now come when the struggle must begin, and it must be blow for blow. Also that the one hundred and fifty Representatives of the Left should invest themselves with their official scarves, form a procession, and march through the streets and boulevards up to the Madeleine, proclaiming "Vive la République! Vive la Constitution!" Thus alone and unarmed they should calmly appear before the troops, and summon Might to obey Right. Should the soldiers yield, then they were to go forward to the Assembly and put down Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired on their legislators, these were to disperse themselves throughout Paris, crying, "To arms!" and rush for the barricades. If such resistance, com-

menced in accordance with the Constitution, failed, then revolutionary measures must be resorted to, and there was no time to lose. "High treason," said I, "should be seized in the act. It is a great mistake to allow such an outrage to be accepted for hours. Every minute which passes is privy to the crime. Beware of the calamity termed an 'accomplished fact.' Now 'to arms.'"

Amongst the warm supporters of this advice were Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre. Michel de Bourges gravely objected. I instinctively felt that now was the time to begin. His advice was to watch and wait, as there was danger, he thought, in hastening the catastrophe. The *coup d'état* was organized, and the people were not. They had been taken unawares. The masses were not prepared to rise; it was useless to indulge in that illusion, for perfect tranquillity reigned in the faubourgs. Surprise was apparent, Yes; but as for anger, No. The people of Paris, with all their intelligence, failed to understand. "We are not in 1830," Michel added. "Charles X., in expelling the two hundred and twenty-one, exposed himself to one blow,—the re-election of the two hundred and twenty-one. Our situation is different; for the two hundred and twenty-one were popular, and the present Assembly is not. A Chamber wrongfully dissolved if supported by the people is sure to conquer. In 1830 the people rose; now they are passive. They remain dupes until they are made victims." Michel de Bourges concluded by saying, "The people must have time to understand, to rouse themselves, and then to rise, and as Representatives ourselves we should be rash to hurry on the situation. Were we to march at once against the troops, we should be shot to no purpose, and the glorious insurrection for right deprived of its natural leaders,—the Representa-

tives of the People; thus in a sense decapitating the popular army. On the contrary, temporizing measures were advisable, as it was useless to be rash. Caution was really necessary, for too much haste would only lose the battle on the eve of commencing. Thus, for instance, no one must attend the meeting appointed to take place at noon by the Right; for all who went would be captured. We must remain free, in readiness, calmly waiting for the people to come, before acting. Four days passed in agitation without fighting would weary the army." Michel, however, advised us to begin by placarding Article 68 of the Constitution, — only where was a printer to be found?

Michel de Bourges spoke with the experience of revolutionary procedure, which I had not; he had for years studied the masses, and his advice was good. It must be added that all the information we gained only strengthened his words, and appeared conclusive against me.

Paris looked gloomy. The invading army of the *coup d'état* remained quite tranquil; even the placards were not torn down. Almost all the Representatives present, even the most daring, were of Michel's opinion, — to watch and wait for the turn of events. "At night," said they, "the agitation will show itself;" and, like Michel de Bourges, they concluded that the people must have time to fully understand. To be too hasty would be to run the risk of being left to ourselves, as we should not immediately carry the people before us. Time must be given for their hearts to be roused to indignation; that could only be done by degrees. Were it attempted prematurely, then our manifestation would fail. These sentiments were shared by all. My own felt somewhat shaken while listening to these, for perhaps after all they were right. To give the signal for

the combat in vain would indeed be a grave error. Of what avail is lightning unless followed by a thunderbolt?

The first question to be considered was to make ourselves heard, to raise a cry, to find a printer; but was there still a free press?

Colonel Forestier, the brave old ex-chief of the 6th Legion, now came in, and taking Michel de Bourges and myself aside, said,—

"Listen; I have been dismissed. I no longer command my legion, but in the name of the Left, make me colonel of the 6th. Sign the order, and I will at once call the men to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot."

"Colonel," I replied, "I will do more; I will not only sign the order, but I will accompany you."

Charamaule had a carriage in waiting, and turning to him, I said, "Come with us."

Forestier was sure of two majors belonging to the 6th. We decided on going to them at once. Michel and the other Representatives were to await us at Bonvalet's, near the Café Turc, on the Boulevard du Temple; there we could hold our deliberation.

We started, and as we drove through Paris we noticed the people already congregating in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with crowds. Utter strangers, walking to and fro, accosted each other, — a sure sign of public anxiety. Groups were collected at the street corners, talking loudly. The shops were being closed.

"This looks well," exclaimed Charamaule.

Since morning he had been wandering about the town, disheartened by the apathy of the masses.

We found the two majors at home on whom Colonel Forestier relied. They were wealthy linendrapers, and received us with some embarrassment. The shopmen

were at the windows watching us pass by, evidently from simple curiosity.

One of the majors put off a journey he had planned for that day, and promised us his support, adding,—

"Do not labour under any delusion, for one can foresee that we shall be cut to pieces; few men will be allowed to march out."

Colonel Forestier said: "Watrin, the present colonel of the 6th, is not fond of fighting; he will, perhaps, give up the command quietly to me. I will go alone, so as to startle him less, and afterwards I will join you at Bonvalet's."

We left our carriage near the Porte St. Martin, and Charamaule and myself walked up the boulevards to judge of the aspect of the crowd by observing the groups more closely. The recent levelling of the road had made the boulevard of the Porte St. Martin into a deep ravine, commanded by two embankments, on the summits of which were footpaths, guarded by railings. Carriages drove through the ravine, pedestrians took the footpaths.

As we reached the boulevard a heavy column of infantry, headed by drummers, filed into the ravine. St. Martin Square was filled with glittering bayonets, which extended to the depths of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Both pavements of the Boulevard St. Martin were filled with an immense crowd, amongst which were numbers of workmen, in their blouses, leaning on the railings. When the head of the column entered the defile facing the Porte St. Martin Theatre, the tremendous shout rang forth, unanimous in its entirety, of "Vive la République!" The soldiers continued silently to advance: their pace appeared to slacken, and many looked with an air of indecision at the crowd. What was the meaning of the cry, "Vive la République"? Was it a cheer, or was it a groan?

The Republic seemed now to raise her head, while the *coup d'état* sat with brows bent.

"They have recognized you," said Charamaule to me.

Near Château d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Some young men shouted, "Vive Victor Hugo!" and one inquired, "Citizen Victor Hugo, what are we to do?"

"Tear down the *coup d'état's* seditious placards, and cry, 'Vive la Constitution!'"

"If they fire on us?" said a young workman.

"Fly to arms."

"Bravo!" the crowd shouted.

"Louis Bonaparte is a rebel," I added. "He has now steeped himself in crime. We, the Representatives of the People, declare him to be outlawed. There is, however, no necessity for us to make the declaration, since his own act of treason has rendered him an outlaw. Citizens, you have two hands; take right in the one and your gun in the other, and run down Bonaparte!"

"Bravo! bravo!" the people shouted.

A tradesman, who was closing his shop, said to me, "Speak lower; you will be shot if they hear you talking like that."

"Well," I replied, "you could parade my body; and if by my death the justice of God was made manifest, then it would be a good thing."

All cried, "Vive Victor Hugo!"

"Shout," said I, "Vive la Constitution!"

One prolonged shout rang forth, "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République!"

With their faces flushed with enthusiasm, indignation, and anger, to me this appeared the supreme moment, and I still think so. I felt tempted to carry off the crowd and commence the struggle. Charamaule whispered in a restraining tone, —

"You will cause needless firing. The crowd is un-

armed, the infantry within two paces of us, and here comes the artillery."

I looked round, and several pieces of cannon appeared in sight, being driven at a quick pace up the Rue de Bondy, behind the Château d'Eau. Charamaule's advice made a deep impression upon me; caution coming from such a dauntless man was not to be distrusted. Besides, I was bound by the resolution which had lately been come to in the Rue Blanche.

The responsibility made me hesitate. To take advantage of the moment might, perhaps, end in victory, yet it might be nothing but a massacre. Was I right or was I wrong? The crowd became so dense that it was difficult to make our way forward to the rendezvous at the Rue Blanche, which we were anxious to keep. Leopold Duras, of "The National," suddenly touched my arm, whispering,—

"Go no further: the Restaurant Bonvalet is surrounded. Michel de Bourges was about to harangue the people, when the soldiers arrived, and he had great difficulty in escaping. Several Representatives who had joined him were arrested. Retrace your footsteps to the Rue Blanche; our meeting will take place there, at the old rendezvous. I came expressly to give you this information."

Charamaule hailed a cab, and we drove off, followed by the crowd shouting, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

At this very moment policemen were advancing up the boulevard to arrest me, but the coachman gave full reins to his horse, and we reached the Rue Blanche a quarter of an hour afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

THE Pont de la Concorde was still free of access at seven o'clock in the morning. The grating belonging to the Assembly Palace was closed; the flight of steps visible through the bars were the very steps on which the Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th of May, 1848; now there were soldiers in close file upon them. Their arms were distinguishable upon the platform, piled behind those high columns which had concealed the small mountain mortars, charged and pointed in the time of the Constituent Assembly, after the 15th of May and the 23d of June. A porter, wearing a red collar and the Assembly livery, stood at the little door of the grating. Representatives arrived at every moment. The porter asked them, "Gentlemen, are you Representatives?" then allowed them to pass. Sometimes he wanted their names; M. Dupin's quarters could be freely entered. Men in livery, as usual, silently opened the doors of the great gallery, the dining-room, and the reception-room of the Presidency.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of the Questors, MM. Baze and Leflô, the only Questor, M. de Panat, who was free, having been spared or disdained as a Legitimist, awoke M. Dupin in order at once to call up the Representatives.

"I do not see there is any urgency," was M. Dupin's unheard-of answer.

Representative Jerome Bonaparte had hastily come up almost at the same time as M. de Panat. He had summoned M. Dupin to place himself at the head of the Assembly.

"I cannot; I am guarded," M. Dupin answered.

Jerome Bonaparte laughed aloud, for there was not even a sentry at the door; for they knew that his cowardice would be a sufficient guard. About noon they took pity on him, feeling that the contempt was too apparent; they granted him two sentinels.

At half-past seven fifteen to twenty Representatives met in M. Dupin's room, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Joret, de Rességuier, and de Talhouet. In the recess of a window was a clever member of the majority (M. Desmousseaux de Givré), who was a little deaf and greatly irritated; he nearly quarrelled with a colleague, a Representative of the Right, because he supposed him to be in favour of the *coup d'état.*

M. Dupin remained alone, apart from the Representatives. He was dressed in black, and walked up and down in front of the fire-place, where a large fire was burning, with his hands behind his back, and his head sunk on his breast. There, in his own room, in his very presence, they were talking in loud tones about himself, yet he apparently did not hear.

Benoist (du Rhone) and Crestin, two members of the Left, came in. Crestin went straight up to the President and said, —

"President, you know what has occurred. How is it the Assembly has not been convened?"

M. Dupin stopped to answer, with his usual shrug "There is nothing to be done."

He then resumed his walk.

"This is enough," said M. de Rességuier.

"It is too much," added Eugène Sue.

All the Representatives then left the room.

During this time the troops were fast spreading over the Pont de la Concorde. Little General Vast-Vimeux was in the midst of them, looking old and shrivelled, with his straight white hair plastered over his temples. He was in full uniform, and displaying his scarf,—not the one he had as Representative, but as general, which on account of its length trailed on the ground. He crossed the bridge on foot, giving vent to enthusiastic cries for the Empire and the *coup d'état*, so feeble, utterly inaudible to the soldiers. These figures were to be seen in 1814, only instead of a large tricoloured cockade, they wore a huge white one. In reality the same phenomenon: old men crying, "Long live the past!" Nearly at the same moment M. de La-Rochejaquelein crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred men in blouses, who with an air of curiosity silently followed him. Numerous cavalry regiments were drawn up in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées.

At eight o'clock a strong force invested the Legislative Palace. The approaches were all guarded, the doors were all closed, yet some of the Representatives gained access to the interior of the palace by the small entrance out of the Rue de Bourgogne called the Black Door. By some intent or forgetfulness this door had been left open on the 2d of December till noon, notwithstanding the Rue de Bourgogne being full of troops. The soldiers scattered about the Rue de l'Université allowed the few passengers there were to pass on.

The Representatives who came by the door in the Rue de Bourgogne, went to the Salle des Conférences, there to meet their colleagues coming from M. Dupin.

The hall was speedily filled with a group of men, representing every portion of the Assembly. Amongst

whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoist (du Rhone), Canet, Gambon, d'Adelsward, Crépu, Repellin, Teillard-Latérisse, Rantian, General Leydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (de la Gironde), Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier.

M. de Panat was thus accosted by each fresh arrival:

"Where are the Vice-Presidents?"

"In prison."

"And the two Treasurers?"

"Also in prison. Gentlemen, I beg you to believe," added M. de Panat, "that in not arresting me, they have cast an insult upon me, to which I was no party."

Indignation was at its height; all opinions shared the same sentiment of contempt and anger, and M de Rességuier was no less energetic than Eugène Sue. The Assembly, for the first time, had but one heart and voice. Each one gave his idea of the man at the Elysée; then it was apparent that Louis Bonaparte had for long past imperceptibly created perfect unanimity in the Assembly, — the unanimity of contempt.

M. Collas (de la Gironde) gesticulated, and went on to say that he came from the Home Office; he had seen M. de Morny, he had spoken to him; and he, M. Collas, was indignant at M. Bonaparte's crime. Since then, that crime has made him Councillor of State.

M. de Panat went to and fro among the groups, announcing to the Representatives, that, although he had convened the Assembly for one o'clock, it was impossible to wait until then, for time pressed. The universal feeling was in the Palais Bourbon and in the Rue Blanche, that every hour which passed only furthered the *coup d'état.* Each one felt the reproach of his silence, of his inaction. The iron circle was closing; the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly, and quietly invaded the

palace. A sentinel was found at every door, which shortly before had been free. Respect was still shown to the group of Representatives assembled in the Salle des Conférences. There was not a moment to lose, for it was imperative to act, speak, confer, and struggle.

"Let us try Dupin again," Gambon said; "he is our official man, and we now want him."

They went in search of him, but he could not be found, for he was no longer there. He had disappeared, gone away, either hidden, crouching, cowering, concealed, fainting, or buried. Where? No one knew. Cowardice has such unknown corners.

A man suddenly entered the hall,—a stranger to the Assembly,—who wore the uniform and epaulet of a superior officer, and wore a sword at his side. He was major of the 42d, and came to summon the Representatives to leave their own place. Both Royalists and Republicans alike rushed upon him. An indignant eye-witness thus describes it:—

General Leydet addressed him in a way which fails to reach the ears, but leaves an impression on the cheek.

"I do my duty; I am obeying orders," stammered the officer.

"You are an idiot, if you believe this to be your duty!" exclaimed Leydet, "and a scoundrel, if you are aware that you are committing a crime. Do you hear what I say? Show anger, if you dare!"

The officer remained calm, and replied, "So, gentlemen, you will not withdraw?"

"No."

"I shall go then for extra force."

"Do so."

He left, and actually went to the Home Secretary for orders.

The Representatives waited in that kind of inde-

scribable anxiety which can only be termed Right smothered by Violence.

A short time after, a Representative who had left returned hastily to warn them that two companies of the Gendarmerie Mobile were advancing, gun in hand.

Marc Dufraisse cried out, "That the outrage may be complete, let the *coup d'état* find us in our seats. To the Salle des Séances," he added; "and as matters have come to this, let us afford the real and living spectacle of an eighteenth Brumaire."

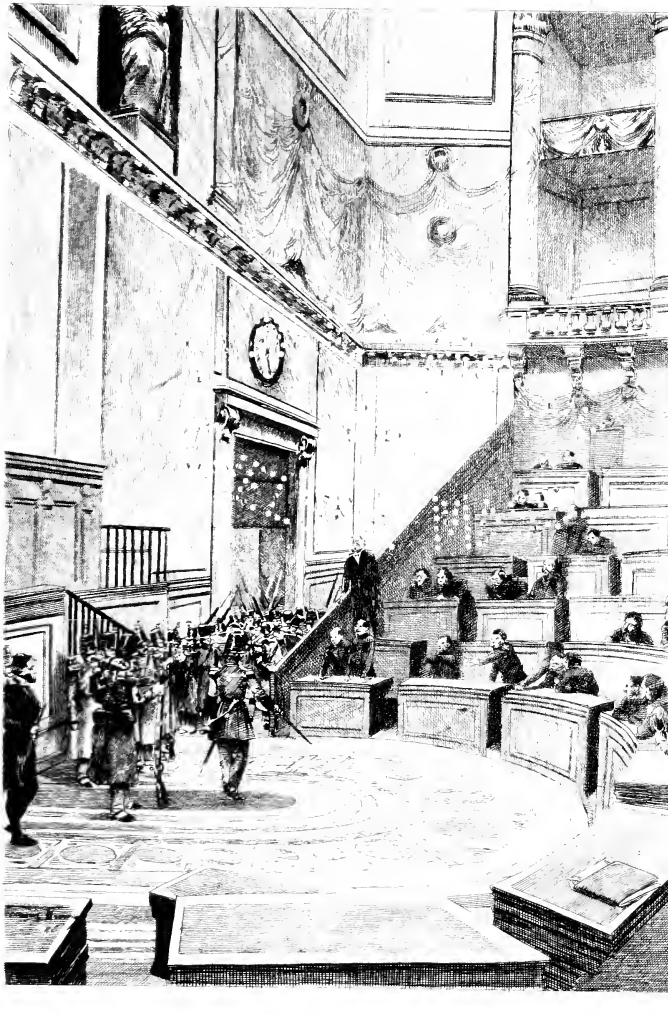
They all went forward to the Salle des Séances, for the passage was still free. The Salle Cassimir-Périer was still unoccupied by soldiers. They were about sixty in number, and several wore their official scarves. They entered the hall evidently wrapped in thought.

In order to form a more compact group, and with the best of intentions, M. de Rességuier advocated their installing themselves on the Right side.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse; "each one to his bench."

With this they dispersed in the hall, taking their usual seats. M. Monet, who was on a lower bench of the Left centre, held a copy of the Constitution. No one spoke for several minutes. The silence was that of expectation, the forerunner of decisive actions, a final crisis when every one listens respectfully to the last instructions of his conscience.

The soldiers of the Gendarmerie Mobile, headed by a captain with drawn sword, suddenly made their appearance. The Salle des Séances was violated. The Representatives rose simultaneously from their seats, shouting "Vive la République!" Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud voice which resounded through the hall like a trumpet, he indignantly ordered the soldiers to halt. They did so, and looked with a bewildered air at the Representatives.



The lobby of the Left only was blocked up, for the military as yet had not passed beyond the Tribune.

Representative Monet read the Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution. Articles 36 and 37 established the Representatives' inviolability. Article 68 deposed the President in the event of treason. They listened silently, for the moment was a solemn one.

The Articles having been read, Representative d'Adelsward, who was nearest to the soldiers, being seated on the lowest bench of the Left, now turned towards them, saying, —

"Soldiers, you hear that the President of the Republic has proved a traitor, and he would make traitors of you. You violate the sacred precincts of the National Representation. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of the Law, we order you to withdraw."

While Adelsward was speaking the major in command of the Gendarmerie Mobile had entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my orders are to request you to retire, and should you refuse to do so, to expel you."

"An order to expel us!" cried Adelsward.

All the Representatives added, "Orders from whom? Let us see them? Who signed the orders?"

The Major drew forth a paper and unfolded it. He had scarcely done so, when he hastily tried to replace it in his pocket; but General Leydet seized him by the arm, and several Representatives at once leaned forward to read the order for their expulsion from the Assembly, which was signed "Fortoul, Minister of the Marine."

Marc Dufraisse turning towards the Gendarmes Mobiles cried out, —

"Soldiers, your very presence here is treason. Leave at once."

The soldiers hesitated, when a second column sud-

denly came through the door of the Right, and at the commander's signal, the captain shouted, "Forward! Turn them out!"

Then a kind of hand-to-hand fight took place between the gendarmes and the legislators. The soldiers, musket in hand, advanced to the benches of the Senate, and dragged Repellin, Chanay, Rantian, from their seats. Two gendarmes rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, and two upon Gambon.

On the first bench of the Right, where MM. Odillon Barrot and Abbatucci usually sat, a long struggle ensued. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by force, and it took three men to unseat him. Monet was thrown on to the Commissaries' benches. Adelsward was seized by the throat and thrust from the hall. Richardet, being infirm, was upset and maltreated. Some had suffered from the points of the bayonets, nearly all had their clothes torn.

The commander cried to the soldiers: "Out with them all."

Thus sixty Representatives of the People were seized by the collar and expelled from their seats by the *coup d'état.* The assault completed the treason, for the physical act was worthy of the moral one.

The three last men to leave were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu. They were allowed to leave by the large gateway of the palace, and they found themselves in the Place Bourgogne, which was occupied by the 42d Regiment of the Line, under Colonel Garderens. The statue of the Republic stood in the centre of the square, and between that and the palace a piece of artillery was levelled towards the large gateway of the Assembly. Near the cannon some Chasseurs de Vincennes were loading their guns and biting their cartridges.

Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers, which drew the attention of Representatives Teillard-Latérisse, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu; for in the midst three men under arrest were struggling violently, and shouting, "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République!"

The three Representatives approached, and in the prisoners they recognized three members of the majority,— Representatives Toupet-des-Vignes Radoubt, Lafosse, and Arbey. Representative Arbey warmly protested. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut his words short by saying, what is worthy of remembrance,—

"Hold your tongue! Another word, and I will have you thrashed with the butt-end of a musket."

The three Representatives of the Left, with great indignation, demanded their colleagues' release.

"Colonel, you thrice break the law," said Fayolle.

"I will break it then six times," answered the Colonel, and he at once placed Fayolle, Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse under arrest. The soldiers were ordered to conduct them to the guard-house of the palace, which was being built for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The six prisoners, guarded by a double file of bayonets, met three of their colleagues on the way,— Representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoist (du Rhone). Eugène Sue stood in front of the officer in command of the detachment, and said to him: —

"We summon you to set our colleagues at liberty."

"I cannot."

"In that case make your crimes complete," said Eugène Sue.

"We summon you then to arrest us also."

The officer did not arrest them.

They were taken to the guard-house of the new Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards to the Quai d'Orsay barracks; that was only at nightfall, when two companies of the Line came and transferred them to this last resting-place. While placing them amidst his soldiers, the commanding officer bowed to the ground, and politely remarked to them: —

"Gentlemen, my men have changed their guns."

The clearance of the hall was effected by the roughest means, as we have already observed; the soldiers thrust the Representatives through every outlet. Some went out by the Rue de Bourgogne, — among them were those we have before mentioned; others were dragged through the Salle des Pas Perdus towards the grating facing the Pont de la Concorde. This grating was closed on December 2d, and not reopened until the 12th of March, when M. Louis Bonaparte came to inspect the works for the hall of the Corps Legislatif.

The ante-chamber of the Salle des Pas Perdus is a kind of crossway room, into which the staircase of the High Tribune and several doors opened, amongst others the large glass door belonging to the gallery, which leads into the President of the Assembly's apartment. When they reached this crossway room, adjoining the little rotunda, in which is the side-door of exit from the palace, the soldiers set the Representatives free.

A group was shortly formed, and Representatives Canet and Favreau were the speakers. A universal cry arose:

"Let us search for Dupin, and drag him here if necessary."

The glass door was opened, and they rushed into the gallery.

M. Dupin was at home this time. M. Dupin, hearing that the gendarmes had cleared the hall, came out of his hiding-place. As the Assembly was overthrown, Dupin

stood erect. The law being prisoner, this man felt himself free.

MM. Canet and Favreau, at the head of a group of Representatives, found him in his study, where a dialogue took place.

The Representatives summoned the President to take the lead and re-enter the hall; he, the man belonging to the Assembly, to go with them, the men of the nation.

M. Dupin distinctly refused, firmly keeping to his decision, thus clinging bravely to his nonentity.

"What would you have me do?" said he, mingling many law maxims and Latin quotations with his alarmed protests, with the instinct of those chattering birds who, when frightened, pour forth all their vocabulary. "What would you have me do? Who am I? What am I to do? I have no power. No one has any, — *Ubi, nihil, nihil.* Strength lies with them: and where there is might people lose their rights, — *Novus nascitur ordo.* Take your own part, for I myself must resign, — *Dura lex, sed lex.* A law made by necessity we acknowledge, not one by right. What can be done? Leave me alone, for I am powerless. I have effected all I could. The will is not wanting, and if I had but a corporal and four men I would have them killed."

"This man only understands force," said the Representatives. "Well, then, let us use force."

They made a violent attack upon Dupin, passed a scarf round his neck instead of a cord, and followed out their intention by dragging him towards the hall, he meanwhile reclaiming his liberty, lamenting, struggling, and, if the word were not too noble I would add, wrestling also. This Salle des Pas Perdus, which the Representatives had left in the gendarmes' grasp, now witnessed M. Dupin in the grasp of the Representatives.

They were not allowed to go far, for the soldiers barred the heavy green folding-doors. Colonel Espinasse came forward; the commander of the gendarmerie was well armed with a pair of pistols, only partly concealed in his pockets. The colonel and the commander were very pale. M. Dupin was livid. Fear was evident on all sides. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel, who certainly had no fear of M. Dupin; but from this laughable yet abject object, the colonel saw the terrible spectre of his crime arise. This made him tremble.

The scene recalled the one in Homer, when Nemesis appears from behind Thersites. M. Dupin was both stupefied and bewildered, and remained silent.

Representative Gambon shouted to him, "Speak, M. Dupin; you need fear no interruption from the Left."

Bearded by the Representatives on the one part, and threatened on the other by the soldiers, who stood with their bayonets levelled at him, the wretched man was compelled to speak. The words cannot be actually recorded which the President of the Sovereign Assembly of France stammered forth at this critical time, but he muttered something in the following strain:—

"You are in power, you have bayonets; I shall appeal to the law, and I shall leave you. I have the honour to wish you good-day."

No hindrance was made to his exit. Just before doing so he turned to say a few words, which we refrain to gather up, as history has no waste-paper basket.

CHAPTER IX.

"WORSE THAN DEATH."

WE should prefer leaving forever the man who for three years had borne the lofty title of President of the National Assembly of France, who in reality was only servant to the majority. In the last hour he sank lower than it was thought possible even for him. In the Assembly his career had been that of a valet; his end that of a lackey.

M. Dupin's unheard-of attitude before the gendarmes, as he grimaced forth his semblance of a protest, gave rise to suspicion.

Gambon exclaimed, "He is acting like an accomplice, for he knew all."

These suspicions were unjust, for M. Dupin really was aware of nothing. What organizers of the *coup d'état* would have cared for his collaboration? Corrupt M. Dupin? Was that possible; and, if so, of what avail? Pay him? Why? When fear did all, money would have been wasted. Certain connivances are ever ready. Cowardice fawns on felony. Blood shed by the law is quickly effaced. Behind the assassin who grasps the poniard follows the quaking villain holding the sponge.

Dupin fled into his study, where he was again accosted.

"Good heavens!" cried he, "can they not see that I want to be left in peace?"

He had been beset since morning by the members, with the vain hope of extracting some show of courage.

"Your treatment of me," he exclaimed, "is worse than that of the gendarmes."

The Representatives took complete possession of his study; and while they sat at his table, he remained grumbling and sighing in his chair.

A *procès-verbal* was drawn up, so that the outrage could be recorded in the archives. When complete, Representative Canet handed it to the President with a pen, that he might read the report and sign it.

"What am I to do with this?" said Dupin.

"This is our last sitting," replied Canat; "you are President, and it is for you to affix your signature to this *procès-verbal.*"

The man actually refused to do so.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLACK GATE.

M. DUPIN'S shameful conduct can be compared to nothing else, for later on he accepted the reward of his cowardice. He was made an attorney-general at the Court of Appeal. M. Dupin rendered Louis Bonaparte one service, by taking his place as the lowest of men.

At the first shock of the *coup d'état*, a number of the Representatives of the Right hastened to M. Daru, at No. 75, Rue de Lille, who was Vice-President of the Assembly, and at the same time President of the Pyramid Meetings, where the Elysée policy had ever been upheld, without an idea that such a stroke of policy was premeditated.

About a hundred of these Representatives met at M. Daru's at ten o'clock in the morning, resolved to attempt an entrance into the hall where the Assembly held its sittings. The Rue de Lille joins the Rue de Bourgogne nearly facing the little door which leads into the palace, called the " Porte Noire. " With M. Daru at their head, they made their way to this door, walking arm-in-arm and three abreast. Some had put on their scarves of office, but they afterwards took off these decorations.

The " Porte Noire " was, as usual, half-open, and only guarded by two sentries. M. de Kerdrel and some of the most indignant members made a rush at this door in

order to pass; but it was violently closed, and a struggle ensued between the Representatives and the policemen who had hastened to the spot. During the struggle a Representative had his wrist sprained.

A battalion of the line, which was drawn up on the Place de Bourgogne, came down at a quick pace on the group of Representatives.

M. Daru, looking both noble and dignified, signed to the Commander to stop; the battalion halted, and M. Daru, as Vice-President of the Assembly, in the name of the Constitution, summoned the soldiers to lay down their arms, and to give free passage to the Sovereign People's Representatives.

The commander of the battalion replied by ordering the street to be immediately cleared, declaring there was no Assembly; and, as for himself, he knew no Representatives of the People; and if those persons before him did not retire of their own accord, he should compel them to do so by force.

"We will only yield to violence," said M. Daru.

"You are guilty of treason," added M. de Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge, and the troops advanced in close file.

Such confusion ensued as nearly to end in a collision. The Representatives were roughly driven back into the Rue de Lille. Some fell; others, members of the Right, were rolled in the mud by the soldiers. M. Etienne was struck on the shoulder with the butt-end of a musket. A week after, M. Etienne was made member of that concern since termed the Consulting Committee. He approved of the *coup d'état*, including the blow from the musket.

They collected themselves together on their way back to M. Daru's, the group augmented by fresh comers.

"Gentlemen," said M. Daru, "the President has

failed us, the hall is closed. I am Vice-President, and the Assembly Palace is my house."

The Representatives of the Right installed themselves in a large room which the President had thrown open, and commenced a somewhat loud discussion. M. Daru, however, remarked that the moments were precious, and silence was restored.

The first measure to be taken was evidently the President of the Republic's overthrow, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution. Some Representatives called *Burgraves* sat round the table and drew up the deposition deed. As they were about to read it aloud, a Representative entered the room, announcing to the Assembly that the Rue de Lille was filling with troops, that they were about to surround the house, and there was not a minute to lose.

M. Benoit d'Azy said, "Gentlemen, let us hasten to the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, there to deliberate under the protection of the 10th Legion, of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is colonel."

A small door at the end of the garden led to the back of M. Daru's house. Several Representatives left that way. M. Daru was about to follow, as only two or three remained, amongst them M. Odillon Barrot, when a captain entered, and said to M. Daru: —

"My lord Count, you are my prisoner."

"Am I to follow you?"

"I have orders to keep you in sight within your own house."

The house was, in fact, in the hands of the military; and M. Daru was thus prevented from assisting at the meeting to take place at the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement. The officer permitted M. Odillon Barrot to retire.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

WHILE these events were taking place to the left of the river, towards noon a man in the Palais de Justice was loitering about in the great Salle des Pas Perdus. His coat was carefully buttoned, and several of his supporters were evidently waiting at a distance. Certain police adventures require such dubious-looking auxiliaries that passers-by anxiously say to themselves "Are these magistrates or thieves?" The man wandered from door to door, from lobby to lobby, exchanging signs of intelligence with the tools who followed him; then he returned to the Great Hall, questioning, in tones impossible for passers-by to hear, the barristers, solicitors, ushers, clerks, and attendants. Some replied by saying, "Yes;" others, "No." This man prowled about the Palais de Justice like a bloodhound on the scent.

He was Commissary of the Arsenal Police.

What was he in search of?

The High Court of Justice.

What was the High Court of Justice doing?

Sitting in hiding.

Why? Was it to give judgment?

Yes and No.

The Commissary of the Arsenal Police had received orders from Prefect Maupas to go in search of the place where the High Court of Justice might be sitting, if, perchance, the members considered it their duty to meet.

Confounding the High Court with the Council of State, the Commissary had first gone to the Quai d'Orsay. Having found nothing, not even the Council of State, he hurried his steps towards the Palace of Justice, thinking that, as he was seeking justice, he might perhaps find it there; but, finding he could not do so, he left.

The High Court had, however, held a meeting. Where, and how? That we shall soon see. At the period we are now chronicling the old buildings in Paris had not been renovated, and the Palace of Justice was reached by the Cour de Harlay, from which a staircase, by no means majestic, led into a long corridor styled the Gallerie Mercière. Towards the centre there were two doors; one to the right led to the Cour d'Appel, the other to the left to the Cour de Cassation. The folding-doors on the left opened on the former St. Louis Gallery, now restored and used by the barristers of the Cour de Cassation as a Salle des Pas Perdus. A wooden statue of St. Louis stood facing the entrance, which was, in fact, a cutting made to the right of this statue, leading on to a winding passage, ending with double doors. On the right hand was inscribed, "First President's Room;" on the left, "Council Chamber." For the convenience of barristers going from the Hall to the Civil Chamber, formerly the Great Chamber of Parliament, a dark and narrow outlet had been formed, in which, as one of them remarked, "every crime could be committed with impunity." Leaving aside the First President's room, and opening the door on which was inscribed "Council Chamber," you found yourself in a large room, furnished with an immense horse-shoe table and green-covered chairs. At the end of this room, which in 1793 had been used by the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal as a deliberating hall, a door had been made in the

wainscotting, leading on to a small passage, to the right of which was the door belonging to the study of the President of the Criminal Chamber; to the left was the refreshment room. "Sentenced to death! Let us now go and dine." These sentiments have been in common for centuries. The lobby was closed by a third door, the last in the Palace of Justice, little known because hidden by the distance, and opening into the library of the Cour de Cassation,— a large square room, having two windows overlooking the immense courtyard on the inner side of the Conciergerie, furnished with a few leather chairs, a large table covered in green cloth, and law books reaching from floor to ceiling. This secluded room was more concealed than any in the palace.

On the 2d of December, about eleven o'clock in the morning, there arrived in this room several men dressed in black, without robes or badges of office, looking scared and bewildered, shaking their heads and whispering to each other. These trembling men formed the High Court of Justice.

According to the terms of the Constitution, the High Court of Justice was composed of seven magistrates, — a president, four judges, and two assistants, selected by the Cour de Cassation from among its members, and renewed yearly. In December, 1851, these seven judges were thus named, — Hardouin, Pataille, Moreau, Délapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault; the last two were assistants. These men, though obscure individuals, were not without some antecedents. M. Cauchy, an amiable but timid man, who had been a few years previously President of the Chamber at the Royal Court of Paris, was brother of the mathematican member of the Institute to whom we are indebted for the calculation of sound, and to the ex-Registrar of the Record Office of the Chamber of Peers. M. Délapalme had been Advo-

cate-General, and had taken a leading part in the Press trials under the Restoration; M. Pataille had been Deputy of the Centre under the July Monarchy; M. Moreau (de la Seine) was only remarkable for being surnamed "de la Seine," to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Meurthe), who on his side was noted for the same reason, being styled "de la Meurthe" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Seine). The first assistant, M. Grandet, had been President of the Chamber of Paris. This is the panegyric I have read of him: "He possesses no individuality nor opinion of his own whatever." The second assistant, M. Quesnault, a clever yet submissive man, had been a Liberal, a Deputy, a public functionary, Advocate-General, a Conservative, who had used all these as stepping-stones, and thus attained the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, where he was acknowledged to be one of the most severe members. 1848 had shocked his notion of right, and after the 24th of February he had sent in his resignation, but he did not resign after the 2d of December. M. Hardouin, the President of the High Court, was ex-President of the Assizes, a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, noted amongst his colleagues as a "scrupulous magistrate, living in Porte Royal, a diligent reader of Nicolle." He belonged to the race of the old Marais Parliamentarians, who rode on mules to the Palais de Justice. The mule was now out of fashion; whoever visited President Hardouin would have found no more obstinacy in his stable than in his conscience.

On the 2d of December, at nine o'clock in the morning, two men went to M. Hardouin's and met at his door in the Rue de Condé, No. 10. They were M. Pataille and ex-Constituant Martin (de Strasbourg), the latter one of the most noted members of the bar of the Court of Cassation. M Pataille had placed himself at M. Hardouin's disposal.

The High Court was Martin's first thought on reading the placards of the *coup d'état.* M. Hardouin received Martin (de Strasbourg) as one to whom it was desirable to converse without witnesses. M. Pataille was accordingly taken into a room adjoining.

Martin (of Strasbourg) requested the President to convene the High Court. He begged that he might be allowed to act his own way, declaring that the High Court "would do its duty," but that he must before all things "confer with his colleagues," concluding with these words, "It shall be done either to-day or to-morrow."

"To-day or to-morrow!" exclaimed Martin (de Strasbourg). "Mr. President, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country, depends perhaps on what the High Court will or will not do. You hold a heavy responsibility, remember that. The High Court of Justice waits not for to-day or to-morrow to do its duty; that is done at once, at the time, without one moment's hesitation."

Martin (de Strasbourg) was right. Justice is ever of to-day.

Martin added, "If you want a man of action, I offer my services."

M. Hardouin declined the offer, but declared that he would not lose a minute, and begged Martin (de Strasbourg) to leave him to "confer" with his colleague, M. Pataille.

He convoked the High Court to meet at eleven o'clock in the Library Hall. The judges were exact. At a quarter past eleven all were assembled, M. Pataille being last to arrive. They were alone in the library, and sat at the end of the large green table. There was no ceremony. President Hardouin thus opened the debate: "Gentlemen, it is needless to enter into the situa-

tion, for we all know what it is. Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. The High Court must meet *under penalty of high treason.*" They gained time; they swore themselves in. M. Bernard, Recorder of the Court of Cassation, was appointed Recorder of the High Court, and sent for. While waiting for his appearance M. Denevers, the librarian, was requested to take possession of the pen. They settled on time and place for an evening meeting. They questioned Constituant Martin's conduct, regarding it almost as an elbow thrust given by politics to justice. They touched on Socialism, the Mountain, the Red Republic, and slightly alluded to the judgment which they had to pronounce. They conversed, told stories, found fault, conjectured, and dragged out the time. What were they waiting for?

We have already related the movements of the Commissary of Police. The accomplices of the *coup d'état* knew that in order to summon the High Court to do its duty, the people would at once invade the Palace of Justice, and would never seek it where it was assembled. On this account they considered the room had been well chosen. When however, they reflected that the police would also come to expel the High Court and not, perhaps, succeed in finding it, each one inwardly deplored the choice of the room, for in wishing to conceal the High Court they had been too successful. It was grievous to think that perhaps the High Court would be too deeply compromised before the police and the armed force should arrive. They had appointed a Recorder, now they must organize a Court. This second step was far graver than the first. The judges delayed, hoping that chance would favour them in deciding one way or the other, either for the Assembly or the President, against the *coup d'état* or for it; that at all events one

party must be vanquished, so the High Court in any case would secure one party. They held a long argument as to whether a decree should be passed for the President's accusation, or whether they should simply give an order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted. They drew up a judgment, not the honest and out-spoken judgment published and placarded by the Representatives of the Left, wherein they had had the bad taste to use the words *crime* and *high treason*. Such a judgment as this was a weapon of war, and never acted otherwise than as a projectile. A judge at times can show his wisdom by inacting a judgment which in reality is not one at all, without any binding force; everything remains conditional, no one is incriminated, and nothing is specified, — a kind of indefinite termination, which allows of waiting to watch the turn of events; at a delicate juncture earnest men may not inconsiderately mingle possible circumstances with that bluntness called justice. The High Court, taking advantage of this, drew up a prudent judgment, which has until now remained unknown. It is published for the first time, and is a masterpiece of equivocal style: —

Extract from the Registry of the High Court of Justice.

"The High Court of Justice,

"According to Article 68 of the Constitution, considering the printed placards commencing with these words, 'The President of the Republic,' and ending with the signatures, 'Louis Napoleon Bonaparte' and De Morny, Home Secretary, the said placards bearing, among other measures, the dissolution of the National Assembly, have been posted this same day on the walls of Paris, that this fact of the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic is of the nature which constitutes the case pro-

vided against by Article 68 of the Constitution rendering the meeting of the High Court indispensable, according to the terms of the aforesaid Article,

"It declares that the High Court of Justice is duly organized, that it appoints,[1] . . . to fulfil with it the functions of the Public Ministry: that M. Bernard, Recorder at the Court of Cassation, should fulfil the duties of Recorder, and in order to take further proceedings, according to the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, the Court will adjourn until to-morrow, the 3d of December, at noon.

"Drawn up and discussed in the Council Chamber, at which were sitting MM. Hardouin, president; Pataille, Moreau, Délapalme, and Cauchy, judges, December 2, 1851."

The two assistants, MM. Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decree, but the President ruled that it was more regular only to have the signatures of titular authority, the assistants being disqualified when the Court was complete. At one o'clock the news began to spread through the palace that a portion of the Assembly had passed a decree for Louis Bonaparte's deposition; one of the judges who had gone out during the debate, brought back this rumour to his colleagues. This accounted for an outburst of energy. The President advocated the appointment of a Procureur-General. On whom to decide, there was the difficulty. In all preceding trials the Procureur-General at the Court of Appeal in Paris had also been the Procureur-General at the High Court. Why make any alteration? They decided on keeping this Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal. M. de Royer was at that time Attorney-General, he had been formerly M. Bonaparte's Keeper of the Seals.

Would M. de Royer accept the office? This possible

[1] This blank was only filled in later with the name of M. Renouard, Councillor of the Court of Cassation.

difficulty caused a long debate; at last M. Hardouin undertook to make him the offer, for he had but to cross the Mercière Gallery.

M. de Royer was in his study. The offer was such a shock to him, that he remained speechless from embarrassment: to accept was a serious matter; to decline was indeed far graver, for that meant treason. On the 2d of December, an hour after noon, the *coup d'état* was still considered a crime. M. de Royer, doubtful of its success, ventured to call it high treason in private, and cast down his eyes with noble shame at such violation of the law. Three months later, he, in purple robes, and numerous others, by oath endorsed the deed; but his indignation would not go so far as to support the indictment. Such a deed proclaims aloud to all, and as yet, M. de Royer only murmured his perplexity.

M. Hardouin could not conscientiously enter into this, and he accordingly withdrew, for persistence would have been out of place, and returned to his expectant colleagues.

The Commissary of the Arsenal Police penetrated as far as the Council Chamber belonging to the Civil Chamber, with no other escort than the few police agents of the morning. He had succeeded in "unearthing" — as he termed it — the High Court. The Commissary asked a boy where the High Court was to be found?

"The High Court?" answered the boy. "What is that?"

He in his turn inquired of the librarian, M. Denevers, who exchanged a few words with the Commissary.

"What are you inquiring for."

"The High Court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the High Court."

"The session is on."

"Where is it sitting?"

"Here," said the librarian, pointing to the door.

"Very well," replied the Commissary.

Without another word, he turned into the Mercière Gallery, and, as we have already remarked, but few police agents accompanied him.

The High Court was holding its session. The President was giving the details of his visit to the Attorney-General, when suddenly heavy footsteps were heard in the lobby leading from the Council Chamber to the room they occupied for debate. The door was opened abruptly to give place to bayonets, in the midst of which appeared a man in a closely buttoned overcoat decorated with a tricoloured sash.

The magistrates looked quite stupefied.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "you must instantly disperse."

President Hardouin rising, exclaimed, —

"What is the meaning of all this? Who are you? Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"I do know that you are the High Court, and I am the Commissary of Police."

"Well, then?"

"Be off."

There were present thirty-five Municipal Guards, headed by drummers, under the command of a lieutenant.

"But —" said the President.

The Commissary interrupted him with the following words given literally: —

"Mr. President, I am not going to enter into an oratorical warfare with you. I have my orders which I transmit to you. Obey."

"Whom?"

"The Prefect of Police."

The President implied acceptance by this strange question.

"Have you a warrant?"

"Yes," answered the Commissary, handing a paper to the President.

The judges turned pale.

As the President unfolded the paper, M. Cauchy looked over his shoulder. The President then read out:—

"You are ordered to dissolve the High Court; in case of refusal, to arrest MM. Béranger, Rocher, de Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello."

Turning towards the judges, the President added, "Signed, Maupas."

M. Hardouin then addressed the Commissary:—

"There is some mistake in the names; they are not ours. MM. Béranger, Rocher, and de Boissieux have finished their term of office, and are no longer Judges of the High Court; as to M. Hello, he is dead."

The High Court was, in fact, both temporary and renewable; the *coup d'état* broke up the Constitution, without understanding its nature. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding High Court. The *coup d'état* had trusted to an old list and been misled; such is the folly of assassins.

"Mr. Commissary of Police," continued the President, "you see that these names are not ours."

"What do I care," replied the Commissary, "whether the warrant applies to you or does not. Disperse, or I shall arrest you all;" and he added, "now go at once."

The judges kept silence; one of them picked up a stray sheet of paper, which was in fact the judgment they had lately drawn up, and put it into his pocket.

The Commissary, pointing to the door guarded by the military, said, "By that way."

The judges went through the lobby, between two ranks of soldiers. A company of the Republican Guards escorted them as far as the St. Louis Gallery. With heads bowed down, there they were set free about three o'clock.

While all this was passing in the library close by, the Court of Cassation, formerly the great Chamber of Parliament, was sitting in judgment as usual, without knowing what was occurring so near. The police, when on scent, apparently give forth no signs. Let us hasten to close with the High Court.

At half-past seven that evening the judges met at the member's house who had carried off the decree. They drew up a *procès-verbal*, framed a protest at M. Quesnault's suggestion; they named M. Renouard, their colleague at the Court of Cassation, Attorney-General, thus filling the blank left in the decree. M. Renouard immediately accepted the post.

At eleven o'clock the following morning, the 3d, they assembled for the last time in the library of the Court of Cassation, an hour before the time stated in the judgment. M. Renouard was present, and a deed of appointment was handed to him, and also certain information with which he desired to be supplied. The judgment just passed was taken by M. Quesnault to the Recorder's office, and immediately entered upon the Register of the Private Debates of the Court of Cassation,— the High Court, having no special register, had from its creation used that belonging to the Court of Cassation.

1. A *procès-verbal* recorded the interference of the police, during the passing of the former decree. 2. M. Renouard's act of appointment as Attorney-General.

In addition to this the judges themselves had drawn up seven of these documents, and all had signed them. They were placed in safety together with a note-book,

in which five other secret decisions were inscribed relating to the *coup d' état.* Is this page of the Register of the Court of Cassation still in existence; or is the statement correct that the Prefect Maupas sent for the Register and tore out the leaf containing the decree? We are unable to say, for the Register is now shown to no one, and all those employed at the Record Office are dumb.

Let us summarize these facts.

If this Court, so called "High," had ever conceived the idea of doing its duty, once assembled (an affair of a few minutes), it would have proceeded resolutely and rapidly to appoint as Procureur-General some energetic man, belonging to the Court of Cassation,—either selecting Freslon from the magistrature or Martin (de Strasbourg) from the bar. By virtue of the Article 68, and without awaiting the proceedings of the Assembly, it would have drawn up a judgment stating the crime, launched an order of arrest against the President and his accomplices, and consigned Louis Bonaparte at once to jail. The Attorney-General on his side would have issued a warrant of arrest. All this could have been accomplished by half-past eleven, and no attempt then had been made to dissolve the High Court. These preliminaries concluded, the High Court by going through a door now free of access though mostly blocked up, leading to the Salle des Pas Perdus, could have reached the street, and there proclaimed its judgment to the people, for at this time was there nothing to hinder it. In any case, it should have occupied the Judges' Bench, robed in all magisterial state, and on the arrival of the police agent and the soldiers, they should have ordered the latter to arrest the agent. This order might have been obeyed: if not, they should have allowed themselves to be literally dragged to prison, so that the people

could see with their own eyes, there in the street itself, the *coup d'état* vilely trampling down the robes of Justice. Instead of which, we have shown what steps the High Court did take.

"Be off with you!" said the Commissary.

"We are going," replied the judges.

We can imagine such a dialogue only between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE MAIRIE.

THE Representatives having left M. Daru, assembled in the street in large numbers, and gathered in groups. They briefly consulted upon the course to be pursued. Three hundred members from the left of the river would at once answer the call if notices were sent out. But where should they meet? At Lemardelay's? The Rue Richelieu was guarded. At Salle Martel? That was at some distance. They relied on the 10th Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel. They decided on the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, as it was near at hand, and it could be reached without crossing the bridge. Accordingly they formed into a column, and marched off. M. Daru, we have already mentioned, lived close to the Assembly, in the Rue de Lille. The part which lay between his house and the Palais Bourbon was now filled by infantry, a detachment blocked up the door, but guarding it only to the right and not to the left. The Representatives, on quitting M. Daru, went towards the Rue des Sainte Perès, thus leaving the soldiers behind them, for the latter had simply received orders to prevent any meeting at the Assembly Palace; the members therefore quietly made up their column in the street, and started, taking the right instead of the left, where they would have met with some obstruction. From an error in the order, they passed freely through; but an hour after, it made St. Arnaud mad with rage. On the way, their

numbers were increased by the addition of other Representatives. Most of the members of the Right lived in the Faubourg Saint Germain; the column was therefore almost entirely composed of them. At the corner of the Quai d'Orsay they came upon some members of the Left, who, on leaving the Assembly, had rallied together in order to deliberate. They were the Representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot. Those marching at the head of the column went up to the group and said, —

"Join us."

"Where are you going?" asked Marc Dufraisse.

"To the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement."

"What do you think of doing there?"

"Going to decree Louis Bonaparte's deposition."

"And after that?"

"We will force our way, despite resistance, into the Assembly Palace, and from the top of the steps we will read the decree of Deposition to the soldiers."

"Very well, we are of the same opinion," said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left then joined in, marching at some distance from the column. Several of their friends came up, and we will notice an incident, without attaching too much importance to it, that the two fractions here representing the Assembly each kept its own side of the street as they marched towards the Mairie. The men in the majority by chance took the right, and those in the minority the left. No scarves were worn, nothing to lead to recognition. The passers-by stared in surprise at this silent procession going through the solitary streets of the Faubourg Saint Germain. They could not understand the meaning of it; for one district in Paris was, as yet unaware of the *coup d'état.*

As a place of defence the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement was badly chosen. Situated in the Rue des Grenelle Saint Germain, a narrow street lying between the Rue des Saint Perès and the Rue du Sépulcre, and near to the cross-roads of the Croix-Rouge, whence the troops could arrive from so many ways, the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, thus confined, overlooked and blockaded on every side, was a wretched citadel for the National Representation under attack. They certainly had no choice of citadel any more than afterwards they had the choice of a general.

A good omen seemed to favour their arrival. The great gate at the Mairie, leading into a square courtyard, was shut, but it was immediately opened, and twenty of the National Guard on duty took up arms and saluted the Assembly with military honours. The Deputy-Mayor met them on their entrance to the Mairie, and treated them with profound respect.

"The Assembly-Palace is in possession of the troops," said one of the Representatives, "and we have come here to deliberate."

The Deputy-Mayor led the way to the great municipal hall on the first story. When all the representatives had entered, the door was closed upon them. On their journey thither the National Guard shouted, "Long live the Assembly!" The cry was echoed by the crowd fast gathering in the street, who repeated "Long live the Assembly!"

A number of strangers had been admitted to the Mairie with the Representatives. It was therefore determined, to avoid overcrowding, that two sentries should be placed at the little side-door, with orders to allow none but members of the Assembly to pass. M. Hovyn Tranchère undertook to identify them. Nearly three hundred Representatives at this time arrived at

the Mairie, their numbers increased later on. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning. All the Representatives did not immediately go into the hall; many amongst them, particularly those of the Left, remained below in the courtyard with the National Guards and citizens. They talked of what they were about to do. A difficulty at once arose with regard to the Presidency. M. de Kératry was the oldest member at the meeting; was he therefore to preside? The Representatives in the Great Hall were in his favour; the Representatives in the courtyard hesitated in their choice. Amongst the members who had remained with the Left were MM. Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville.

"What are they considering upstairs?" said Marc Dufraisse to them. "To make Kératry president? Why, the very name of Kératry would alarm the people, just as mine would act on the *bourgeoisie.*"

M. de Kéranflech, a member of the Right, thinking to cap the argument, added, —

"Remember Kératry's age; what folly to place a man of eighty to grapple with the difficulties of the present time."

"Bad reasoning that," exclaimed Esquiros. "Eighty years,— why strength lies in the fact itself."

"Yes, when carried well," said Colfavru, "but Kératry bears them badly."

"Nothing can be greater," resumed Esquiros, "than grand octogenarians."

"What a noble thing it is," added Chamiot, "to be presided over by Nestor."

"No; say Gérontes," replied Victor Hennequin.

With this the debate concluded, and Kératry was thrown out. MM. Léon de Malleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, men respected by all parties, undertook the trial of bringing the Right to reason. It was decided

that the "bureau" should preside. Only five of the members were present,— namely, the two Vice-Presidents, MM. Benoit d'Azy and Vitet, and the three Secretaries, MM. Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. The two other Vice-Presidents were General Bédeau, now detained at Mazas, and M. Daru, under guard at his own house. MM. Peupin and Lacaze, two more Secretaries, men belonging to the Elysée, failed to appear; the other Secretary, M. Yvan, a member of the Left, was at a meeting of that body in the Rue Blanche, which was then taking place. As in peaceful times gone by, the usher, from the steps of the Mairie, called out to the Assembly, "Representatives to the sitting!" This usher to the Assembly had all day shared its fortunes, including the sequestration at the Quai d'Orsay. At the usher's call, Vice-President Vitet went up into the hall with the Representatives from the courtyard, and the sitting was convened,— the last held by the Assembly with any due form. The Left, we have noticed, had boldly retaken the legislative power, making such additions as were required by revolutionary law. The Left met without a "bureau," without an usher, without secretaries. Their sittings are recorded by no terse and accurate shorthand reports, but they will ever be engraven on our memories, and history will bear its testimony. MM. Grosselet and Lagache, two of the Assembly shorthand writers, were on duty at the meeting in the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement. They reported it, but the censorship of the victorious *coup d'état* has issued a mangled version, proclaiming it as the historic fact. One falsehood more matters but little. The brief of the 2d of December contains this shorthand notice; it will form the basis for a trial in the future. In the notes attached, the document will be found in its entirety; the inverted commas denote the suppressed passages by order of M.

Bonaparte. The curtailment is a proof of their signification and importance.

Shorthand reproduces everything but life itself. Stenography is purely a question of the ear. It hearkens, but sees not. There must necessarily be blanks, and we will therefore fill in the omissions. To form a complete idea of this sitting of the 10th Arrondissement, the Great Hall of the Mairie must be described. It was a long room with five or six windows to the right, overlooking the courtyard; on the left were several rows of benches parallel with the wall, which had been hastily brought there to accommodate the Representatives, three hundred of whom, assembled thus by chance, were literally packed together. None were seated; those in front stood, the others being mounted on benches; some walked up and down the centre of the room. A few tables were scattered here and there. The committee sat at a long table, the full breadth of the hall, facing the door. "Sitting" would be the usual term, but the members of the "bureau" stood, unlike the usual habit of the rest of the Assembly. The Secretaries, MM. Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault, wrote standing. At times the two Vice-Presidents mounted the benches, the better to be seen on all sides. The table was covered with an old green ink-stained table-cloth, on which were placed three or four inkstands and a quire of paper. It was here the decrees were taken down as soon as they were passed. Representatives assisted the official secretaries in writing copies.

The Great Hall was on the first floor, with a landing leading to the top of a narrow staircase. Nearly all present were members of the Right. The opening to the debate was a momentous time. Berryer appeared to advantage; but, like all extemporizers, he was wanting

in style. He will be remembered in name only, and one that has been open to discussion. He was more of a special pleader than a convincing orator. Berryer on that day was brief, logical, and earnest. "What must we do?" was the general cry. "Issue a declaration," said M. de Falloux. "A protest," exclaimed M. de Flavigny. "A decree," said Berryer. Now, a declaration was certainly like wind, a protest simply noise; a decree meant action. "What decree?" they cried. "Deposition," said Berryer. With the word *deposition* the Right had exhausted its limits; the term *outlawry* could only be pronounced by the Left. This had been done at the first meeting that took place at the Rue Blanche, which we will detail later on. In point of fact, the Left outlawed Louis Bonaparte. Deposition put an end to legality; outlawry engendered revolution,—an ever logical solution to all *coups d'état.* The act of Deposition having been voted, a man who has since turned traitor, Quentin Bauchard. exclaimed, "Let all sign it!" Every one accordingly did so. Amongst the signatures were those of Odillon Barrot and Anthony Thouret, who had arrived for that purpose. M. Piscatory announced that the Mayor refused admittance to any more Representatives. "Decree an order for him to do so," exclaimed Berryer. Thanks to the decree being voted, MM. Favreau and Monet were allowed free access. As they came straight from the Legislative Palace, they were able to detail Lupin's cowardice. M. Dahirel, a leader of the Right, very indignantly exclaimed, "These are to us like thrusts from the point of the bayonet." Several shouted, "Let us summon the 10th Legion. Call them to arms; if Lauriston hesitate, order him to protect the Assembly." "Let us decree an order for him," said Berryer. The decree was passed, yet Lauriston refused to comply. Berryer pro-

posed another decree, by which any one was proclaimed traitor who had outraged the inviolability of Parliament; it also comprised the order for the immediate release of those Representatives who had been unlawfully arrested. For this there had been no debate; the decree had been voted right off, under universal confusion and a storm of angry voices. Berryer from time to time called them to order; but the silence was soon again broken by the furious outcries, "The *coups d'état* will not dare to venture where we are masters; here we are at home. It is not likely an attack will be made upon us here; these villains dare not attempt it." If the Representatives had been less uproarious, the open windows would have enabled them to hear the soldiers loading their guns. A battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes had quietly entered the Mairie Garden, and, while awaiting orders, they charged their muskets.

The noisy and disorderly sitting now wore another aspect; nothing but a murmur could now be heard. The usher had succeeded in overcoming the hubbub by his continuous cry, "Silence, gentlemen!"

Fresh Representatives arrived and hastened to sign the decree of Deposition at the "bureau." As many were waiting to give their signatures, sheets of paper were distributed about the Great Hall and in two adjoining rooms in order for the Representatives to do so.

The first who affixed his name to the decree of Deposition was M. Dufaure; the last to do so was M. Betting de Lancastel. M. Benoit d'Azy, one of the Presidents, was addressing the Assembly; the other, M. Vitet, though somewhat pale, gave out instructions in a calm and resolute manner.

M. Benoit d'Azy kept a firm countenance, but his agitation showed itself by the hesitation in his speech. Even at this critical moment there were still divisions

in the Right, and a Legitimist was heard to say in a low tone of one of the vice-presidents, "This great Vitet looks like a whitened sepulchre."

Vitet was an Orleanist. Having to do with an adventurer such as Louis Bonaparte, capable of everything, both the hour and the man were under a cloud; some Legitimists of the simple-minded type were so fearfully alarmed that it became really ludicrous to see them.

The Marquis, who helped to push the car of State as much as the fly does who perches on the wheel, went about haranguing, shouting, declaiming, remonstrating, proclaiming, and trembling.

Another, M. A—— N——, red-faced-looking and out of breath, rushed about distractedly, "Where is the guard? How many men are there? Who commands them? The officer! Send me the officer! Long live the Republic! National Guards, stand firm Long live the Republic!"

This last shout was echoed by all the Right.

"You wish, then, to destroy it," said Esquiros.

Some were dejected. Bourbousson maintained the silence of a vanquished statesman. A relative of the Duke d'Escars, the Viscount ——, was so frightened that he ran into a corner of the courtyard. Amongst the crowd there was a true child of Paris, with the artistic instincts of an Athenian, called Albert Glaligny, who has since become a noble and charming poet.

Albert Glaligny cried out to the troubled Viscount, "Listen! Do you suppose that *coups d'état* can be extinguished in the same way as Gulliver put out the fire?"

Oh, laughter! how dreary the sound when mingled with tragedy!

The Orleanists maintained a calm and better appearance, from the very fact, doubtless, that to them the danger was greater.

Pascal filled in the forgotten words at the head of the decrees, "République Française." Some, occasionally, who were discussing other subjects, would utter this strange word, "Dupin," which was at once followed by hooting and bursts of laughter.

"Never again mention that coward's name," cried Anthony Thouret.

The motions continued to be for and against, the uproar at times relapsing into deep and solemn silence. Words of alarm could also be heard proceeding from the different groups: "We are in a blind alley." "We are caught in a mouse-trap." Then at every motion some voices exclaimed, "That is it!" "That is right!" "It is settled." In case of expulsion from the Mairie, they quietly agreed upon having a rendezvous at No. 19 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

M. Bixio went to have the decree of Deposition printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal, Duprat, Rigal, Lherbette, Chamiot, Labrade, Colfavru, Anthony Thouret, were energetic in their advice. M. Dufaure, feeling both resolute and indignant, strongly protested. M. Odillon Barrot remained quietly in a corner, wrapt in the silence of stupefied simplicity.

MM. Passy and de Tocqueville owned to groups of members that during their Ministry they always feared a *coup d'état;* for it was evident that with Louis Bonaparte this was a fixed idea. M. de Tocqueville added, "Every night I repeated to myself, 'I lie down to sleep a minister; what if I should awake a prisoner!'"

Some who called themselves "men of order," while signing the decree of Deposition, muttered, "Beware of the Red Republic." The fears of failure were quite as great as those for success.

M. de Vatimesnil shook hands with the men of the Left, thanking them for being present. "You render

us popular," said he. To which Anthony Thouret replied, "I am neither Right nor Left to-day; I only see the Assembly."

The younger of the two shorthand writers handed in the report of the Representatives' speeches, asking them to revise them at once, saying, "We have no time to read them over."

Some Representatives went out into the street and showed the people the Deposition decree, signed by the members of the "bureau." Taking one of the copies, a man cried out, "Citizens, the ink is not yet dry! Long live the Republic!" The Deputy-Mayor stood at the hall door; the staircase was crowded with National Guards and strangers. Several had made their way into the midst of the Assembly, and amongst them ex-Constituant Beslay, a man of rare courage.

At first an effort was made to expel them, but they resisted, saying, "This is our business. You are the Assembly, but we are the people."

"They are right," said M. Berryer.

M. de Falloux and M. de Kéranflech turned towards the fire-place, on which ex-Constituant Beslay was resting, and greeted him with, "Good-day, colleague," and reminded him that they were both on the National Workshops Committee, and that together they had gone to see the workmen at the Park Monceaux. Thus feeling their insecurity, they became affectionate towards Republicans, for the Republic means the morrow. Every speaking member remained in his place, either mounted on a bench or a chair, and some few were on tables. All contradictory opinions burst forth at once. Gathered together in one corner, some ex-leaders of "order" were alarmed at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another, the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left to ask them, "Are not the faubourgs going to rise?"

In a narrative the writer must adhere to one duty, — he must say all, whether it be evil or good. Notwithstanding the details we have felt bound to mention, and with the exception of those we have noticed, the men of the Right, who formed the great majority at this meeting, were mostly honourable and worthy members. Some, we have before observed, prided themselves on their resolution and energy apparently to rival with the members of the Left.

During the course of this history we shall more than once have occasion to remark that some members of the Right inclined towards the people; but on this point, let no mistake arise, these monarchial men, who talked of popular insurrection and who invoked the faubourgs, were in the minority of the "majority," — in fact, a scarcely perceptible minority.

Anthony Thouret proposed that the leaders who were present should go in a body through all the working districts, displaying the decree of Deposition. Completely nonplussed, the leaders refused, declaring that they required an organized force for their protection, and not the people. Strange as it may appear, that with their usual political shortsightedness, popular armed resistance, even in the name of the law, seemed to them sedition. The only vestige of revolution which they could tolerate was a regiment of the National Guard with drums at their head. They drew back at the idea of the barricade; Right in a blouse was no longer Right; Truth armed with a pike was no longer Truth; Law uprooting the pavement gave them the impression of a Fury. Taking them, however, for what they were, and judging their political status, these men of the Right acted advisedly What could they have done with the people? What could the people have done with them? How would they have inflamed the

masses? Imagine Falloux as tribune inspiring the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Alas! in the midst of these gloomy circumstances and fatal complications, by which the true situation was completely misunderstood, the *coup d'état* profiled odiously and perfidiously. Danton himself could not have kindled a revolutionary spark in the heart of the people.

The *coup d'état* went insolently forward to the meeting, decked in its convict's cap, with the same infamous assurance there as elsewhere. Three hundred Representatives of the People formed the "majority." Louis Napoleon sent a sergeant to expel them. The Assembly resisted. He then sent an officer, the temporary commander of the 6th Battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. This officer, a young, fair-haired, mocking fellow, partly laughing and partly threatening, pointed towards the stairs now lined with soldiers, and set the Assembly at defiance.

"Who is this young spark?" asked a member of the Right.

"Throw him out of the window," said a National Guard.

"Kick him out!" cried one of the people, thus before the 2d of December giving vent to sentiments similar to those of Cambronne before Waterloo.

However grave the error this Assembly made against the principles of Revolution, Democracy alone had the right to reproach it; and I repeat, this Assembly was the National Assembly, — that is, the Republic incarnate, the universal living suffrage, representing the Majesty of the Nation clearly and uprightly. Louis Bonaparte not only assassinated this Assembly, but did more, — he insulted it; a blow is worse than a stab.

The gardens roundabout, occupied by the military, were full of broken bottles. The soldiers were well sup-

plied with drink. They simply obeyed the epaulets, and, according to an eye-witness, they appeared "besotted."

The Representatives addressed them, saying, "This is a crime!"

They answered, "We know nothing about it."

A soldier said to another, "What have you done with your ten francs you had this morning?"

The sergeants pushed forward the officers; the latter were throughout respectful, with the exception of the commander, who probably thus earned his cross. The sergeants were brutal.

Seeing a lieutenant showing signs of flinching, a sergeant cried out to him, "You are not the only one in command here! Forward! March!"

M. de Vatimesnil said to a soldier, "Will you dare to arrest us, the Representatives of the People?"

"Most certainly," said the soldier.

Some Representatives complained of want of food since morning; several soldiers at once offered them their rations, which in some cases were accepted. M. de Tocqueville, who felt unwell, was leaning on the window sill; he accepted a soldier's bread, and shared it with M. Chambolle.

Two commissaries of police appeared in "full uniform," wearing black coats, sash girdles and black-corded hats; one was old, the other young. The name of the first was Lemoine-Tacherat (Bacherel was a misprint); the second was called Barlet. These names should ever be remembered. Barlet's unheard-of audacity was duly remarked. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him, cynical speech, provoking gesture, or sardonic intonation. Barlet's insolent manner was beyond belief; when summoning the meeting to dissolve, he added, "Rightly or wrongly."

The murmur spread along the Assembly benches.

"Who is this scoundrel?" Compared to him, the other seemed moderate and inoffensive.

Emile Péan exclaimed, "The old man is simply following his profession; the young one is working out his advancement."

Previous to the appearance of this Tacheret and Barlet before the muskets were heard ringing on the stone staircase, this Assembly had thought of making resistance. We have already stated what kind that was to have been. The majority only recognized a regular organized defence, — that of the military in uniform and epaulets. This was easy to decree, but difficult to arrange. All the generals on whom the Assembly relied had been arrested, with the exception of two, — Generals Oudinot and Lauriston. General Marquis de Lauriston, ex-peer of France, colonel of the 10th Legion, and a Representative of the People, drew a distinction between his duty as Representative and his duty as colonel. Summoned by his friends of the Right to beat to arms and to call the 10th Legion together, he answered, "As Representative of the People I ought to impeach the Executive Power; but being colonel, I owe it obedience." He persistently maintained this singular reasoning.

"What an idiot!" said Piscatory.

"How clever he is!" remarked Falloux.

Two members of the Right thought to recognize the chief officer belonging to the National Guard, who presented himself in uniform. "That is M. de Perigord," said they; but this was a mistake, for it happened to be M. Guilbot, major of the 3d battalion, of the 10th Legion. He declared himself ready for action, immediately his colonel, General Lauriston, gave the order.

A moment after, the General came up from the courtyard, and said, "You are mistaken as to my authority,

for I have just sent in my resignation." Moreover, the name of Lauriston was little known to the soldiers; they were far more familiar with that of Oudinot. But in what manner? When the name of Oudinot was pronounced a shudder ran through this meeting, composed almost exclusively of men of the Right; for the fatal sound of Oudinot at such a critical time brought sad reflections in its train.

What was the *coup d'état?*

The "Roman expedition at home." Against whom? Those who had made the "Roman expedition abroad." The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, could only find one general to defend it in this its last hour. And who was he? The man who, in the name of the National Assembly of France, had violently dissolved the National Assembly of Rome. Oudinot, the murderer of a Republic, how could he save a Republic? Was it not natural that his own soldiers should exclaim, "How are we to act? What we did at Rome we are now doing in Paris." What treason this history comprises! The French Legislature had stamped its first chapter in the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly. Providence marked the second in the blood of the French Legislature, with Louis Bonaparte as penman.

In 1849 Louis Bonaparte had killed the sovereignty of the people in the person of its Roman Representatives; in 1851 he accomplished it in the person of its French Representatives. However infamous the reasoning, it was only just; for the Legislative Assembly was branded with two crimes, — the first in which it was accomplice, and the second in which it became victim. This feeling pervaded the majority, and humbled them. It was rather the same living crime, under a different name, which stood forth on the 2d of July, 1849, and renewed itself on the 2d of December; the act was

engendered by this Assembly, and finished by stabbing it to the heart. Crimes are mostly parricidal, and recoil on their perpetrators, compassing their own destruction.

At such an anxious time M. de Falloux would surely look round for M. de Montalembert; the latter was at the Elysée.

Tamisier rose and uttered the terrible words, "The Roman affair!"

"Silence!" shouted M. de Dampierre, distractedly; "you will be the death of us."

It was not Tamisier who was killing them; it was Oudinot.

M. de Dampierre did not perceive that he was crying "Silence!" to history.

Putting aside the fearful remembrance, crushing even to a man endowed with the highest military virtues, General Oudinot possessed none of those imposing qualities which in the critical time of revolution impress the soldiers and rouse the people; in other respects he was an excellent officer, the worthy son of a brave father.

To recover an army of a hundred thousand men; to withdraw the balls from the cannons' mouths; to find the true spirit of the French soldiers, half drowned by the wine given to the Prætorians; to snatch the flag from the *coup d'état*, and restore it to the law; to give the Assembly the power of creating storms and flashes, would have required one of those men buried in the past. Such a course needed the firm hand, the calm oratory, the cold and earnest glance of Desaix, the French Phocion; or the broad shoulders, the commanding stature, the thundering tones, the abusive eloquence of the insolent, cynical, gay, and sublime Kléber, that true military Mirabeau. The situation could only be

met by the just Desaix or the lion Kléber. The little, awkward, embarrassed General Oudinot, with his shifting heavy looks, red cheeks, narrow brow, grizzled hair, soft voice, humble smile, possessing neither oratory, gesture, nor power; brave in front of the enemy, timid in facing a stranger; mingling soldierly bearing with that of the priest's; hesitating between the sword and the taper; and carrying a sort of "Amen" look about with him,—what could he do, even though acting with the best intentions? He felt paralyzed by the knowledge that he stood alone, with neither prestige nor real glory, without personal authority, and with the memory of Rome in the rear. On his appointment he may have been firm in courage, but when thanking the Assembly he certainly hesitated in speech. When the little fair-haired officer dared to look insultingly towards him, this man, who held the people's sword, this general belonging to the Assembly, could only stammer forth such sentences as these: "I declare to you that we cannot obey the order which prohibits us from remaining assembled together, unless compelled and constrained to do so." Can you imagine Oudinot speaking of obedience when he ought to have commanded? His official scarf seemed to add to his discomfiture, his head rolled from side to side, he held his hat and cane in hand, his whole aspect was decidedly benevolent.

A Legitimist whispered to his neighbour, "He looks like a bailiff making a speech at a wedding."

"He reminds me of the Duc d' Angoulême," was the Legitimist's reply.

What a contrast Oudinot offered to Tamisier! That good, earnest, and reliable Tamisier, who, though in rank merely a captain of artillery, had all the bearings of a general. Had the intellectual and dauntless Tamisier the soldier-philosopher, with his grave and gentle coun-

tenance, been better known, he could have rendered signal services. If Providence had given Tamisier's soul to Oudinot, or the epaulets worn by Oudinot to Tamisier, who can tell what might have followed?

In this December enterprise, reeking with gore, not one general was worthy of his uniform; and a volume might well be filled with the history which gold lace plays in the destiny of nations. Previous to the invasion of the hall, Tamisier was appointed chief of the staff; he placed himself at the Assembly's disposal. From the table on which he stood, he spoke in a clear and pleasing voice. The most disheartened felt reassured by his quiet yet honest and devoted attitude. Quickly drawing himself up to his full height, he faced the whole of the Royalist majority, and exclaimed, —

"Yes, I accept the post you offer me; I accept the charge of defending the Republic! Nothing but the Republic, do you hear?"

In answer one unanimous cry arose: "Long live the Republic!"

"Ah," said Beslay, "your voice resounds as on the 4th of May."

"Long live the Republic! Nothing but the Republic!" re-echoed the men of the Right. Oudinot shouted louder than the rest. And Tamisier, to him all arms were stretched, every hand put forth, and in this last hour, the atheist invokes God, and the Royalist the Republic. Each one clings to that which is lost: such, O Danger! art thou ever,— an irresistible converter.

The official historians of the *coup d'état* record that, at the commencement of the sitting, two Representatives had been sent by the Assembly to the Home Secretary in order to "negotiate." They certainly had received no authority to do so; it was not on behalf of the Assembly, but they presented themselves of their own accord. They

went as intermediaries, in the hope of procuring a peaceful termination to the present catastrophe. With simple candour they summoned Morny to give himself up as prisoner, and thus respect the law, declaring that should he refuse, the Assembly would do its duty and call upon the people to defend the Constitution and the Republic. Morny smiled, and gave them their answer in a few plain words, —

"If you call to arms, and I find any Representatives on the barricades, I will have them all shot, even to the last man."

The meeting in the 10th Arrondissement yielded only to force. President Vitet would not stir unless compelled to do so; and the police agent, who ventured to seize him, looked pale and discomforted. To lay violent hands upon a man under certain circumstances, is to lay them upon right; and those who dare to do so are made to tremble by outraged law. The departure from the Mairie took time, and was beset with difficulties. The soldiers were half an hour forming a line. The Commissaries of Police were apparently solely occupied in driving back the crowd; in reality they were awaiting orders from the Home Office. The Representatives remained in the Great Hall, and wrote to their families, their wives, and their friends. There was a complete scramble for the last sheets of paper; pens were so scarce that M. de Luynes wrote in pencil to his wife. From the absence of wafers the letters had to go unsealed, and were entrusted to some soldiers, who offered to post them. M. Chambolle's son, who had accompanied his father, took charge of the letters addressed to Mesdames de Luynes, de Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hauranne. General F—— had refused a battalion to Marrast, President of the Constituent Assembly,— an act which had gained him his promotion from colonel to general

This General F——, coming from breakfast at the Elysée, made his way in his half-drunken state to the centre of the courtyard, and there he commanded the outrage. A member, whose name we regret to say is unknown, plunged his boot into the gutter and then besmeared the regimental gold stripe on General F——'s uniform.

Representative Lherbette cast these words at General F—— "General, you are a coward." Then turning towards his colleagues, he exclaimed, "Hear me; I tell this general that he is a coward."

General F—— never moved; he was content to bear the mud on his uniform, and to receive the epithet full-faced.

Although the meeting was in great force, and thus able to call the people to arms, the cry was not raised. Lalrade a member of the Left, made one last effort to do so; he took M. Berryer aside and said, —

"Our last act of resistance has failed; let us not allow ourselves to be arrested. Let us go through the streets, shouting, 'To arms.'"

M. Berryer consulted with the Vice-President, and shortly after M. Benoit d'Azy refused to comply.

The Deputy-Mayor, holding his hat in hand, escorted the members of the Assembly to the gate of the Mairie. As soon as they made their appearance in the courtyard, prepared to leave between two lines of soldiers, the National Guards presented arms, and hailed them with, "Long live the Assembly! Long live the Representatives of the People!" The National Guards were at once disarmed by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

When the Mairie gates were thrown open to give access to General F—— on horseback, riding in advance of the Assembly, headed by Vice-President Vitet, whom a police agent was leading by the collar; a few men in

white blouses, gazing from the windows of a wine-shop facing the Mairie, clapped their hands, shouting, "Well done! Down with the twenty-five francs men!"

They set forth, guarded on each side by a double file of Chasseurs de Vincennes, who viewed them with the greatest hatred.

General Oudinot whispered, "These small infantry men are terrible; at the siege of Rome they behaved like madmen during the assault. In fact, these lads are very devils."

The officers, on the contrary, avoided the Representatives' glance.

On leaving the Mairie, M. de Coislin, on passing an officer, exclaimed, "What a disgrace to the uniform!" Angry words ensued, but shortly after as they marched forward, the officer apologized to M. Coislin, by saying, "Sir, on reflection, I feel it is I who am in the wrong."

They made but slow progress, and one of the Representatives seeing M. Chegaray within a few steps of the Mairie, called out to him, "Come!" With a shrug of the shoulders. he answered, "Oh, I dare say. As they have not arrested me." But shame would not allow him to pass on, and he joined the procession. His name was included in the roll-call at the barracks.

A little further on they met M. de Lespérut, and greeted him with a shout: "Lespérut, Lespérut!" "I am on your side," he answered; and notwithstanding the soldiers' repulse, he forced his way through the line of muskets. A window was thrown open, and a woman appeared supporting a child, who, with outstretched arms called to his father, a prisoner below; the mother could only answer with her tears.

It was at first intended to take the whole Assembly to Mazas, but this was countermanded by the Home Secretary, who feared the influence on the easily aroused

populace during the long journey in broad daylight; the D'Orsay barracks, being close at hand, were selected as a temporary prison.

The commander insolently pointing his sword towards the Representatives under arrest, loudly exclaimed to passers-by, "These are the Whites, and our orders are to spare them. Now it is the turn of Messieurs, the Red Representatives, so let the others look out."

The crowds gathered at the doors, the windows, in the streets. At the sight of the procession, all echoed the sound of "Long live the National Assembly." When a few Representatives of the Left were perceived in the midst of the column, the populace shouted "Long live the Republic! Long live the Constitution! Long live the Legislative Assembly." The shops were open and people continued to go to and fro, but some were heard to say, "Wait until the night-time comes; we have not seen the end of it."

A staff officer, in full uniform and mounted on horseback, recognizing M. de Vatimesnil in the procession, at once came up and greeted him. As they passed the house belonging to the *Democratic pacifique*, some of the mob cried out, "Down with the Elysée traitor!"

There was a dense crowd at the Quai d'Orsay, and the shouting there was most vociferous. The mass was kept within bounds by a close line of soldiers of the Line placed on each side of the quay. The members of the Assembly slowly advanced up the centre, guarded by a double file of soldiers,— the one stationed as a threat to the people, the other marching with the Representatives as a threat to them.

This book is written to give an account of the great crime in all its details. Such a history causes serious reflection, for every man must feel indignant when he views Louis Bonaparte's *coup d'état* in all its bearings.

No one can accuse us of extenuating this monstrous deed. However, as facts ought ever to be noted by the historian, it is necessary to repeat them, even to satiety. Thus, apart from the few members of the Left, whose names we have mentioned, the three hundred Representatives, who in line passed through the crowd, constituted the old royalist and reactionary majority of the Assembly. Whatever their errors, their faults, and, we may add, their illusions, the persons thus treated were the Representatives of a nation; taking the lead in civilization, they were the crowning Legislators, the people's senators. As deputies they were inviolable, and ought to have been sacred by the great law of Democracy. In the same manner that every man is a reflection in a measure of God's mind, so in each of these members elected by universal suffrage reflected the spirit of France. If it were possible to forget this, the spectacle on this December morning would perhaps be more laughable than mournful, and certainly more partaking of philosophy than sorrow. After the passing of so many laws of repression, after the numerous exceptional measures, after so many votes of censure on a state of siege, after numberless refusals of amnesty, after the many affronts to equity, to justice, to conscience itself, to public good faith, to right, after so many favours to the police, and numerous smiles bestowed on absolutism, the entire party of order was arrested in a body and marched off to prison by the policeman. One day, or rather night, to save society, the *coup d'état* abruptly seizes the Demagogues, and whom does it find itself grasping by the collar? The Royalists.

The procession reached the barracks, which formerly were the quarters of the Royal Body-guard. A carved escutcheon was placed at the entrance; traces of the *fleurs de lys* effaced in 1830, are still visible. A halt

was made, and as the door was being thrown open M. de Broglie exclaimed, "This is then the place!" A great placard was posted on the wall of the barracks, and printed in large letters was this: —

"REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION."

This was the advertisement to an anonymous pamphlet, published two or three days previous to the *coup d'état*, demanding an Empire. The President of the Republic was credited with the authorship.

The Representatives entered, and the portals closed upon them. All shouts ceased; the crowd, which has its meditative moments, soon stood silent and motionless, gazing from the barracks with their gates shut to the Assembly Palace, the front of which, about two hundred feet off, was dimly visible in this dull December twilight.

The two Commissaries hastened to report their "success" to M. de Morny.

"Excellent," replied M. de Morny; "the struggle now has begun. These are the last Representatives who will ever be made prisoners."

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S PROFILE.

THESE events affected men differently. The extreme Legitimist party, a fraction something like the white in the flag, was not certainly much exasperated at the *coup d'état.* Many faces bore the imprint of M. de Falloux's words: "I am so satisfied that I find it difficult to appear only resigned." The ingenuous, as becomes purity, cast down their eyes; the more daring raised them. Their feelings partook of a partial indignation mingled with a little admiration. To think how cleverly these generals have been ensnared! Yet the country has been lost. What a horrible crime! Thus they were enraptured at the jugglery which carried parricide in its train.

One of the leaders, sighing with envy and regret, exclaimed, "We do not possess a man of such talent."

Another muttered, "Alas! such is the order."

One of them exclaimed, "It is a fearful crime, but well carried out."

Others wavered between their awe of the Assembly and the attraction which Bonaparte's villainies possessed, — honourable men whose equilibrium was balanced between duty and infamy. M. Thomines Desmazures went as far as the Great Hall door of the Mairie, looked inside and round, but he did not venture to enter. On the other hand, we must notice that M. de Vatimesnil

and other pure Royalists had the true sense of justice, and were sincere in their indignation.

Taken as a whole, the Legitimist party felt no horror, at the *coup d'état*, from the fact that for them there was nothing to be alarmed at. Why should the Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Surely indifference cannot inspire that feeling, for Louis Bonaparte was indifferent, ever bearing one object in view, and to compass that the way must be cleared, — all else could be left alone. He adhered to this policy, — to crush the Republicans, to treat the Royalists with contempt.

Louis Bonaparte was a man in no way impulsive. Talking one day with the ex-king of Westphalia about Louis Bonaparte, I remarked, —

"The Dutchman in him tones down the Corsican."

"If there be any Corsican," was Jerome's answer.

Louis Bonaparte had ever been a man living on chance, trying, as a spy, to dupe God Himself. Much of the cheating gambler tinged his ideas. Trickery requires audacity, but anger must be kept out of the question. During his imprisonment at Ham he only read one book, "The Prince." He was of no family, for he came of Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, for he was both of France and Holland.

This Napoleon had taken St. Helena quite in good part. Why feel resentment? He admired England. His own interests were to him the only objects on earth. He pardoned for the sake of speculation. He was content to forget all, because he calculated every chance. What did his uncle's treatment matter to him? He did not serve him, he only made use of him. Louis Bonaparte founded his enterprise on the glory of Austerlitz, taking care to stuff the eagle.

To bear malice is unproductive, and Louis Bonaparte only taxed his memory as far as it might be useful to

further his ends. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him smiling on the English; the Marquis de Montchenu did in no way hinder him from smiling on the Royalists.

He was a man of earnest politics, good company, not in the least impulsive, wrapped up in his own designs, doing nothing without premeditation, never acting abruptly, using no hard words, ever discreet, accurate, clever, speaking of necessary bloodshed with the utmost gentleness. He was simply a slaughterer because it was needful to be so.

We give these details in all calmness, without any feeling. Louis Bonaparte was one of those men imbued with Machiavelli's extreme coldness; it was owing to this feature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by placing December over Brumaire.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS.

IT was half-past three when the Representatives under arrest entered the courtyard of the barracks, — a vast parallelogram surrounded by high walls, with their three rows of windows, the whole wearing that dismal appearance peculiar to barracks, seminaries, and prisons. An archway forms the main entrance to the courtyard, taking the whole breadth of the building from the front, which constitutes the guard-house, with its heavy gates opening on to the quay, and having at the other side an iron grating leading in to the courtyard. They closed upon the Representatives, and then "set them at liberty" within the courtyard, under bolt and bar.

"Let them wander about," said an officer.

Both air and sky were cold and drear. The soldiers on fatigue duty, in jackets and foraging caps, went to and fro past the prisoners.

M. Grimault first called the roll, which was afterwards taken up by M. Anthony Thouret. The Representatives soon made a circle round them. Lherbette said, jokingly, —

"This is quite in barrack form; we are like sergeant-majors about to give in their report."

The names were then called over of the seven hundred and fifty Representatives, to which they answered "Absent" or "Present," the secretary taking note of all members there. When "Morny" was mentioned, one

exclaimed, "To Clichy;" and the same voice greeted the name of "Persigny" by saying, "To Poissy." The inventor of such a poor joke has since become an ally of December 2d, joining Morny and Persigny, thus cloaking his cowardice beneath the senator's robes.

Two hundred and twenty Representatives answered the roll-call; their names are as follows:—

Le Duc de Luynes, D'Andigné de la Chasse, Anthony Thouret, Arène, Audren de Kerdrel (Ile-et-Vilaine), Audren de Kerdrel (Morbihan), De Balzac, Barchou de Penhoen, Barillon, O. Barrot, Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, Quentin Bauchard, G. de Beaumont, Béchard, Behaghel, De Belvèze, Benoit d'Azy, De Bernardy, Berryer, De Berset, Basse, Betting de Lancastel, Blavoyer, Bocher, Boissié, De Botmillan, Bouvatier, Le Duc de Broglie, De la Broise, De Bryas, Buffet, Caillet du Tertré, Callet, Camus de la Guibourgère, Canet, De Castillon, De Cazalis, Admiral Cécile, Chambolle, Chamiot, Champannet, Chaper, Chapot, De Charencey, Chasseigne, Chauvin, Chazant, De Chazelles, Chegaray, Comte de Coislin, Colfavru, Colas de la Motte, Coquerel, De Corcelles, Cordier, Corne, Creton, Daguilhon-Pujol, Dahirel, Vicomte Dambray, Marquis de Dampierre, De Brotonne, De Fontaine, De Fontenay, Vicomte de Seze, Desmars, De la Devansaye, Didier, Dieuleveult, Druet, Desvaux, A. Dubois, Dufaure, Dufougerais, Dufour, Dufournel, Marc Dufraisse, P. Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Etienne, Vicomte de Falloux, De Faultrier, Faure (Rhone), Favreau, Ferre, Des Ferrès, Vicomte de Flavigny, De Foblant, Frachon, Gain, Gasselin, Germonière, De Gicquiau, De Goulard, De Gouyon, De Grandville, De Grasset, Grelier-Dufougerais, Grévy, Grillon, Grimault, Gros, Guislier de la Tousche, Harscouët de Saint Georges, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Hennequin, d'Hespel, Houel, Hovyn Tranchère, Huot, Joret,

Jouannet, De Kéranflech, De Kératry, De Kéridic, De Kermazec, De Kersauron-Penendreff, Léo de Laborde, Laboulie, Lacave, Oscar Lafayette, Lafosse, Lagarde, Lagrénée, Laimé, Lainé, Comte Languinais, Larabet, De Larcy, J. de Lasteyrie, Latrade, Laureau, Laurenceau, General Marquis de Lauriston, De Laussat, Lefebvre de Grosriez, Legrand, Legros-Desvaux, Lemaire, Emile Leroux, Lespérut, De l'Espinoy, Lherbette de Linsaval, De Luppé, Maréchal, Martin de Villers, Maze-Saunay, Meze, Arnault de Melun, Anatolé de Melun, Marentié, Michaud, Mispoulet, Monet, Duc de Montebello, De Montigny, Moulin, Murat, Sistrière, Alfred Nellement, D'Olivier, General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, Paillet, Duparc, Passy, Emile Péan, Pecoul, Casimir-Périer, Pidoux, Pigeon, De Pioge, Piscatory, Proa, Prudhomme, Querhoent, Randoing, Raudot, Raulin, De Ravinel, De Rémusat, Renaud, Rezal, Comte de Rességuier, Henri de Riancey, Rigal, De la Rochette, Rodat, De Roquefeuille, Des Rotours de Chaulieu, Rouget Lafosse, Rouillé, Roux-Carbonel, Sainte Beuve, De Saint Germain, General Comte de Saint Priest, Salmon (Meuse), Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, De Serré, Comte de Sesmaisons, Simonot, De Slaplande, De Surville, Marquis de Talhouet, Talon, Tamisier, Thuriot de la Rosière, De Tinguy, Comte de Tocqueville, De la Tourette, Comte de Treveneuc, Mortinier-Ternaux, De Vatimesnil, Baron de Vandœuvre, Vernhette (Herault), Vernhette (Aveyron), Vézin, Vitet, Comte de Vogüe.

The following is quoted from a shorthand report:

"When the roll-call was over, General Oudinot requested the Representatives to draw near, in order to listen to an announcement he had to make.

"'The captain-adjutant-major, in command of the barracks, has received orders to prepare retiring rooms for us, considering us now in custody. (Hear, hear.) Do

you wish me to summon the adjutant-major here? (No, no; it is useless.) I will then tell him to carry out his orders. (Yes, yes; quite right.)'"

Thus hemmed in, the Representatives "wandered" about arm-in-arm for two long hours, compelled to walk quickly to keep themselves warm. The men of the Right said to those of the Left:—

"Ah, if you had only voted in favour of the Questors' proposals!" They also added, "Well, how about the *invisible sentry?*"[1] At this they laughed.

Marc Dufraise replied, "Deputies of the People, deliberate in peace!"

The Left then had their turn, and laughed. There was not a vestige of malice, for they were drawn together by the common bonds of misfortune.

Louis Bonaparte's ex-ministers were questioned, amongst them Admiral Cécile.

"What does all this really mean?"

The Admiral gave them this definition: "It means but little."

M. Vézin added, "He hopes that history will call him 'sire.'"

"A poor sire then," said M. de Camus de la Guibourgère.

M. Odillon Barrot exclaimed, "What a fatality to think we should have employed this man!"

When they had said this, their political philosophy came to an end, and they remained silent.

On the right side of the door in the courtyard were a few steps leading into a canteen. "Let us honour this by making it a refreshment-room," said M. de Lagrénée, the late ambassador to China. Some went towards the stove, others asked for a basin of soup. MM. Favreau,

[1] Michel de Bourges had thus styled Louis Bonaparte, as guardian of the Republic against the Monarchical parties.

Piscatory, Larabet, and Vatimesnil sought for a corner; and facing them in the opposite corner were some drunken soldiers talking to a few women employed in the barracks. M. de Kératry, bent with the age of his eighty years, had drawn his chair — an old worm-eaten tottering one — near the fire.

About four o'clock a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes marched into the courtyard, rations in hand, and partook of the meal, during which time they merrily sang and shouted.

M. de Broglie observed to M. Piscatory, "It is strange to see the Janissaries' soup kettles from Constantinople appearing in Paris."

A staff officer now advanced towards the Representatives to inform them that General Forey had sent him to announce that *the apartments were ready*, requesting the members to follow him. They were conducted to the eastern wing of the barracks, which is situated in the remotest part of the building from the Palace of the Council of State. On reaching the third floor they expected to find rooms at least furnished with beds; instead of which, they were dirty, low-ceilinged garrets, supplied only with wooden tables and benches. The doors opened on to a long narrow corridor, which runs the whole length of the building. One room contained the big drum, smaller drums, and several musical instruments. Such were the apartments! The Representatives went in pell-mell. M. de Tocqueville, feeling ill, threw his overcoat on to the floor in the recess of a window, and there he lay for several hours stretched out on the ground. The cast-iron stoves, in the shape of hives, gave forth but little heat. A Representative, in stirring the fire, overturned one, and nearly set the floor on fire.

The room at the end looked on to the quay. Anthony

Thouret opened a window, and he and several Representatives leaned forward. The soldiers who were bivouacking below perceived them, and shouted, —

" Ah, there are those scoundrels at twenty-five francs a day who wanted to cut down our pay! "

The police had, in fact, spread about the calumny throughout the barracks the evening previously, that a proposition had really been laid before the Tribune to diminish the pay of the troops, naming even the author. Anthony Thouret tried to undeceive the soldiers, but an officer exclaimed, —

" Why, it was one of your party who proposed this, — no other than Lamennais. "

Towards half-past one MM. Valette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc gave themselves up as prisoners, and joined their colleagues.

They became famished as night drew near, for many had tasted nothing since morning. M. Hovyn Tranchère a kind and most devoted adherent, who had volunteered to be their porter at the Mairie, now acted as caterer for them at the barracks. Collecting five francs from each Representative, he ordered dinner for two hundred and twenty, to be sent from the Café d'Orsay, — a building at the corner of the quay and the Rue du Bac. They fared badly, but the meal went off merrily, notwithstanding the cook-shop mutton, inferior wine and cheese, and not a morsel of bread. They ate as best they could, one standing, another with his plate on a chair, one at a table, another sitting astride a bench, with his repast before him, a gentleman of the Right laughingly remarked, " as if he were at a ball-room supper. " This came from Thuriot de la Rosière, Thuriot the regicide's son. M. de Rémusat sat with his head buried in his hands. Emile Péan tried to cheer him by saying, " We shall surmount all this. " Gustave de Beaumont, ad-

dressing the Republicans, exclaimed, "Will your friends of the Left save their honour by at least raising an insurrection?" The Right, with marked attention, passed the various plates and dishes to the Left. "Now would be the time for making a fusion," said a young Legitimist. They were waited on by troopers and canteen men. Two or three tallow candles were flaring on each table, but glasses were very scarce. The gentlemen of the Right and those of the Left drank from the same. "Equality, fraternity!" exclaimed the Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, of the Right. Victor Hennequin replied, "But not liberty."

Colonel Feray, Marshal Begeaud's son-in-law, was in command of the barracks. He offered the use of his drawing-room to M. de Broglie and to M. Odillon Barrot, which they accepted. Free passage from the barracks was given to M. de Kératry on account of his great age; to M. Dufaure, owing to his wife's illness; and to M. Etienne, who had been wounded that morning in the Rue de Bourgogne.

Some members, who had been detained at the new hall for foreign affairs, now joined the two hundred and twenty. The fresh arrivals were MM. Eugène Sue, Benoist (du Rhone), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet-des-Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse.

Towards eight o'clock, when dinner was over that evening, the restrictions were slightly relaxed, and the space between the door and grating began to be littered with bags and various articles forwarded by the Representatives' families. The members' names were called out, and each went down in turn, and quickly came back with his cloak, bernouse, or footwarmer. A few ladies gained admittance to see their husbands. M. de Chambolle pressed his son's hand through the grating. Some one cried out, "So we are going to pass the night

here." Mattresses were brought in and thrown anywhere, — some on tables, others on the ground. They accommodated about fifty or sixty Representatives, the greater number remained on the benches. Marc Dufraisse passed the night on a footstool, supporting himself on the table. Happy the one who had a chair!

They were cordial and merry.

"Room for the Burgraves," said a veteran of the Right. A young Republican Representative immediately offered him his mattress. They all mutually pressed their offers of coats, cloaks, and rugs on each other.

"*Reconciliation,*" said Chamiot, proffering the half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes.

The Duc de Luynes, who had £80,000 a year, smilingly replied, "You are Saint Martin, and I am the beggar."

M. Paillet, the famous barrister belonging to the Third Party, said, —

"I passed the night on a Bonapartist palliasse wrapped in a Mountain bernouse, my feet encased in a sheepskin, both Democratic and Social, and my head covered by a Legitimist's cotton nightcap.

The Representatives, though prisoners, were permitted to wander about the barracks pretty freely. They were allowed to go into the courtyard, and M. Cordier (du Calvados) came up from there saying, —

"I have just been speaking to the soldiers. They were not aware that the generals had been arrested, and they seemed both astonished and displeased at the news."

This little episode quite raised the members' hopes. Representative Michel Renaud, from the Basses-Pyrénées, found several compatriots from the Basque country amongst the Chasseurs de Vincennes stationed in the courtyard. Some reminded him that they had voted in his favour, adding "Ah, we should vote again for the

'Red List.'" One, quite a youth, took him aside and said, "Sir, do you want any money? I have a forty-sous piece in my pocket."

At six o'clock there was great uproar in the court-yard; the doors and gratings were thrown back noisily on their hinges to admit a vehicle, which rolled in like thunder to the foot of the steps. From the windows they perceived a kind of big oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, on four wheels, drawn by post horses, and surrounded by fierce-looking men in long coats, and carrying torches. By the help of the imagination, together with the darkness, the vehicle looked perfectly black, having no other outlet but the door. It gave the idea of being a large coffin on wheels.

"What is that? Is it a hearse?"

"No, a police-van."

"Are those people undertakers?"

"No, jailers."

"For whom has this been sent?"

"For you, gentlemen," some one cried out.

This came from an officer, and what had just entered was in reality a police-van.

The word of command was then given: "First squadron, to horse!" Five minutes afterwards the Lancers formed in line, ready to escort the van. Then a buzz arose in the barracks like that of angry bees. The Representatives ran downstairs in order to make a closer inspection of the police-van; even then they could hardly believe their eyes without really handling it.

M. Piscatory said to M. Chambolle, "I 'm going away in that."

M. Berryer met Eugène Sue, and asked him, "Where are you to be taken?"

"To Mount Valérian. And you?"

"I do not know."

At half-past ten the roll-call began. At the foot of

the stairs police-agents had taken up their position. They were seated at a table lighted by a couple of candles, and the Representatives, who were summoned in pairs, had determined not to answer to their names, but always to reply, "He is not here." Those Burgraves who had accepted Colonel Feray's hospitality were above such petty resistance, and gave their names up in answer to the call; their example was quickly followed by the others. Some of the scenes amongst the Legitimists partook of the serio-comic character. Being the only members who had no cause to fear, they insisted on believing themselves in danger. They refused to part with one of their orators, embracing and holding him back, almost tearfully imploring him, "Do not go away. Do you know where they are taking you? Think of Vincennes trenches."

The Representatives, in answer to the summons, came two by two into the room occupied by the police-agents, thence they were requested to mount into the "robber's box." The arrangements seemed to be quite haphazard, yet the difference of treatment sustained by the Representatives in the various prisons gave rise to the doubt whether the pell-mell in loading was not a preconceived idea. When the first van was full, a second took its place. The police-agents, supplied with pencil and pocket-book, noted down the contents of each vehicle, as these men knew the Representatives. When Marc Dufraisse, in answer to the call, entered the room, he was accompanied by Benoist (du Rhone).

"Ah, here is M. Marc Dufraisse," said the man, with pencil in hand.

When Benoist was asked for his name, he replied simply, "Benoist."

"Du Rhone," said the agent; and further added, "for there are also Benoit d'Azy and Benoit Champy."

The loading of each vehicle lasted about half an hour

With the fresh arrivals the number of prisoners now amounted to two hundred and thirty-two. Their embarkation, or, to use M. de Vatimesnil's expression, their "barrelling up," lasted from a little after ten in the evening until nearly seven o'clock the next morning. When all the police-vans had been used, omnibuses were made available, the whole divided into three detachments, each escorted by Lancers. The first left at one in the morning, and went straight to Mount Valérian, the second started at five o'clock for Mazas; the third left at half-past six for Vincennes.

The time dragged heavily during all this; and those who had not been called took advantage of the delay by trying to sleep on the mattresses; silence therefore reigned for a while in the upper rooms. The quietude was disturbed by M. Bixio saying in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, what do you think of 'passive obedience'?" A general peal of laughter was the only answer.

"Romieu will be senator," exclaimed a voice, breaking the silence.

"What will become of the Red Spectre?" inquired Emile Péan.

"He will turn priest," said Anthony Thouret, "and thus he can change into the Black Spectre."

Other exclamations have been recorded by historians of the 2d of December, purely imaginary sayings on their part. For instance, Marc Dufraisse never made the following remark, which Louis Bonaparte's men credited to him as an excuse for their crimes: "If the President should not order all those who resist his authority to be shot, he understands nothing about his business." Such a speech might be useful to the *coup d'état*, but as a matter of history it is false.

When the Representatives entered the police-vans, they were being lighted inside. "Each cage" had its

ventilating hole unclosed; owing to this Marc Dufraisse perceived that M. de Rémusat was in a cell facing him. M. de Rémusat had mounted the van in company with M. Duvergier de Hauranne.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Marc Dufraisse," exclaimed Duvergier de Hauranne, as they elbowed each other into the vehicle, "if any one had remarked, 'You will be taken to Mazas in a police-van,' I should have replied, 'Not at all probable;' if, in addition, I had been told, 'You will be accompanied by Marc Dufraisse,' I should at once have answered, 'Quite impossible.'"

When the van was full, five or six policemen stationed themselves inside along the passage, the door was closed, the steps were thrown up, and the vehicle rolled away.

When the police-vans were loaded, the remaining Representatives were thrust pell-mell into the omnibuses, with no regard to age or name. Colonel Feray, mounted on horseback, directed the whole proceedings. As the Duc de Montebello took a place in the last vehicle but one, he exclaimed, —

"This is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and to-day Marshal Begeaud's son-in-law compels Marshal Lanne's son to enter a convict's van."

The last omnibus, containing eighteen places, was soon occupied by the most active of the eighteen remaining Representatives Anthony Thouret, a host in himself, equal to the whole of the Right, who possessed as much cleverness as Thiers and as much corpulency as Murat, ascended slowly and heavily last. On the appearance of his huge form there was quite a general cry of alarm, "Where was he to find room?"

Anthony Thouret, seeing Berryer at the end of the omnibus, went directly and sat down on his knees, and quietly said, "You wanted '*compression,*' Monsieur Berryer; now you have it."

CHAPTER XV

MAZAS.

WHEN the police-vans arrived at Mazas with an escort of Lancers, another squadron of Lancers was there to receive them. The Representatives alighted singly, watched with dull curiosity by the officer in command, who stood at the door.

Mazas, which has taken the place of La Force, now razed to the ground, is an immense red building, close to the Lyons Railway terminus, standing on the waste land of the Faubourg Saint Antoine. At a distance, bricks seem to form the staple commodity in the construction, but on closer inspection it is apparent that flints set in cement have been used. Six large three-storey buildings, connected at the starting-point and radiating from a rotunda, formed the common centre, separated by courtyards, which enlarge as the building spreads, at the sides of which are a thousand little dormer windows, the whole surrounded by a high wall. Taking a bird's-eye view, it has much the shape of a fan. Such is the description of Mazas. There is a sort of minaret in the rotunda, which forms the alarm-tower. A circular room on the ground-floor serves as the registrar's office. The chapel is on the first storey, where the mass is said for all by one priest alone; and the observatory has but a single attendant to watch the doors of all the galleries. Every building is termed a "division." The courtyards are divided into short oblong walks, separated by a high wall.

Each Representative, on alighting, was conducted to the registrar's office in the centre, there to give his name, and in exchange for which he received a number. Whether the prisoner be thief or legislator, such is the rule in this prison; the *coup d'état* reduced all to an equal footing.

The Representative being duly registered and numbered, he was ordered to "file off," and told either to "go upstairs" or "go on," and they called at the entrance of the corridor to which he was destined, "Receive Number So-and-So." The jailer on duty answered, "Send forward." The prisoner went straight on alone, and on his arrival he found the jailer standing near an open door, who said, "In here, sir." The door was at once closed on the prisoner, and the officials passed on to another.

The *coup d'état* acted in various ways towards the different Representatives. Wishing to conciliate the men of the Right, they were placed at Vincennes; but detesting the men of the Left, they were sent to Mazas. M. de Montpensier's apartments were opened expressly for those at Vincennes, an excellent dinner was provided for them to partake of in company, and enlivened by wax candles, fire, and the smiles and bows of the governor, General Courtigis.

At Mazas this is how the Representatives were treated:

Taken in a police-van to the prison, thence transferred from one box to another. The clerk at Mazas registered, weighed, measured, and entered them into the jail-books as convicts. Having passed through the office, each one was conducted through a dark gallery, a long damp vault, until he reached a narrow door, which was opened suddenly, and the jailer took the Representative by the shoulders, pushed him forward, and closed the door.

The Representative thus immured found himself in a long, dark, narrow room. In the cautious language of modern legislation this is termed "a cell," where a December noon appeared but gloomy twilight. At one end was a door, with a small grating; at the other, about ten or twelve feet from the ground, close to the ceiling, a loophole had been made, and covered with fluted glass, thus serving as a window, if such it could be termed when the eye could neither distinguish if the sky were blue or grey, or a cloud from the sun's rays. The inventors of this fluted window, with its uncertain light, caused even the heavens to squint. After a few moments the prisoner could faintly see the following objects around him: whitewashed walls, green from various causes; at one corner a grating over a cesspool; in another a slab, like the bracket seat of a coach, used also as a table; a straw-bottomed chair, which had to do service for a bed; brick flooring.

How dark! was the first impression made upon the mind, soon followed by a feeling of intense cold. There, in the semi-darkness, the prisoner found himself chill and alone, with only the space of eight square feet to walk up and down, like a caged wolf, or to remain seated, like an idiot at Bicêtre.

An ex-Republican, M. Emile Leroux, now become a member of the majority, and who sided somewhat with the Bonapartists, was evidently thrown into Mazas by mistake, having doubtless been taken for some other Leroux. He fairly wept with rage.

Three, four, five hours thus passed. None had broken their fast since morning; some, in the excitement of the *coup d'état*, had not even breakfasted. They were famished; and then were they to be left forgotten there? No; the bell was heard to resound through the prison. An arm was thrust through the now opened grating of

the door, and held forth a pewter porringer and a piece of bread, which were both eagerly seized by the prisoner. The bread was black and sticky; the porringer contained a sort of thick, warm, reddish-looking water. The scent of this soup was beyond all idea. As for the bread, it only smelt of mouldiness. Most of the prisoners, notwithstanding their great hunger, at first dashed their bread on the floor, and hastened to empty their porringer through the iron-barred outlet. The hours passed, and the cravings returned; the bread was then taken and eaten. One prisoner even went so far as to wipe his porringer out with the bread, which he afterwards devoured. Later on this prisoner, when at liberty as an exiled Representative, described this diet to me, saying, "A hungry man has no nose."

Profound silence reigned amidst the absolute solitude In the course of a few hours M. Emile Leroux — so he related to M. Versigny — heard on his right some curious knocking on the other side of the wall, coming at irregular intervals. He listened, and shortly after to his left, similar rapping responded. M. Emile Leroux was enraptured to hear a noise of some kind, and believing it to proceed from his colleagues, prisoners like himself, he cried out in a loud voice, "Oh, oh! you are there then also, you fellows." He had scarcely finished speaking when the creaking of bolts was heard, and the door of his cell was thrown on its hinges. A man, the jailer in fact, appeared in a furious rage, exclaiming, "Hold your tongue."

Utterly bewildered, the Representative of the People demanded an explanation.

"Hold your tongue," replied the jailer, "or I will pitch you into a dungeon."

This jailer spoke to the prisoner as the *coup d'état* spoke to the nation.

M. Emile Leroux, with his persistent parliamentary habits, still insisted.

"What!" said he, "do you mean to say that I am not to answer to the signals of my two colleagues?"

"Two of your colleagues!" answered the man. "A couple of thieves are there," and he closed the door with a shout of laughter.

M. Emile Leroux's cell was, in fact, between those of two thieves, not crucified, but locked up.

Mazas prison is so ingeniously built that every word can be heard from one cell to another; so that despite the cellular system, there is, however, no isolation. Hence the rigorous silence imposed by these perfect though cruel rulers. How do the thieves act? They have invented a telegraphic mode of raps, so the rulers gain nothing by their harshness. M. Emile Leroux had simply interrupted a conversation.

"Leave us to our slang," cried his neighbour. For this exclamation he was cast into a dungeon.

Such was the life the Representatives passed at Mazas, and as they were in solitary confinement, not even a book, a sheet of paper, a pen, nor indeed an hour's exercise in the courtyard was allowed them. Mazas, as we have seen, is also a place for thieves, but they who know a trade are permitted to work at it. Those who can read are supplied with books; and a desk and paper are given to those who are able to write. All take an hour's exercise, required by the laws of health and according to the rules. The Representatives were debarred from everything; for them isolation, close confinement, silence, darkness, cold, "the amount of *ennui* which causes madness" as Linguet said when speaking of the Bastille. Nothing remained for them but to sit all day long on the chair with their legs crossed.

Could they lie down?

No, there was no bed.

The jailer came into the cell at eight o'clock in the evening, and brought down something which was rolled up on a shelf near the ceiling. This something was a hammock, which was duly hooked up and spread out. The jailer then wished his prisoner "Good-night." The hammock was supplied with a blanket, and sometimes with a mattress two inches thick; the prisoner, wrapped in this covering, courted sleep in vain, for he could do nothing but shiver. On the morrow surely he could make amends by lying all day in his hammock? Even this slight boon was not allowed, for at seven o'clock the jailer appeared, and with a "Good-morning" he made the Representative rise, and rolled up the hammock back to its shelf near the ceiling. The prisoner could certainly take it down, re-fasten it, and lie there, but that meant his removal to a dungeon, for the routine was such, — the hammock by night, and the chair by day. To be just, we must add that some had beds. Amongst the number were MM. Thiers and Roger (du Nord); M. Grévy was not allotted one.

Mazas is a model prison, preferable by far to the Leads of Venice, or the Châtelet dungeon under water. Theoretical philanthropy has built Mazas, but it leaves much to be desired. Judging from a certain point of view, the law-maker's condemnation to solitary confinement was not a bad thing. In the *coup d'état* what was providential was the placing of the legislators at Mazas, for in that way Providence has worked out an instructive lesson: nothing like partaking of your own cooking; and those to whom the prisons belong should therefore try them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN INCIDENT.

WHEN Charamaule and I reached the steep and lonely Rue Blanche, a man wearing a kind of naval officer's uniform was walking up and down in front of No. 70. The portress recognizing us called our attention to him.

"Nonsense!" said Charamaule, "a man walking about dressed in that fashion is certainly not a police spy."

"My dear colleague," I replied, "Bédeau has proved what idiots the police are."

We went upstairs. Both the drawing-room and the small ante-room were full of Representatives, and other persons who did not belong to the Assembly. Some ex-members of the Constituent Assembly were there; amongst them were Bastille and several Democratic journalists. "The National" was represented by Alexander Rey and Leopold Duras; "The Revolution" by Xavier Durrieu, Vasbenter, and Watripon; "L'Avénement du Peuple" by H. Coste; nearly all the other writers belonging to the "Avénement" were in prison. About sixty members of the Left were there; and amongst others were Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lefranc, Bancel, De Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal, Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loir), Huguenin, Aubry (du Nord), Maladier,

Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Doutre, Gindrier, Arnaud (de l'Ariège), Raymond de l'Isère, Brillier, Maigne, Sartin, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, and General Rey. All were standing and talking in a confused way. Leopold Duras had just related the investment of the Café Bonvalet. Jules Favre and Baudin were seated writing at a small table between the windows. Baudin was copying Article 68 of the Constitution which lay before him.

On our entrance there was dead silence, and we were asked, "Well, what is the news?"

Charamaule described what had taken place at the Boulevard du Temple, and the advice he had given me, which at once met with approval.

"What can be done," was asked on all sides.

"Let us go straight to the point," I answered. "Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground at our expense, or rather, he has taken all, and as yet we have gained nothing. Charamaule and I were compelled to separate from Colonel Forestier, and I doubt his success. Louis Bonaparte is doing his best to suppress us; we must no longer stand in the background. Our presence must be felt, and we must fan the flame, of which we have seen the spark on the Boulevard du Temple. It is absolutely necessary that a proclamation should at once be issued, no matter who prints it, or how it is placarded, provided it be brief, powerful, and energetic. No set phrases; simply ten lines, making an appeal to arms. We represent the Law, and there are times when the Law must take up the war-cry. The Law, outlawing the traitor, acts in a great and terrible way. Let us do so."

Here I was interrupted with cries of "Yes, let us have a proclamation."

"Dictate! dictate!"

"You dictate," said Baudin, "and I will write."

I did so in the following terms: —

"To the People.

"Louis Bonaparte is a traitor.

"He has violated the Constitution.

"He is forsworn.

"He is an outlaw —"

At this they shouted on all sides, "Quite right! Outlaw him! Now continue."

I resumed, and Baudin wrote down the words.

"The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68 —"

I was again interrupted, "Quote it in full."

"No," said I; "it would be too long. All that is required can be written on a card, posted by means of a wafer, and which can be read in a minute. Article 110 is short, and contains an appeal to arms; I will therefore quote that."

"The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68, and to Article 110, thus written: 'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution and Laws to the keeping and patriotism of all Frenchmen.'

"The People henceforth and forever possessing universal suffrage, therefore, need no Prince for its restitution, they will know how to chastise the rebel.

"Let the People do their duty. The Republican Representatives are marching at their head.

"Long live the Republic! To Arms!"

This was met with applause.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"Let us hasten to find a printing-office," exclaimed Schœlcher, "that the proclamation may be posted without delay."

"Before nightfall, as the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"Immediately, immediately! Let there be several copies," rejoined the Representatives.

Baudin had silently and rapidly made a second copy of the proclamation.

A young man, who was editor of a provincial Republican journal, came forward, saying, if a copy were at once given to him, he would undertake that in less than two hours the proclamation should be posted at every corner in Paris.

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"Millière," he replied.

It was thus that the name of Millière first appeared on the pages of our gloomy history. I can still see this young man before me, with his pale countenance, piercing eye mostly half-closed, forbidding profile, though gentle-looking on the whole. Assassination and the Pantheon awaited him. Too obscure to enter the temple, he was sufficiently deserving to die on its threshold. Baudin showed him the copy he had just made out.

"You do not know me," said, Millière, approaching him; "my name is Millière, and you are Baudin."

Baudin shook hands with him; I witnessed the greeting of these two spectres.

Xavier Durrieu, the editor of "The Revolution," made the same offer as Millière.

A dozen Representatives sat down, pen in hand, with sheets of paper before them, either at the table or making one of their knees, exclaiming, "Dictate the proclamation to us."

To Baudin I had previously said, "Louis Napoleon

Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre objected to the word *Napoleon*, as the glory attached to the name exercised such fatal influences, both on the people and the army, suggesting instead of which it should be, "Louis Bonaparte is a traitor."

"You are right," I replied.

A discussion followed, some wishing to strike out the word "Prince." The Assembly was impatient, crying "Quick! Quick!"

"We are now in December," repeated Joigneaux, "and the days are short."

Twelve copies were made in a few minutes. Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, each took one and hastened in search of a printing-office.

As they left, a man entered, who was a stranger to me, but he was greeted by several Representatives. He said to them,—

"Citizens, this house is marked. You will soon be surrounded by troops already on the march, and you have not a minute to lose."

"Very well, then let them arrest us," cried several voices.

"What do we care?"

"Let them complete their crime."

"Colleagues," said I, "let us not allow ourselves to be arrested now. After the struggle, if God so pleases; but before, never! The people will take the initiative from us; if we are captured, then all is at an end. Our duty is to commence the battle; right must be upheld by crossing swords with the *coup d'état*, which shall not arrest us; and the search must be in vain. The arm raised against us shall be outwitted. We must lay in concealment from Bonaparte; we must, in turn, harass, weary, astonish, exhaust him, by first disappearing, then coming to light, by constantly changing our quar-

ters. Ever ready to fight, in fact; always before him, but never within reach. Let us not give ground; as we are wanting in numbers, let us make it up by daring."

This met with unanimous approval.

"This is right," said they, "but where are we to go?"

"Our former colleague, Beslay, of the Constituent Assembly, offers us his house," said Labrousse.

"Where does he live?"

"No. 33, Rue de la Cérisaie, in the Marais."

"Well, let us separate," answered I, "we will meet again in two hours at Beslay's No. 33, Rue de la Cérisaie."

All went off in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go and wait for me at my house. I went out with Noël Parfait and Lafon. We reached the still uninhabited outskirts near the ramparts, and from the corner of the Rue Pingalle, we saw, about a hundred paces from us, soldiers gliding along the houses, through the otherwise deserted lanes, all going in the direction of the Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left repaired to the Rue de la Cérisaie. The alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of these lonely streets were at the windows, watching the Representatives pass. In the event of being surrounded, the meeting-place, situated at the farther end of a narrow backyard, was badly chosen; these disadvantages were at once perceived, and the meeting lasted but a few minutes. Joly presided. Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, writers for "The Revolution," were present, as well as several Italian exiles. Amongst others Colonel Carini and Montanelli, ex-Minister to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I liked Montanelli's gentle yet dauntless spirit.

Madier de Montjau brought news from the outskirts. Colonel Forestier, who was neither hopeless himself nor

wishing to make them so, related the obstacles made to his efforts to call the 6th Legion together. He pressed me, together with Michel de Bourges, to sign his appointment as Colonel; but Michel de Bourges was absent, and in any case neither Michel de Bourges nor I had any authority from the Left. With this reservation I, however, signed his appointment. Perplexities thickened; the proclamation was still not printed, and nightfall was drawing near. Schœlcher explained the difficulties: all the printing-offices were closed and guarded, each with an order placarded, stating that whosoever should print an appeal to arms should at once be shot. The workmen were terrified, and there was no money forthcoming. A hat was sent round, and every one gave what money he had about him; and in this way a few hundred francs were collected.

Xavier Durrieu, whose dauntless courage never for a moment flagged, again undertook the printing, and promised that by eight o'clock that evening there should be forty thousand copies of the proclamation ready. Time pressed, and we all separated with the understanding that the rendezvous should take place in the premises belonging to the Society of Cabinet Makers in the Rue de Charonne, at eight o'clock that evening, so as to give time for the situation to be understood. As we crossed the Rue Beautrellis I perceived Pierre Leroux coming towards me. He had taken no part in our meetings. He said, —

"I consider the struggle useless; and although we see things differently, I am your friend. Take heed while there is yet time. You are entering the catacombs. The catacombs mean Death."

"They are also life," answered I.

I was nevertheless glad to think that my two sons were in prison, and that the gloomy duty of street fight-

ing was reserved to me alone. We had five hours before the rendezvous. I wished to go home once more to embrace my wife and daughter, before launching into that unknown way, so broad and gloomy, which several of us were about to enter, never to return. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) gave me his arm, and we went accompanied by the two Italian exiles, Carini and Montanelli.

Montanelli, taking my hands, said, " Right must conquer; you will succeed. Oh, may France act less selfishly this time than in 1848, and try for the deliverance of Italy. "

" She will deliver Europe, " I replied.

Such were then our illusions, and we still live in hopes. With true faith, shadows enhance the depth of light.

We went to the cabstand facing St. Paul's Gate. The Rue Saint Antoine swarmed with an uneasy crowd, ever preceding an outburst, whose ideas battle strangely against deeds called " Revolutions. " I had some faint hopes in the vast population round about here, but, alas! they were soon extinguished. The cabstand was deserted; the drivers had fled, fearing the barricades.

Arnaud and I had a three miles' walk before we could reach home. To do that through Paris without being recognized at every step, was an impossibility. We solved the difficulty by chance words from a passer-by, saying, " The omnibuses still run on the boulevards. "

Profiting by the information, we went in search of a bastile omnibus; and we succeeded in finding places for four.

Whether wrongly or rightly, I bitterly regretted the opportunity lost during the morning. I repeated to myself, " In critical times such moments come never to return. Revolution has two theories, either arouse the people or let them come forward uninfluenced. " The

first was according to my theory, but through force of discipline I had given in to the second, and it was this with which I reproached myself. "The people offered themselves," I inwardly murmured, "and we did not accept them." We must now not only offer ourselves, we must do more,—give up ourselves to their service. Meanwhile, the omnibus, with every seat occupied, had started. I had taken my place at the end to the left, Arnaud (de l'Ariège) came next to me, Carini sat facing, and Montanelli had taken his place near Arnaud. We were all silent; Arnaud and myself gave an occasional pressure of hands,—the silent way of exchanging thought.

When the omnibus drew near the centre of Paris, the crowd on the boulevard became denser. As the omnibus drove into the Porte Saint Martin ravine, a regiment of heavy cavalry came in an opposite direction; they shortly after passed us, and we perceived they were cuirassiers, who filed by at a sharp trot, with drawn swords. The people on the pavement above leaned forward to see them pass. Not a single shout was raised by the people, who seemed dejected, while the soldiers looked triumphant,—a sight which fairly roused me.

Suddenly the regiment halted, through what obstruction I know not, and by doing so in the narrow ravine of the boulevard in which we were hemmed, it stopped the omnibus. There before our eyes, at a couple of paces from us, the soldiers stood, their horses touching our horses, these Frenchmen transformed into Mamelukes, these citizen-soldiers of the great Republic become the supporters of the degraded Empire. I could almost touch them; and such were my feelings that I could restrain them no longer.

I lowered the omnibus window, and thrusting my head forward, with eyes fixed on the dense line of soldiers

facing me, I called out, "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Those who serve traitors are traitors themselves!"

Those nearest seemed half intoxicated, by the way they turned their heads and looked at me; the others never moved, and remained shouldering arms, with the peaks of their helmets shading their eyes, the looks bent on their horses.

In great affairs there is the immobility of statues; in petty ones it is but the immobility of puppets. When I shouted, Arnaud turned sharply round, and lowering the window, he leaned half out of the omnibus, with his arms stretched forth towards the soldiers, shouting, "Down with the traitors!" To see him thus dauntless in manner, his handsome face looking so calm and pale, yet full of earnest expression, with his beard and long chestnut hair, the whole reminded one of the radiant though terrible face of an angered Christ. The example was contagious and electrical.

"Down with the traitors!" shouted Carini and Montanelli.

"Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!" repeated a gallant young man, who was seated next to Carini, and a stranger to us.

With this exception, the whole of the travellers in the omnibus were terrified.

"Hold your tongues!" exclaimed these poor scared people, "or we shall all be massacred!"

One, more frightened than the rest, lowered the window and shouted to the soldiers, "Long live Prince Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!"

To overpower this cry, the five of us persistently protested, "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!" The soldiers listened in gloomy silence. A corporal shook his sword threateningly towards us, while the crowd looked on in utter bewilderment. I can

hardly describe my feelings; I seemed to be in a whirlwind. With me it had been a matter of calculation, to which I had yielded, deeming it a fitting opportunity; but finding such an insolent encounter, I gave way to a burst of rage.

A woman called out from the pavement, "You will get yourselves cut to pieces." I had a vague idea that a collision would shortly ensue, and that the spark would shoot forth, coming either from the crowd or the army. I hoped for the soldiers' sword-thrust, or the people's angry shout. In fact, I was guided more by instinct than reason, for neither sword-thrust nor angry shout followed. The soldiers failed to be aroused, and the people remained silent. Had we acted too late, or was it too soon?

The mysterious man of the Elysée had not foreseen that his name would be cast insultingly into the very face of the soldiers. These men had no orders, but they received them that evening; so the morrow proved.

A moment after, the regiment broke off into a gallop, and the omnibus went on its way. As the cuirassiers filed past us, Arnaud (de l'Ariège) continued to lean out of the window, shouting in their ears, for their horses nearly touched us, "Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!"

We alighted in the Rue Lafitte. Carini, Montanelli, and Arnaud left, and I went on alone towards the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. Night was closing in as I turned the corner, and by the light of a street-lamp I recognized a workman from a neighbouring tannery who, as he passed near me, said quickly in a low tone,—

"Do not return home. Your house is surrounded by the police."

I made my way to the boulevard through the streets

planned in the form of a Y, though still unmade, at the back of my house. As there was no chance of embracing my wife and daughter, I pondered on what I should do with my spare moments. I was struck with a sudden remembrance.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE 24TH OF JUNE AND THE 2D OF DECEMBER.

ON Sunday, June 26, 1848, the mighty combat, the four days' struggle so formidable yet so heroically sustained on both sides, still continued, but the insurrection had been quelled almost everywhere except in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Four men, who had most bravely defended the barricades of the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, the Rue Saint Claude, and the Rue Saint Louis-au-Marais, escaped, after the taking of the barricades, and found shelter in a house situated at No. 12, Rue Saint Anastase, where they remained concealed in an attic from the pursuit of the National and Mobile Guards, who had orders to shoot them. I was informed of this; and being one of the sixty Representatives charged by the Constituent Assembly everywhere to precede the attacking column, and even at the peril of our lives, to go in the midst of battle, carrying words of peace to the barricades, to prevent bloodshed and civil war, I went into the Rue Saint Anastase and saved those four men's lives. One was a poor workman, whose wife was confined at the time he was there. His sobs and rags spoke for themselves, showing how he had cleared at a single bound the space from poverty and despair to rebellion. The chief was a young man, pale and fair, with high cheek-bones, having an intelligent, earnest, and determined-looking countenance. When I set him at liberty and gave him my name, he also wept,

saying, "When I think that it is but an hour ago, knowing you were facing me, I wished that my gun had eyes, that from its barrel it might see and kill you!" He then added, "In such times as these we never know what may occur; if ever you want me, no matter the purpose, come." This man was called Auguste, and sold wine in the Rue de la Roquette. Since then I have never seen him but once; that was on August 26, 1849, at Balzac's funeral, when I held one corner of the pall in the procession wending its way through the crowded streets to Père-la-Chaise. Auguste was standing at his shop door with his young wife, and two or three workmen; he greeted me as I passed by. This remembrance recalled itself as I went through the lonely thoroughfare at the back of my house, and with the 2d of December I thought of him. He might give me some information about the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and help us in rousing the people; for this young man had impressed me as being both fit for a soldier and a leader. I remembered his words, and deemed an interview with him might be useful. I first sought the brave woman who had concealed Auguste and his companions in the Rue Saint Anastase, and who had since rendered them much assistance. She consented to accompany me, and on the way I made my dinner off a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

Coming down the Boulevards des Italiens towards the Marais, I was much impressed with the aspect of things. The shops were open as usual. Few of the military showed themselves. There was much agitation in the wealthy quarters, where the troops were collected, but as you neared the populous neighbourhoods, everything was quiet. A regiment was drawn up facing the Café Turc, and as a band of young men in blouses passed the soldiers, they sang the "Marseillaise."

I answered them by shouting, "To arms!" The regiment never moved. A light shone on the playbills posted on the wall. In passing, I saw that "Hernani" was out at the Italiens, with Guasco, a new tenor, in it. I noticed that all the theatres were open.

The Place de la Bastille was the usual thoroughfare for the most peaceful of folk, and the group of workmen round the July Column was but slightly noticed, as they stood there quietly conversing. Two men in a wine-shop could be seen disputing about the *coup d'état.* The one favouring it wore a blouse, his opponent a cloth coat. Further on, a juggler had placed his X-shaped table between four candles, and he was doing various conjuring tricks in the midst of a crowd, intent only on the juggler's performance. Dimly visible through the gloomy loneliness of Quai Mazas, were several batteries of artillery, the horses of which were ready harnessed. By the light of the torches which flitted here and there, the dark outline of the cannons could be plainly seen.

All the shops were shut in the Rue de la Roquette, and in the darkness I had some trouble in finding Auguste's door; but I succeeded in doing so by the light which gleamed on a pewter counter reflected through a glass shop-front. A glass partition ornamented with curtains was at the end of the counter, through which two or three men could be seen seated at table. A bell attached to the door sounded as I went in, and Auguste at once came from behind the partition and recognized me.

"Ah, sir, is it you?" said he, coming towards me.

"Do you know what is taking place?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

This "Yes, sir," though calmly uttered, contained a certain amount of embarrassment, which told me all. The indignant outcry I had expected was replaced by

this peaceful answer. I felt that the Faubourg Saint Antoine now spoke, and that from this quarter we had nothing to expect. The people, — these wonderful people,— were then resigned. I resolved, however, to make an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte betrays the Republic," said I, involuntarily raising my voice.

He touched me on the arm and pointed towards those whose shadows were reflected through the parlour partition: "Take care, sir; do not talk so loudly."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have come to this? You dare not pronounce the name of 'Bonaparte' aloud; you barely mutter a few words here, in this street, in this Faubourg Saint Antoine, whence from every door, from every window, the very stones should ring the cry, 'To arms!'"

What Girard had that morning asserted, Auguste now clearly set forth. I knew but too well the fact of the moral situation of the faubourg; the people were bewildered, believing in the restoration of universal suffrage, and deeming the downfall of the law enacted on the 31st of May a good thing. At this point I interrupted him.

"But Louis Bonaparte favoured this law of the 31st of May. It was made by Rouher, proposed by Baroche, and carried by the Bonapartists' votes. You are dazzled by the thief, who having taken your purse, now restores it to you."

"Not I," said Auguste, "but others are;" and he continued, "To speak plainly, the people cared little for the Constitution. They liked the Republic; but the Republic was too rigorously maintained. One thing to them was perfectly evident, that the cannons were ready to burst over their heads; they remembered June, 1848, when the poor people had greatly suffered, that Cavaignac

had done much harm; how the women had clung to the men to prevent them going to the barricades. Nevertheless, if men like ourselves took the lead, they would perhaps fight; they were now hindered from doing so by not knowing exactly the reason why." He concluded by saying, "There is nothing to expect from the upper part of the faubourg; there was more to be hoped for in the lower. Round about here they will fight, and you can depend on the Rue de la Roquette, the Rue de Charonne; but in the Père-la-Chaise quarter, they question thus: 'What shall we gain by it?' They only think of their forty sous a day, and they will never be of use. The masons you cannot reckon upon. Here our usual expression is," said he, with a smile, "not 'cold as a stone,' but 'cold as a mason.' As for me, I owe my life to you; do as you will, I will lay it down for your sake."

Whilst he was speaking, I noticed the white curtain moving behind the partition, and the anxious face of his young wife appeared, looking towards us.

"Ah, dear me!" I exclaimed, "what we want is not one man's life, but the efforts of all."

He was silent, and I continued,—

"Listen to me, Auguste; you are an honourable and intelligent man. So these people of the faubourgs of Paris, heroic even when wrong,—these faubourg people then, for a misunderstanding (simply the question of salary misconstrued), for an ill-defined idea of socialism, rose in June, 1848, against the Assembly elected by themselves, against universal suffrage, in opposition to their own voting. In December, 1851, they refuse to rise for Right, Law, the People, Liberty, and the Republic. You own your bewilderment and your want of comprehension in the matter; but on the contrary, all was obscure in June, to-day everything is clear."

As I uttered these last words the parlour door gently opened, and a young man came out. He was as fair as Auguste, and wore an overcoat and a workman's cap. I was startled, but Auguste reassured me by saying, "You can trust him."

The young man, taking off his cap, drew near to me, and carefully turning his back towards the partition, he said in a low tone, "I know you well. I was on the Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked what we were to do; you said, 'Take up arms;' well, here they are!" and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he produced a couple of pistols.

Just at this moment the street door-bell sounded. He hurriedly replaced the pistols. A workman entered, a man of some fifty years, who, without looking at any one, or even speaking, threw some money on the counter. Auguste filled a small glass of brandy, which the individual drank off, and left.

"You see," said Auguste to me as the door closed, "they drink, eat, sleep, and think of nothing; indeed, they all are the same."

The new-comer impetuously interrupted him: "One man does not mean the people;" and turning towards me, he said,—

"Citizen Victor Hugo, they *will* march forward; if some fail, the others will not. But, to speak plainly, this is perhaps not the place for the outburst; that must be made on the other side of the water." Suddenly checking himself, he added, "Yet all this time you are probably unacquainted with my name;" and drawing out a small pocket-book, he tore out a leaf, wrote his name, and handed it to me. I am sorry to say I have forgotten it. He was a working engineer, but in order not to compromise him, I burnt this paper amongst others on the Saturday morning when I was in danger of arrest.

"It is right, sir," said Auguste, "that you should not judge the faubourg wrongly, for as my friend has said, it will perhaps not make the first start; but should there be a revolution, it will rise."

"Whom do you expect to stand," I exclaimed, "if the Faubourg Saint Antoine remain prostrate? Where can the life be, when the people continue dead to everything?"

The engineer went forward to make sure that the outer door was closed, and coming back, he said, "There are many men both ready and willing to act. What is wanting are the leaders. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo, I can tell you this," and lowering his voice, he added, "I hope to-night a movement will be made."

"Where?"

"In the Faubourg Saint Marceau."

"At what time?"

"At one o'clock."

"How do you know this?"

"I shall be there."

"Now," he continued, "Citizen Victor Hugo, if a movement takes place in the Faubourg Saint Marceau to-night, will you consent to take the lead?"

"Yes."

"Have you your official scarf?"

I drew it half out of my pocket, and his eyes beamed with joy.

"First rate!" said he. "The Citizen has the pistols, the Representative the scarf. All are armed."

"Are you sure of to-night's movement?" I asked.

"We have fully prepared it, and we reckon on being there," he replied.

"In that case," said I, "when the first barricade is erected, come for me and I will take my stand."

"Where shall we seek you?"

"Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement were to take place that night, he should know it by half-past ten that evening at the latest, and before eleven I should be made acquainted with the fact. It was agreed that I should keep Auguste informed of my resting-place at that hour, who undertook to let him know.

The young woman still continued to watch us; and as the conversation, being somewhat prolonged, might strike the people in the parlour as rather singular, I turned to Auguste, saying, "I am going."

As I opened the door, he pressed my hand in the way a woman might have done, and in a deeply-moved tone he said, "You are going away; will you ever return?"

"I cannot say."

"That is true; who knows what may happen? Perhaps you will be hunted down and sought after as I have been. It will perhaps be your turn to be shot, and mine to save you. The great man may yet need help from his poorer brother. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if ever you require a refuge, this house is at your service. Come here and you find a bed wherein you can sleep, and a man ready to lay down his life for you."

By way of thanks I shook him heartily by the hand, and then left. Eight o'clock struck as I hastened towards the Rue de Charonne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN.

THE decrees issued in the morning had been placarded at the corner of the Rue de Faubourg Saint Antoine, facing Pépin the grocer's, on the very spot where the immense barricade of June, 1848, had been erected. Some men were inspecting them, though prevented by the complete darkness from reading them, and an old woman said, "There is the downfall of the 'twenty-five francs;' so much the better!" A little further on I heard my name mentioned, and turning round, I saw Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges, passing by. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had insisted upon coming with me, and hailing a cab, I put her into it, and joined the five Representatives. They were on their way from the Rue de Charonne, where they had found the buildings belonging to the Cabinet Makers' Society closed.

"There was no one there," said Madier de Montjau; "these worthy people have collected a little capital together, and they have no wish to jeopardize it; they are afraid of us and say, 'The *coup d'état* is no business of ours, let them act as they please.'"

"That does not surprise me," answered I; "an association is a 'bourgeois.'"

"Where are we going?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived just near, at No. 2, Quai Jemmapes; he placed his rooms at our disposal. We accepted the offer, taking care to inform the members of the Left of the fact.

Shortly after, we found ourselves installed at Lafon's, whose apartments were on the fourth floor of an old and lofty house. From this same house the taking of the Bastille had been witnessed. The entrance was by a side door opening from the Quai Jemmapes, which led into a narrow courtyard, lower by some steps than the quay. Bourzat, a Representative, remained here to warn us in case of surprise, and also in order to point out the house to any members who might arrive.

Soon a large number had assembled, including all those of the morning, and a few more besides. The drawing-room Lafon had given up to us had windows which overlooked the backyard. We organized a sort of "bureau." Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel, and myself, seated ourselves at a large table, on which were a couple of candles, in front of the fire. The Representatives, together with others present, sat on the chairs and sofas, excepting a group standing before the door. Michel de Bourges, on entering, exclaimed, "We have come in search of the people belonging to the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Here we are, and here we must remain."

These words were met with applause.

The situation was then set forth — the torpor of the faubourgs, no one at the Cabinet Makers' Society, the doors closed everywhere. I related my experiences in the Rue de la Roquette, Auguste the wine-seller's remarks on the people's indifference, the hopes entertained by the engineer on the possibility of a movement taking place during the night in the Faubourg Saint Marceau. At the first notice it was settled I should at once go there.

The events of the day were as yet unknown. It was stated that M. Havin, lieutenant-colonel of the 5th Legion of the National Guard, had ordered all the officers belonging to that corps to attend a meeting. Some democratic writers now arrived, amongst them were Alexander Rey, Xavier Durrieu, Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaître of "The Revolution." Millière was also there as one of the writers.

Millière had a large open wound over the eyebrow. On leaving us that morning with a copy of the proclamation done at my dictation a man had made a rush at him in order to seize it. The police had evidently been informed about the proclamation, and thus lay in wait. Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police-agent, and had succeeded in overthrowing him, but not without sustaining this injury. The proclamation remained as yet unprinted, and it was nearly nine o'clock and nothing had arrived; but Xavier Durrieu firmly asserted that before another hour had elapsed we should receive the promised forty thousand copies. Hopes were entertained that during the night the walls of Paris might be covered with them, as each one present was to turn bill-poster.

During the first stormy confusion an inevitable circumstance occurred,— the entrance of several strangers amongst us. One of these men had brought in ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to sign them, in order, so he said, to show my signature to the people — "Or to the police," whispered Baudin, smiling at me. We were not in a position to take so much precaution, and I accordingly gave my signature to all the man required.

Madier de Montjau then addressed us. It was important that the action of the Left should be organized, that unity might prevail in the movement which was in

course of preparation; so as to form a centre, a kind of axis to the insurrection, a guide to the Left, and a support to the people. He proposed that a committee should at once be formed, representing the entire Left under every aspect, and it should be also invested with the charge of organizing and directing the insurrection.

The Representatives all cheered this eloquent and brave man. Seven members were proposed, and the following names were unanimously selected: Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and myself. This Insurrection Committee, at my request, was called the Resistance Committee, for Louis Bonaparte was the insurgent; we represented the Republic. It was suggested that a workman Representative should form one of the committee. Faure (du Rhone) was nominated, but we heard later that Faure had been arrested that morning. Six members therefore composed the committee, which was organized during the sitting. A Permanency Committee was constituted from that, invested with the authority of decreeing in an emergency in the name of the whole Left, and having the power to concentrate news, information, directions, instructions, resources, and orders.

This Permanency Committee was composed of four members,—Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier had special missions. The left bank of the river and the school district were delegated to De Flotte, the boulevards and the outskirts to Madier.

These preliminary operations concluded, Lafon, taking Michel de Bourges and me aside, informed us that ex-Constituant Proudhon had remained downstairs nearly a quarter of an hour, in the hopes of seeing one of us; failing to do so, he had left, saying that he should await our coming on the Place de la Bastille.

Proudhon, for an offence against Louis Bonaparte, was undergoing a term of three years' imprisonment at Saint Pélagie, but he was granted occasional leave of absence. By mere chance, one of these days of freedom fell on the 2d of December.

An incident worthy of special remark was that on the 2d of December Proudhon was under lawful sentence to serve his time; thus he, whom they could have legitimately detained, was allowed his liberty, while at the very moment the inviolable Representatives were illegally imprisoned. Proudhon had used his freedom to come to us.

I had seen Proudhon at the Conciergerie, where both my sons were shut up, together with my two illustrious friends, Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice, and those dauntless writers, Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet. I felt sure to none of these men would liberty be granted on that day.

Xavier Durrieu whispered to me, "I have just left Proudhon down below, at the entrance of the Place close by; you will find him leaning on the parapet over the canal, where he is waiting to see you."

"I will go there," said I.

I accordingly found Proudhon at the place mentioned, buried in thought, with his elbows on the parapet. He wore the broad-brimmed hat in which I had been accustomed to see him walking up and down in the Conciergerie courtyard.

"You wish to see me?" said I, going towards him.

"Yes," he replied, shaking me by the hand.

There was no one near us. The dark and gloomy Place de la Bastille was to the left, whence nothing could be seen; but you felt the crowd by its muffled sound of breathing. Regiments were there drawn up in battle array, all ready for marching, with no signs of

bivouacking; and the bayonets in the square shot forth their sparks, so perceptible at night time. Rising above this dark mass the column of July stood out in relief, straight and black.

"Listen," continued Proudhon; "I have come to give you a friendly warning. You are fostering illusions, for the people will not stir; they will be carried away by Bonaparte. And that nonsense termed the restitution of universal suffrage is only fit for simpletons. Bonaparte passes for a Socialist, and he has said, 'I will be Emperor of the Rabble.' It is a piece of insolence; but impudence has a chance of success when it is supported by such as these," added Proudhon, pointing towards the sinister gleaming of the bayonets, "and Bonaparte has an object in view. His wish is to restore the populace. The Republic has made the People, but he will succeed while you will fail. He has power on his side, cannons, the peoples' errors, and the Assembly's follies. The few members of the Left to which you belong will not succeed in overcoming the *coup d' état.* You are honest, and he has the advantage over you of being a rogue. You have scruples; again has he the advantage by having none. Rely on what I say, make no further resistance, for the situation is devoid of all resources, and fighting now would be sheer madness; there is nothing left but to wait. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing."

"What do you think of doing?"

"Everything."

By the tone of my voice he knew that further persistence would be useless.

"Adieu," said he, and we parted never to meet again. He disappeared in the darkness, and I returned to Lafon's rooms.

The Representatives were anxiously going up and

down stairs, awaiting the arrival of the copies of the appeal to arms, which had not come. Some went in search of information to the Quai Jemmapes. There was a confused sound of talking throughout the room. The members of the committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, to be more at ease to deliberate, sent me word by Charamaule that they were going to No. 10, Rue des Moulins, to ex-Constituant Landran, who was in the 5th Legion division. I felt it my duty to stay, as I had placed myself at the disposal of the people of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, and their contemplated movement. It was therefore important that I should not be far off, as Auguste was to give me notice. Besides, there were other disadvantages attending my absence,—the Representatives of the Left, seeing none of the committee there, would disperse themselves without coming to any resolution whatever.

Time went on and still no proclamations arrived, and on the following day we heard that the police had seized the packages.

Cournet, an ex-Republican naval officer, now addressed us, and later we shall see what an energetic and determined man he was. He pointed out that as we had been there nearly two hours, the police would certainly end in finding us out. The members of the Left had an imperative duty, to remain at all costs at the head of the people; this very necessity impelled them to take every precaution for their safety, by frequently changing their place of retreat. He ended by offering as a place of deliberation his own workshops, No. 82, Rue Popincourt, at the end of a blind alley situated in the neighbourhood of the Faubourg Saint Antoine. The offer was accepted, and I sent to inform Auguste of the change, giving him also Cournet's address. Lafon remained on the Quai Jemmapes, in order to despatch the proclamations to us immediately on their arrival.

Charamaule was to give notice to the other members of the committee at the Rue des Moulins, that we should await their coming at No. 82, Rue Popincourt. We set out at once, gathered together as in the morning, in little separate groups, and wended our way up the Quai Jemmapes, which is on the left of the St. Martin Canal. We only met a few solitary workmen, who stopped as we passed to stare in utter astonishment. The night was dark, and the rain was beginning to fall.

A short way beyond the Rue de Chemin Vert we turned to the right, and found ourselves at the Rue Popincourt. There all was deserted, dark, closed, and silent, as in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. We had a long walk up the street, and passed the barracks. Cournet had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and also to take measures for the safety of his house in case of attack. We searched in vain for No. 82, for the darkness was such that we were unable to distinguish the numbers. We at last saw a light, reflecting from a grocer's at the end of the street to the right,—the only shop that was open. One went forward to the counter and asked the grocer to direct us to M. Cournet's house.

"Opposite," said the man, pointing to an old low-built gateway, nearly facing, on the other side of the street. We knocked at the door, which was at once opened, and Baudin entered, first tapping at the porter's window to inquire, "Is this Monsieur Cournet's?"

"Yes," answered the old portress, evidently in bed, and all the rest of the household likewise.

We entered into a small square courtyard in the midst of a ruin. The gate was immediately closed upon us; not a light was to be seen, the silence of a convent reigned around. Near a shed we perceived a low entrance, leading to a narrow, dark, and winding staircase.

"We have made some mistake," said Charamaule, "this cannot possibly be the place."

The tramping of our feet had alarmed the portress, who with lighted lamp was pressing her face against the lodge window, gazing in wonderment at these sixty dark phantoms, standing motionless in her courtyard.

"Is this really M. Cournet's?" inquired Esquiros.

"Yes, M. Cornet's, no doubt about that," answered the good soul.

We had clearly asked for Cournet; the grocer had evidently understood Cornet, and the portress likewise, for this happened to be M. Cornet's.

We shall see what an extraordinary service chance had procured for us. Much to the poor portress's relief, we left, and resumed our search. Xavier Durrier gained the required information, and thus freed us from our difficulty.

Shortly after, we turned to the left into a long blind alley, dimly lighted by an old oil lamp, formerly used in Paris. Keeping again to the left, we came to a narrow passage, leading into a large courtyard encumbered with sheds and building materials. At length we had reached *Cournet's.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A FOOT IN THE GRAVE.

COURNET was awaiting our arrival in one of the ground-floor rooms, furnished with a table and a few chairs. The fire was alight, but the room was so small that one fourth of our number filled it to overflowing, the rest remaining in the courtyard.

"It is impossible for us to deliberate here," said Bancel.

"I have a larger place on the first floor," said Cournet, "but as the building is still in course of construction, there is neither furniture nor fire.

"What does that matter?" was the reply, "come, let us go there."

We ascended to the first floor, by a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two rooms, one being rather larger than the other, but both ceilings were very low. The walls were whitewashed, and the furniture consisted of a few straw-covered stools.

"Preside," was the call made upon me.

I took my seat on one of the stools in the first room, at the right-hand corner of the fire-place, and having to my left a door which opened on to the staircase. "I have pencil and paper, and I will act as your secretary," said Baudin, taking a seat by my side.

The Representatives and others present, amongst whom were several in blouses, remained standing, form-

ing in front of Baudin and myself a kind of square, backed by the two walls of the opposite room. The crowd extending as far as the staircase was lighted by a candle placed on the chimney-piece. At this meeting one feeling reigned in common, that of fixed resolve, which was clearly defined in the faces of all. The shadows everywhere emitted the same flame. Many rose up wishing to speak; I requested them to give in their names to Baudin, who wrote them down and passed me the list. A workman was the first speaker, who began by apologizing for intruding amidst the Representatives, he, a stranger to the Assembly. He was here interrupted by the Representatives, saying, "No, no, both people and Representatives are one! Speak, —— !" He declared that his motive for addressing them was to clear from suspicion his fellow-workmen's honour, as some Representatives had expressed a doubt concerning them, which he stated was unjust. The workmen were aware of the whole of M. Bonaparte's crime and the duty that devolved on the people, who would not be deaf to the Republican Representatives' appeal,—a fact that would be clearly shown. This was all said in a simple way, not devoid of a certain proud embarrassment and honest bluntness. This man kept his word. The next day I found him fighting on the Rambuteau barricade.

As the workman concluded, Mathieu (de la Drôme) entered, and in the midst of profound silence he exclaimed, "I bring you news!"

As I have already stated, we had an idea that the Right would assemble during the day, and that our friends would probably take part in the meeting, but this was all we knew. Mathieu (de la Drôme) detailed the latest news,—the arrests made without the least obstacle being given, of the members at their own houses; the meeting at M. Daru's; hence to the Rue de

Bourgogne, with its shameful consequences; the Representatives' expulsion from the Assembly Hall; President Dupin's weak conduct; the dissolving of the High Court; the nullity of the Council of State; the sitting held at the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement; Oudinot's abortive attempt; the decree of the President's deposition; and the two hundred and twenty forcibly taken to the Quai d'Orsay. He nobly concluded by saying: "The duty of the Left was hourly increasing, and to-morrow would in all probability prove decisive." He conjured the meeting to well consider this.

A workman added further information. As the Assembly members under arrest were passing that morning in the Rue de Grenelle, he was there and heard one of the commanders belonging to the Chasseurs de Vincennes utter these words: "Now it is the turn of those gentlemen,—the Red Representatives. Let them look to themselves."

An editor of "The Revolution," Hennett de Kesler, since an undaunted exile, now completed the recital made by Mathieu (de la Drôme). He related the measures taken by two members of the Assembly with regard to the so-called Home Secretary, Morny, and the said Morny's reply: "If I find any Representatives behind the barricades, I will have them shot to the last man;" and the other saying, coming from a scoundrel, respecting the members taken to the Quai d'Orsay: "They are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners," adding that a placard was now being printed which declared that, "Any one found holding a secret meeting would immediately be shot." The next morning the notice was posted.

"The fierceness of the *coup d'état* increases. Citizens, let our energy keep time with it!" exclaimed Baudin.

Just at this crisis a man in a blouse hurriedly entered, quite out of breath from his hard running. He informed us he had lately seen in the Rue de Popincourt a regiment in silent march, wending its way towards No. 82 Alley; that we were actually surrounded on all sides, and we might at any moment expect an attack. He implored us to disperse ourselves at once. "Citizen Representatives," exclaimed Cournet, "I have stationed scouts in the alley, who will immediately give us warning at the regiment's approach. We have but a narrow doorway to protect, and that can be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. We are here assembled, fifty armed and resolute men; at the first shot our numbers will be increased to two hundred. We are provided with ammunition, so you may continue to deliberate in safety."

Thus saying, he raised his arm and showed a large poniard concealed beneath his sleeve; with his other hand he partly drew forth a pair of pistols from his pocket.

"Let us then proceed to business," said I.

Three of our most eloquent orators, the youngest belonging to the Left,—Bancel, Arnaud (de l'Ariège), and Victor Chauffour,—clearly expressed their sentiments. They were all of one opinion,—that owing to our want of placards appealing to arms, the different incidents of the Boulevard du Temple and the Café Bonvalet had brought about no results. Then, again, the non-appearance of our decrees, through the repressive measures taken by Bonaparte. The events which had taken place at the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement began to be spread abroad throughout Paris. It seemed as though the Right had been the first to commence active resistance. The members of the Left, stimulated to generous emulation for the public safety, hailed the news

with delight, that a regiment was at hand ready to make an attack upon them, and perhaps ere long their blood would be shed in the cause for which they freely gave up their lives. Advice abounded on all sides, followed of necessity by general uncertainty; some still retained their illusions. A workman leaning over the fire-place near to me muttered to one of his comrades, "The People could not be relied on; and if we fought it would be folly on our part."

The different events which had occurred during the day had tended in a measure to alter my opinion as to the course most advisable in this grave crisis. The silence of the crowd when Arnaud (de l'Ariège) and I had addressed the troops destroyed the impression made upon me by the enthusiasm displayed a short time previously by the people of the Boulevard du Temple. Auguste's hesitation had also influenced me; the company of the cabinet-makers seemed to have slipped away from us; the torpidity of the Faubourg Saint Antoine was but too visible, only to be equalled by that of the Faubourg Saint Marceau. I ought to have received information from the working-man before eleven o'clock, and it was long past eleven now. Each of my hopes died away successively, and for the more reason that according to my idea it was necessary, in order to astonish and awaken Paris, that something extraordinary,—a bold act of collective power and the manifestation of the most perfect self-devotion on the part of the Left, —must take place.

Later on we shall see what concatenation of fortuitous circumstances had prevented my idea from being completely realized. The Representatives had perhaps done their duty, and Providence perhaps had been sluggish in performing hers. Whichever it might be, as long as we were not overcome on the spot by some sudden and noc-

turnal combat, I felt that we had a chance, and consequently I began to speak. I commenced by entirely tearing away the veil which hung over the position in a very few words. The Constitution had been thrown into the gutter; the Assembly, menaced with blows from the stocks of muskets, in jail; the Council of State dissolved; the members of the High Court hunted from their positions by a convict-guard, — a clear sign that the reign of Louis Bonaparte had commenced. The army hung over Paris like a net; surprise was in all quarters; all authority was upset; every agreement had been annulled; and only two things remained erect,— ourselves and the bold stroke of the President. Ourselves indeed! And what were we? "We," said I, "are truth and justice, the supreme and sovereign power, and the incarnation of the right." I continued: "Louis Bonaparte. — Every step which he takes in advance plunges him more deeply into crime. He respects nothing; he looks upon nothing as sacred; he has ignored the nation's House of Representatives; a few hours afterwards he laid his hands on them, and tomorrow, perhaps, he will shed their blood. Well, he is attacking us; let us attack him first. The peril is increasing; let us increase with the peril."

There was a movement of assent amongst my hearers. I continued at once: —

"I repeat and I insist, No mercy to this villainous Bonaparte. Since he has spilled the wine,— I should say the blood,— he must drink it. We are not mere individuals; we are the nation. Each of us is clothed with the sovereign robe of the people, and he cannot strike at us without rending it, though he may strive with his paper shop to drive our scarves of office into our breasts. That man has entered into a path where his own logic urges him to parricide. What he is kill-

ing at this moment is the constitution of my country. Well, the bullet of executive power is just now penetrating the garb of legislative authority. It is visible parricide, and it is in that way that we must look upon it."

"We are ready to do so. Tell us what we must do," cried those around me.

"No small measures," cried I. "We must act together. Suppose all met together to-night again. Let us meet in the Faubourg Saint Antoine."

Some one interrupted me.

"Why in the Faubourg Saint Antoine?"

"Because," answered I, "I cannot think that there the people's hearts have entirely ceased to pulsate. Let us all meet there to-morrow. In front of Lenoir Market there is a hall which was reared for a club-room in 1848 —"

"Yes," exclaimed a voice, "Roysin Hall."

"That is the place," returned I,—"Roysin Hall. There are one hundred and twenty Republican Representatives still at liberty. Let us take our seats there; yes, let us take our seats there in all the plenitude of legislative authority. Henceforth we will be the Assembly, and let us sit there dressed in our robes of office, in the midst of the people we represent. Let the National Assembly take refuge in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and give the people into the hands of the people, as a safeguard, praying them to defend them, or, if necessary, ordering them to close."

Another voice interrupted me, —

"Orders must not be given to the people."

"They may," said I, "when it is a question of the public safety; when it is a question of the future of all the nationalities of Europe; when it is necessary to defend the Republic, liberty, and civilization: then revolution has its rights to issue orders to the people of Paris,

in the name of the whole population of France. Let us then meet to-morrow at Roysin Hall. Do you ask at what hour? Not too early,—in the full light of day. The shops must be open; there must be plenty of people moving about the streets, so that we may be sure that all may know who we are, and that the example may strike every eye and open every heart. Let us all be there at nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Should there be any obstacle to our securing Roysin Hall, let us take the first church we come to, a room, a yard, any enclosed space where we can deliberate,—even, as Michel de Bourges said, 'Where four roads meet, shut in by barricades.' But as a temporary measure I appoint Roysin Hall. Remember that in such a crisis it will not do to have it empty in the morning. It will frighten the traitors, and we must have a seat of government somewhere. Rebellion at the Elysée Palace, and legitimate government in the Faubourg Saint Antoine,—this must be impressed to-morrow on every mind in Paris. To Roysin Hall, then, amidst a huge crowd of working-men from this mighty quarter of Paris; fortified in the faubourg as in a fortress, at once legislators and generals, multiplying and inventing the means of attack and defence, launching forth proclamations, and tearing up the streets, employing the women to write out our addresses, whilst the men are fighting! We will overthrow Louis Bonaparte, we will overthrow his accomplices, we will cashier his military advisers, and we will place without the pale of the law, at one fell swoop, crime and criminals. We will call our fellow-citizens to arms; we will remind the army of its duty, and we will rise up as a living Republic before the face of Louis Bonaparte in all its terrors. One hand shall be armed with the might of the people, and the other with the force of the law; and we will raise our heads above his like a

great regular, and a great revolutionary power at the same time."

Whilst I was speaking I grew intoxicated with my own ideas, and my enthusiasm communicated itself to the minds of those who listened to me. I was applauded. I perceived that I had gone too far, and had drawn others with me in picturing success as possible and almost as easy, at a moment when it was most important that no one should be under any delusion. The lookout was a gloomy one, and it was my duty to say so. When, therefore, silence was re-established, I lifted my hand as a signal that I had more to say, and raising my voice, I continued:—

"Listen, and look well at what you have to do. On the one side are a hundred thousand men, seventeen completely equipped batteries, six thousand mouths in the forts, ready to vomit out fire; magazines, arsenals, and ammunition, enough to make a new expedition to Russia: on the other are one hundred and twenty Representatives of the National Assembly, and a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, and two rounds of ammunition per man; not a drum to beat the assembly, not a bell to ring the tocsin, not a press to print a proclamation. Here and there perhaps a lithographic stone, a cellar in which, in haste and dread, some copy may be clandestinely struck off. Death to him who stirs a stone from the street. Death to those who meet to deliberate. Death to the man who circulates a call to arms. If you are taken with arms in your hands,—death. If you are taken after the combat,—deportation and exile. On the one side an army and—wrong; on the other a handful of men and—right! This is what the struggle will be like. Will you enter upon it?"

There was but one unanimous cry of "Yes! yes!"

This cry did not come from the lips, but from the innermost soul. Baudin, who was sitting by me, clasped my hand in silence.

It was at once settled that we should all meet the next morning, between nine and ten, at Roysin Hall; that we should get there in twos and threes, and those who were not present this evening should be warned. When these matters were arranged, there was nothing left for us but to separate; it was nearly midnight. One of Cournet's scouts came in. "Citizen Representatives," said he, "the regiment has marched off, and the street is again open."

The regiment had doubtless arrived from the Popincourt barracks, which were close at hand, and had occupied the street opposite the blind alley in which we were, for fully half an hour. It had then been marched back to quarters. Had it been considered not advisable, unadvisable, or perilous to attack us by night in this awkward position, situated as it was in the very heart of the dreaded Popincourt quarter, where the insurrection of 1848 had for so long a time maintained its ground? It was quite certain that the soldiers had searched some houses in the neighbourhood; and from information which came to us later on, it seems that on leaving No. 2 of the Quai Jemmapes we were followed by a man belonging to the police, who saw us enter the house of M. Cornet, and went at once to the Prefecture to give notice of where we were. The regiment despatched to arrest us searched the house from garret to cellar, and found no one.

The similarity of the names Cornet and Cournet had thrown the sleuthhound of the police off the scent, by which it will be seen that fortune occasionally favoured us.

I was halting at the door with Baudin, when a young

man, with a chestnut beard came up to us. He was dressed like a gentleman, and had all the manners of one. I had noticed him amongst the audience when I was speaking. "M. Victor Hugo," said he, "where are you going to sleep to-night?"

I had not given the matter a thought. Certainly it would have been highly imprudent to have gone to my own home.

"On my word," replied I, "I don't know."

"Will you come to my house?"

"Certainly I will."

He gave me his name. He was called M. de R——, and he knew the marriage connections of my brother Abel, the Montpelliers, who were relatives of Cambacérès. He lived in the Rue Caumartin, and had been a prefect under the Provisional Government. He had a carriage waiting; I got into it; and as Baudin told me that he would stop for the night at Cournet's house, I gave him M. de R——'s address, so that he might send for me if there was any news of a rising in the Faubourg Marceau, or elsewhere. But I had no hopes of anything of the kind for that night, and it turned out that I was right.

About a quarter of an hour after the dispersal of the Representatives, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, De Flotte, and Carnot, whom we had sent to warn, came to Cournet's house, accompanied by Schœlcher, Charamaule, Aubry (du Nord), and Bastide. A few men still lingered at Cournet's, and the new arrivals were told of the arrangements that had been made regarding the meeting at Roysin Hall, only there appeared to be some doubt as to the appointed time; Baudin, in particular, thinking that it was eight o'clock, not nine. This change of the hour, and the faults of memory for which no one could be blamed, prevented the realization

of the project I had conceived of an Assembly holding its meeting in the faubourg, and from thence giving battle to Louis Bonaparte; in compensation, however, for this failure we had the heroic defence of the barricade of Sainte Marguerite.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BURIAL OF A MIGHTY DEMOCRACY.

SUCH was the first day: gaze upon it with attention, for it deserves it. It was the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz; the nephew does honour to the uncle. Austerlitz was the most brilliant battle of history; the nephew prepared a lash for himself, to commit a deed of darkness as great as this splendour. He succeeded. This commencing day, which many others were to follow, was over. Never had such a hideous crash been heard in the civilized world. The mighty edifice is now a mere ruin, whose fragments strew the ground. In the course of a single night, the inviolability of the law, the citizen's rights, the dignity of the judge, and the honour of the soldier, all disappeared whilst terrible changes took place. Instead of the binding oath, perjury crept in; the glorious banner was replaced by a filthy rag; a gallant army changed to a band of murderers; instead of the law there was the sabre; there had been a Government, and now there was but a swindle; France had changed to an abode of darkness; and all this was called the salvation of society.

It was the traveller saved by the robber.

France was going on her way; Bonaparte stopped her. The hypocrisy which preceded the crime equalled in enormity the effrontery that followed it. It was a sudden and a cynical crash, of which history has never furnished a parallel. Here there was no glory,—nothing

but abject submission. People called themselves honest or infamous with the most perfect indifference. There was no attempt to gloss over anything. That day, which was so incomprehensible in its success, has proved to us that politics too have their depths of obscenity. Treason coarsely raised her garment and exposed the nudity of a corrupted soul. Louis Bonaparte exhibited himself without his mask, which permitted all his hideousness to be seen, and tearing aside the veil, displayed the filth of the common sewer.

Yesterday the President of the Republic, to-day a mad assassin. He has taken oaths, and he will take them again, but his manner is changed. Yesterday all was virgin purity; to-day it is one vast brothel. Can you picture to yourself a Joan of Arc calling herself a Messalina? Well, things were like this on that second of December. Women, too, were mixed up in the crime. The boudoir and the galleys went hand-in-hand, whilst the scent of patchouli struggled through the nauseating odour of human blood. The accomplices in this vile act are charming men,— Rouher and Morny; those who run into debt easily slip into crime.

Europe stood aghast. It was the thunder obeying a rogue. It must be confessed that thunderbolts can fall into wrong hands. The traitor Palmerston approved of it. Old Metternich, dreaming away his last days in his villa at Reinweg, shook his head. As for Soult, the man next after Napoleon at Austerlitz, he did his duty, —he died alas! and Austerlitz also.

The Second Day.

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ATTEMPT TO ARREST ME.

TO get from the Rue Popincourt to the Rue Caumartin, you have almost to cross Paris. All seemed apparently calm. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. de R——'s house. We went first into a little drawing-room, most handsomely furnished, in which a lamp was burning, and separated from the bedroom by a half-drawn curtain. M. de R—— went in, and in a few minutes afterwards came out accompanied by a beautiful fair woman, hurriedly clad in a dressing-gown, her hair hanging over her shoulders, and looking fair and fresh, in spite of her apparent astonishment. Mme. de R—— had just been awakened by her husband, and she remained for a moment smiling in the doorway, only half awake, glancing from her husband to me, never, most likely, having pictured to herself what civil war was like, and now seeing it enter her house suddenly, in the guise of a stranger asking for shelter. I apologized to Mme. de R——, who received my excuses in the most graceful manner, and took advantage of the opportunity to bend over and caress a sweet child about two years of age, which was lying in a cradle

in the corner; and the kiss she imprinted upon that infant's face made her forgive the refugee who had aroused it. Whilst we were conversing, M. de R—— lighted a fire, and his wife, with a pillow, one of her husband's great-coats, and a cloak of her own, improvised a bed for me on a couch, which, being a little too short, was lengthened by an arm-chair. During the meeting at the Rue Popincourt, over which I had presided, M. de R—— had lent me his pencil to make a note of a few names. I made use of it again to write a letter to Mme. Victor Hugo, which Mme. de R—— promised to deliver with her own hands. Whilst I was emptying my pockets I found in one of them a ticket for a box at the Opera, which I offered to Mme. de R——. I gazed on the cradle, on the young and happy couple, and then on myself, with my clothes in disorder, my shoes covered with mud, and my mind full of gloomy thoughts, and I could not refrain from comparing myself to an owl that had forced its way into a nightingale's nest.

A man can sleep before a battle between two hostile armies, but on the eve of an encounter between citizens one does not sleep, and I heard every hour strike from the belfry of a church near at hand. All night I could hear the carriages bearing those who were making their escape from Paris, rolling along the streets, which succeeded each other so rapidly that the sound was like the breaking up of some party. Utterly unable to sleep, I rose, and drawing aside one of the muslin curtains I endeavoured to look out; but the night was perfectly dark. There was not a star visible, and the wind drove the clouds before it with terrible violence. I gazed upon the sleeping infant.

The long-expected day came at last. Mme. de R—— had, at my request, explained to me how I could leave the house without disturbing any one. I bent over and

kissed the child, and then left the room. As I went out I closed the doors behind me softly, that I might not awaken Mme. de R——. The front door was open, and I passed out into the street. It was quite deserted; the shops were still closed, and a milkmaid, with her donkey close by her, was arranging her cans on the pavement. I never saw M. de R—— again. I heard in my exile that he had written to me, but that the letter had been intercepted. He has, I believe, left France. May this page show him how much I thank him for his kindness! The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue Saint Lazare. I turned in that direction. It was quite light now, and every now and then I was overtaken and passed by cabs with boxes and packages on the top of them, which were hastening to the terminus of the trains for Havre. Pedestrians began to make their appearance. Opposite to me was No. 42, the house formerly occupied by Mlle. Mars. On the wall a bill had been recently posted. I drew near and read it, recognizing as I did so the type of the National Printing Office.

COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

Home Office	M. de Morny.
War	General St. Arnaud.
Foreign	M. de Turgot.
Law	M. Rouher.
Finance	M. Fould.
Naval	M. Ducos.
Public Works	M. Magne.
Public Instruction	M. H. Fortoul.
Trade	M. Lefebvre Duruflé.

I tore down the poster and threw it into the gutter. Some soldiers who were passing by looked at me, but made no remark, and went on.

In the Rue Saint Georges there was another placard against a door; this was headed, "An Appeal to the People." I tore this down too, in spite of the objections of the porter who seemed to have been placed in charge of it. As I passed through the Rue Breda, some cabs had already arrived on the stand. I took one. I was close to my own house, and the temptation was too strong for me. I went through the courtyard; the porter looked at me with an air of intense surprise. I rang; my servant Isidore came and opened the door, uttering as he saw me a loud exclamation of surprise. "Ah! is it you, sir," cried he. "They have been here to arrest you last night."

I went into my wife's room; she was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had taken place. At eleven o'clock she had gone to bed; at about half-past twelve she was aroused from that state of semi-slumber which the anxious mind falls into, by hearing some one ring, and a sound of voices in the ante-chamber. She rang, and upon Isidore answering the bell, she asked, —

"Is there any one there?"

"Yes, madame."

"Who is it?"

"Some one who is asking for the master."

"Your master is not in."

"That is what I told him, madame."

"Well, and has he not gone away?"

"No, madame; he said that he must speak to M. Victor Hugo, and that he would wait."

Isidore was standing in the doorway of the bedroom whilst he was speaking, and a stout man with a great-coat on, underneath which a black frock-coat could be seen, peeped over his shoulder.

Mme. Victor Hugo was listening while the man was silently taking a note of all that was passing.

"It is you, sir," said she, "who desire to speak to M. Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madame."

"He is out."

"I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting for his return."

"He will not return."

"But I must speak to him."

"Sir, if it is anything of importance that you have to say to him, you can confide it to me with the most perfect safety, as I will report it to him without fail."

"I must speak to him myself, madame."

"Has it anything to do with politics?"

The man made no reply.

"What is going on in the political world?" continued my wife.

"I believe, madame, that everything is over."

"In what sense?"

"I am speaking of the President of the Republic."

My wife gazed steadily at the man, and then answered him fiercely,—

"I suppose, sir, that you have come to arrest my husband."

For a moment he remained silent, and then he said,—

"I am a Commissary of Police, and I have a warrant for the arrest of M. Victor Hugo, and I shall have to search the house."

"Your name, if you please," answered my wife.

"My name is Hivert."

"You are acquainted with the rules of the Constitution?"

"I am, madame."

"You are aware that the person of the Representatives of the People is inviolable?"

"Yes, madame."

"Good sir," replied she, coldly, "then you are aware that you are committing a crime. A day like this has a to-morrow, remember. Do as you wish."

M. Hivert essayed to explain, or rather to justify himself. He stammered out the word "conscience," and, after a time, faltered the word "honour;" but Mme. Victor Hugo, who up to that time had preserved her calmness, was unable to refrain from speaking with some asperity.

"Do your duty, sir," said she, "and do not reason. You are well aware that any man who lays hand on a Representative of the People commits a misdemeanour, and that the President is only an official, and is entrusted with the duty of executing their orders. You have come here to arrest a Representative like a criminal, and in so doing you are acting as one."

M. Hivert hung his head and left the room, whilst through the half-open door my wife could see seven or eight poor wretches sneaking about behind the well-dressed Commissary, in most poverty-stricken garb, with threadbare coats and broken hats, like half-starved wolves under the guidance of a house-dog. They searched each room, opened a few cupboards, and went away, as Isidore said, "with their tails between their legs."

Mr. Commissary Hivert especially seemed much downcast, but he plucked up courage once when Isidore, indignant at seeing these men searching for his master on all sides, ventured to banter the leading man, and opening a drawer, said, "Won't you see if he is not in here?"

The Commissary of Police scowled on him, and exclaimed, "Take care of yourself, lackey."

Who was the lackey, Isidore or the Commissary?

At length these men left, and it was found afterwards that some of my papers had been taken away, amongst others some verses written in July, 1848, directed against

the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and in which the court martials, the suppression of newspapers, and the imprisonment of a great journalist, Émile de Girardin, were all censured. These papers were never found again.

The police might come back at any moment; indeed, they did come back some little time after I had left. I kissed my wife, — I did not wish to awaken my daughter, who had just gone to sleep, — and went downstairs. Some of my neighbours were waiting for me in the courtyard, and I cried out to them with a laugh, "Not caught yet."

In a quarter of an hour afterwards I was at No. 10, Rue des Moulins. It had not yet struck eight, and believing that my colleagues of the Committee of Revolt must have passed the night there, I judged it best to call for them, that we might all go together to Roysin Hall.

I only, however, found Mme. Landran at the Rue des Moulins. There had been some idea that the house was being watched, and so my colleagues had taken themselves to No. 7, Rue de Villedo, the residence of M. Leblond, the solicitor to the Working Men's Association. Jules Favre had passed the night there.

Mme. Landran was breakfasting, and offered me a place by her side; but I was in a great hurry, and catching up a piece of bread, I went off. The servant at No. 7, Rue de Villedo, who opened the door to me, introduced me into a room where I found Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our old colleague, Leblond.

"I have a cab waiting at the door," said I; "we agreed to meet at Roysin Hall at nine o'clock in the Faubourg Saint Antoine."

But to this they would not agree. According to their

ideas the attempts that had been made the evening before had cleared the aspect of affairs, and that was sufficient. It was useless to persist, as it was evident that the popular quarters of the town would not rise, and that we must therefore turn to the mercantile divisions of the town, and give up stirring the corners of the city, and work upon its centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection. To go to the Faubourg Saint Antoine, which was held by a considerable military force, would be to give ourselves over to Louis Bonaparte. My friends reminded me of what I had myself said on this subject on the evening before in the Rue Blanche. It was necessary at once to organize a rising against the action of Louis Bonaparte, and to organize it in portions of the city where there was a chance of success; that is to say, in the old labyrinth of streets in the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue Saint Martin. Then there were proclamations to be made, decrees issued, and some means of attaining perfect publicity to be discovered, whilst communications were eagerly expected from workmen's associations and secret societies. The master stroke which I had hoped would result from our solemn meeting in Roysin Hall would certainly prove a failure. They considered that more could be done by remaining where they were; and, as there were only a few of them and the work was very heavy, they begged me to remain and assist them.

These were all men of noble ideas and great personal courage, and there was evidently reason in what they said, but it was impossible for me not to be present at a meeting that I had myself convoked. All the reasons that they gave were good ones, and though I might have raised some objections, my doing so would only have wasted time. I therefore did not argue the point, but left the room upon some pretext. My hat was in the

ante-room, my cab was waiting, and I drove off to the Faubourg Saint Martin. Paris seemed to have its every-day face on; people came and went, bought and sold, and laughed and gossiped as usual. In the Rue Montorgueil I heard an Italian organ. Only as I drew near to the Faubourg Saint Antoine I became more and more sensible of the phenomenon I had remarked, for a cloud of solitude and melancholy quiet hung over the place. We reached the Place de la Bastille. My driver pulled up.

"Drive on," said I to him.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE BASTILLE TO THE RUE DE COTTE.

THE Place de la Bastille was at once full and empty. Three regiments were drawn up there, and not a single looker-on. Four batteries of artillery had halted at the foot of the column. The officers were whispering together in sinister groups. One of these caught my attention at once; there was no talking in it. It was composed of mounted men. One who was a little in advance of the others wore a general's uniform and the cocked hat with black plumes; behind him were two colonels and a crowd of *aides-de-camps* and staff officers. This braided and bedizened group remained motionless, as though keeping guard over the entrance to the faubourg. Behind it were the regiments and the batteries in position.

My driver was still stationary.

"Go on," said I, "right into the faubourg."

"But they will stop us."

"We shall see that."

The coachman, in evident doubt, put his horse to a walk. The appearance of a cab created some surprise, and the inhabitants came out of their houses; some even drew near my cab. We passed before the epauletted group, who did not appear to see us — a system which we understood later on. The same feeling which I had experienced on the evening before in front of the regiment of cuirassiers took possession of me again. I

could not contain myself as I saw before me the assassins of my country, with an air of insolent triumph upon their faces. I pulled off my Representative's scarf, and taking it in my hand leaned out of the window, and shaking it aloft I cried, —

"Soldiers, look upon this scarf. It is a symbol of the law; it is the outward and visible sign of the National Assembly. Where this scarf is there is right. Well, this is what right orders you to do. You are deceived; return to your duty. It is a Representative of the People who is addressing you, and he who represents the people represents the army. Soldiers, before you enlisted you were peasants, workmen; you were, and are, citizens. Listen to me then, citizens. The Law only has the right to command your services. To-day the law has been violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte, who is dragging you in a path that leads to crime. Soldiers, listen to me; you are Honour, and I who am speaking to you am Duty. Louis Bonaparte is murdering the Republic. Louis Bonaparte is a criminal, and all those who are his accomplices will follow him to the jail. Nay, they are there already, for he who is worthy of a prison is morally in one. To deserve the chain is to wear it. Look at that man at your head; you think that he is a general — he is a convict."

The soldiers seemed thunderstruck.

Some one who was present (I thank him for his generous devotion) grasped my arm and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I heard nothing, nor would I listen to him; and still waving the scarf, I continued, "You there, dressed as a general, it is to you that I am speaking. You know who I am; I am a Representative of the People. I know who you are, and I tell you to your face that

you are a criminal. Do you want to know my name? Here it is then," and I shouted it out to him. "And now," I added, "tell me yours." He made no reply.

I continued, "Very well, there is no occasion for me to know your name as a general, but I shall know your number as a convict."

The man in the general's uniform bent down his head. The others kept silence. I could read their looks, however, although their eyes were cast down. I was full of rage and anger and contempt, and I passed them by.

What was the general's name? I was ignorant of it then, and I am no wiser to this day.

One of the apologists in an English newspaper for Louis Bonaparte's action, in speaking of this incident, which he terms a "senseless and guilty act of provocation," said that "the moderation shown by the military officers upon this occasion did honour to the general." I will therefore leave the responsibility both of the panegyric and the name of the man upon whom it was conferred, to the writer of the article.

I went down the Rue Faubourg Saint Antoine. The coachman, now that he knew my name, hesitated no longer, and urged on his horse. The cab drivers of Paris are a bold and intelligent class of men. As I passed by the first shops in the main street nine o'clock struck.

"Very good," said I; "I shall be in good time."

The faubourg presented an extraordinary appearance. The entrance to it was guarded, but not closed, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were posted at a little distance off, occupying the street but leaving the passage free. The shops, which were open at the entrance to the faubourg, were half closed further on. I noticed the inhabitants, amongst whom were

many workmen in blouses, talking together in doorways and looking about them. I noticed that the placards posted up by order of Louis Bonaparte were untouched.

Below the pump at the corner of the Rue de Charonne, the shops were shut. Two ranks of soldiers lined the foot-paths. The men were at five paces' interval, standing in perfect silence, their musket on the hip, chest thrown back, finger on the trigger, ready to level the weapon, at once watchful and ready. At the entrance of each of the little streets that ran into the main one was a piece of artillery, sometimes a gun, sometimes a howitzer. To give a precise idea of this disposition of troops, it seemed as if two chaplets had been run round Saint Antoine, of which the soldiers were the chains and the cannon the beads

My coachman, however, now became uneasy, and turning to me, said," It seems to me, sir, as if we shall come across a barricade soon; shall I turn back?"

"Keep on," said I.

We continued to advance.

It was impossible, however, to do so any longer, for a company of infantry in three ranks had formed across the road, from one side of the street to the other. There was a narrow street on our right, and I told the coachman to drive down it. He did so, and then turned to the left, and we found ourselves in a maze of cross-streets. All at once I heard the explosion of firearms.

"Which way are we to go now, sir?" asked the coachman.

"In the direction of the firing."

We were now in a narrow street. On my left, over a door, I saw written up, "Main Wash House," and on my right an open space, with a building in the centre, looking like a market.

"Where are we now?" asked I of the driver.

"In the Rue de Cotte."

"Where is the Café Roysin?"

"Right in front of us."

"Go there then."

He began to move on again, but only at a walk. A fresh sound of firing was heard, and this time very near us, and the end of the street was hidden in smoke. We were just then passing No. 22, over the side-door of which was written, "Little Wash House."

Suddenly a voice called to the coachman, "Stop!" He stopped, the cab-window was let down, and a hand thrust through it grasped mine. I recognized the face of Alexander Rey. Bold man as he was, he was deadly pale.

"Do not go any further," said he; "all is over."

"What do you mean?"

"They began earlier than was expected; the barricade has been taken. I have just come from it. It is a few paces from this." Then he added, "Baudin is killed."

The smoke at the end of the street cleared away.

"Look! said Alexander Rey to me.

I perceived about a hundred paces further on, at the junction of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue Sainte Marguerite, a very low barricade, which the soldiers were demolishing. Some of them were carrying away a body. It was Baudin.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARRICADE SAINT ANTOINE.

THIS was what had taken place:—

On that very day, at four in the morning, De Flotte was in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. He thought it best that in case anything should take place before the dawn that a Representative of the People should be present, and he was one of those who, when the mighty Revolution of Right bursts forth, wished to be the first to place a stone upon the barricade. But there was no signs of any movement, and De Flotte wandered about from street to street, in the midst of a deserted or slumbering quarter of the town.

Day breaks late in December, and before the first dawn of day De Flotte was at the meeting-place opposite Lenoir Market. There was a weak guard kept here, nothing indeed but the usual guard over the market, and at some distance off, the one at the corner of the Rue Montreuil, near the old tree of liberty planted by Santerre, in 1793. Neither of these were officers' guards. De Flotte reconnoitred the position, and for some time lounged about the pavement; then, as he did not see any one coming, and fearing to excite suspicion, he turned down one of the side-streets of the faubourg.

On his side Aubry (du Nord) had got up at five o'clock: after his return from the Rue Popincourt he had only taken three hours' sleep. His porter had

warned him that some suspicious-looking men had been asking for him in the course of the evening, and had visited the house opposite No. 12, Rue Racine, for the purpose of arresting Huguenin, who resided there. Upon hearing this Aubry decided to leave home before daybreak. He walked to the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and as he reached the spot appointed for the meeting he came across Cournet and some others who had been at the meeting at the Rue Popincourt. Malardier joined them almost at once. It was now nearly daylight, but the faubourg was still deserted. They walked about absorbed in thought, and whispered occasionally to each other, when all at once a strange group darted violently past them. They gazed upon it. It was a picquet of Lancers surrounding an object which in the dim light of dawn they saw was a prison-van, which rolled noiselessly along the road. They asked each other what could be the meaning of this, when a second group similar to the first appeared, then a third, and a fourth. Ten prison-vans came along so close as to be almost one.

"Why, they are our colleagues," cried Aubry (du Nord).

Yes, it was the last batch of imprisoned Representatives from the Quai d'Orsay who, on their way to Vincennes, were passing through the faubourg. It was about seven in the morning; a few shops with lights in them opened, and some people came out of the houses.

The prison-vans rolled on, one behind the other, closed, guarded, silent and sad, not a cry, not even a breath issued from them. They tore away amidst a forest of swords, sabres, and lances, with all the fury of a whirlwind, something that was silent, with a sad and sinister silence: it was a shattered tribunal, it was the sovereign power of the Assembly, it was the supreme initiative from which all civilization flows, it was the

word that contained the future of the world, it was the tongue of France.

Another vehicle came which had been kept behind by I know not what chance, and which was guarded by only three Lancers. This was not a prison-van, but a common omnibus, the only one in the procession. Behind the driver, who was an agent of the police, the captive Representatives could plainly be seen huddled together in the interior. It seemed as if there would be no difficulty in freeing them. Cournet addressed the bystanders.

"Citizens!" exclaimed he, "these are your Representatives who are being carried off; there they are in a van devoted to the transport of prisoners. Bonaparte has arrested them in violation of every law. Let us free them! To arms!"

A little crowd was soon formed of men in blouses and workmen going to their daily toil. A cry was raised of, "Long live the Republic!" and some men made a dash at the vehicle. The omnibus and the escort went off at a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" repeated the populace.

There was a momentary reaction. Who knows what might not have happened? It would have been a strange thing if the first barricade that had raised us a protest against the arbitrary act of Louis Bonaparte should have been made of that very omnibus. The instrument of the crime to have been converted into the means of a punishment of it; but at the moment when the crowd was rushing on many of the captive Representatives which it contained were seen to make eager signs for the people to hold back.

"Hulloa!" said one of the working-men. "They don't want it."

"They don't care for liberty," added a second.

"They don't care for it for us, or for themselves either," remarked a third.

All was over, and the omnibus was permitted to go on. In another minute the Lancers forming the rear-guard came up, and the group around Cournet, Malardier, and Aubry (du Nord), broke up.

The Café Roysin had just opened. It may be remembered that the great hall of the Café had served as a club-room in 1848, and it was there that the morning's meeting had been convened.

The entrance to the Café Roysin was by a side alley, communicating with the street; then there was a vestibule nine yards in length, which led into a large hall, with high windows and glasses on the wall. In the middle of the room were several billiard tables, marble-topped tables, with chairs and benches covered in velvet. It was in this hall, which was not very convenient for a meeting, that Cournet, Malardier, and Aubry installed themselves. On their entrance they did not for a moment conceal who they were, or their errand. They were, however, well received, and a back exit through the garden was pointed out to them in case of need.

De Flotte now joined them.

Eight o'clock struck, and the Representatives began to arrive. First came Bruckner, Maigne, and Brillier; then Charamaule, Cassal, Dulac, Bourzat, Madier de Montjau and Baudin. Bourzat, on account of the mud, had put on a pair of wooden shoes according to his usual habit. Any one who took Bourzat for a peasant would have made a mistake, for he had been a Benedictine. He was full of the imaginative opinions of the South, with an extraordinary amount of intelligence; sagacious, well-educated; his brain a perfect encyclopædia, and his feet in wooden shoes. Bastide, too, came with

Madier de Montjau, and Baudin shook hands with him heartily, but he said nothing. He seemed a prey to melancholy.

"What is the matter with you, Baudin?" asked Aubry (du Nord). "You are sad."

"I have never felt happier in my life," answered Baudin.

Did he feel that he had been already chosen? When a glorious death is so near, a death that smiles on you from behind the veil, perhaps it reveals itself to the soul.

A certain number of men, not members of the Assembly, but full of determination, followed and surrounded the Representatives. Cournet was the chief; there were working-men among them, but no one in a blouse.

Baudin had with him a copy of the proclamation that I had dictated the evening before; Cournet unrolled and read it.

"Let us make haste and have it posted up all over the faubourg; it is necessary that the people should know at once that Louis Bonaparte is beyond the pale of the law."

A working lithographer, who happened to be present, offered to print it on the spot. All the Representatives who were present signed it, and added my name to their signatures. Aubry (du Nord) wrote the heading, "National Assembly." The printer carried off the proclamation, and kept his word. Some hours afterwards Aubry (du Nord), and later on a friend of Cournet's, named Gay, met him in the Faubourg du Temple, with a pot of paste in his hands, fastening up the placard at all the street corners side by side with Maupas' notice, which threatened with the penalty of death any one who posted up a call to arms. Crowds read both posters at the same time. One point must be noticed, a sergeant

of the line in full uniform, with his musket on his shoulder, escorted the printer, and saw that he was not interfered with.

The time fixed for the meeting was from nine to ten in the morning. This hour had been selected because it would give time to warn all the members of the Left; it was necessary to wait until Representatives should arrive, so that members might give weight to the deliberations of the Assembly. Many Representatives had come without their scarves, but some makeshifts composed of strips of red, white, and blue calico, were procured from a neighbouring house. Baudin and De Flotte each wore one of these.

However, although it was not yet nine o'clock, much impatience began to be manifested.[1] Many joined in this furious outburst of impatience.

Baudin desired to delay. "Let us," said he, "give our colleagues time to arrive."

But murmurs began to rise around him.

"No, no! begin; give the signal! Let us sally out. The faubourg is only waiting for the sight of our scarves to rise to a man. We are few in numbers, but all know that our friends will soon rejoin us. That is enough, begin!"

The result proved that this haste could only produce a failure. However, it was decided that the Representatives of the People ought to show an example of per-

[1] There was much misunderstanding regarding the appointed hour, many believing that it was seven o'clock, and the earlier arrivals awaited their colleagues with the greatest impatience. About eight or ten came first. "We are losing time," cried one, as soon as he entered; "let the Representatives put on the scarves, show themselves to the people, and erect barricades. We may save the country, certainly the honor of our party." All agreed to this at once except Baudin, who raised the fatal objection. "We are not in sufficient numbers to adopt this resolution." But for all this he was not the last man to gird on his scarf. — SCHŒLCHER, "History of the Crime of December 2d," pp. 130, 131.

sonal bravery. To let no spark be extinguished, to march the first, to lead the van — that was their duty. The mere shadow of hesitation might do more harm than the rashest proceedings.

Schœlcher is a hero by nature, and has a thorough contempt of danger.

"Come," said he, "our friends will soon face us; let us go outside; there are no weapons amongst us; let us disarm the guard that is close by!"

They went out of the hall in procession, arm in arm, two by two. Fifteen or twenty working-men formed their escort; they shouted, — "Long live the Republic! To arms!"

Some children ran in front, others followed behind, all calling out, "Long live the Mountain!"

The shops that had been closed were half-opened. Some men appeared in the doorways, whilst the heads of a few women showed themselves at the windows. Groups of mechanics going to their work gazed on them as they passed, crying out, "Long live our Representatives! Long live the Republic!"

There was plenty of sympathy, but no one seemed ready to join the insurrection, and the crowd did not swell as it went along. A man leading a saddled horse joined them. No one knew who the man was, or where the horse came from. He seemed to have it in readiness for any one who desired to fly. Dulac at last ordered the man to be off.

In this order they arrived at the guard-house in the Rue Montreuil. On their approach the sentry turned out the guard who crowded out simultaneously.

Schœlcher, calm and impassible, with his white cravat and cuffs, dressed in black, as he usually did, buttoned up to the throat in his closely fitting great-coat, walked straight up to them with the calm and intrepid air of a Quaker.

"Comrades," said he, "we are the Representatives of the People, and in their name we come to ask for your arms to defend the Constitution and the law."

The guard permitted itself to be disarmed. The sergeant alone made some resistance, but some one said to him, "You are alone," and he yielded.

The Representatives distributed the muskets and ammunition amongst the resolute group that surrounded them.

Some of the soldiers exclaimed, "Why do you take away our guns? We will fight for you and with you and by your side."

The Representatives asked those around them if they would accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so; but one of the crowd observed that some of the troops had made the same proposals in June, and had turned against the insurrectionists the very arms that had been left in their hands. They therefore retained the guns, and in counting them found that they had fifteen.

"We are one hundred and fifty men," cried Cournet; "we want more firearms."

"Well," said Schœlcher, "where is there another guard?"

"At Lenoir Market."

"Let us go and disarm it."

The Representatives, with Schœlcher at their head, and guarded by fifteen men with muskets, went to Lenoir Market. The guard then permitted itself to be disarmed with even less resistance than the one in the Rue Montreuil. The soldiers were faced about, so as to permit their cartridge-cases to be the more easily emptied. All the firearms were at once loaded.

"Now," said De Flotte, "we have thirty guns; let us seek out a suitable spot and erect a barricade."

They had collected together about two hundred fighting men by this time.

They went up the Rue Montreuil, and when they had gone about fifty paces, Schœlcher said,—

"Where are we going to? We are turning our backs upon the Bastille, upon our real fighting ground."

They turned back into the faubourg, shouting, "To arms!" which was received with cries of, "Long live our Representatives!" but only a few young men joined them. The wind of revolt had not yet risen.

"Never mind," said De Flotte; "let us begin the action, and have the glory of being the first men killed."

Just as they came to the spot where the Rue Sainte Marguerite and the Rue de Cotte ran into the main street, they came across a dung-cart in charge of a peasant.

"Here it is," cried De Flotte.

They took possession of the cart, and threw it over in the centre of the road. Then up came a milkwoman. They overturned the milkmaid's cart. A baker came up with his bread-cart. He saw what was going on, and whipped up his cart. Two or three boys, those real children of Paris, brave as lions and active as cats, ran after the baker's cart, passed the horse, which was going at full speed, stopped the cart, and brought it back to the barricade, which had just begun. The garrison of the barricade upset the baker's cart, and built it into the impromptu fortification. An omnibus came up, which was running from the Bastille.

"Ah," said the conductor, "I see what is up!"

He got down willingly enough, and made the passengers alight. The driver unharnessed the horses, and went off without a word. The men utilized the omnibus. These four vehicles placed in a line hardly closed up the street, which was very broad just there. Whilst

the men were placing it in position they kept on saying, 'Don't injure the omnibus more than is necessary." The barricade constructed with these materials was a very weak one, too low, and a great deal too short, leaving the pavement open on both sides.

At this instant a staff-officer, followed by an orderly, caught sight of the barricade, and rode off as fast as his horse could carry him. Schœlcher calmly inspected the overturned carriages; when he came to the peasant's cart, which rose a little higher than the others, he remarked, "This is the only one that is good for anything."

However, the construction of the barricade went on. Some empty baskets were thrown onto it, which heightened it in appearance, but gave it no extra strength. They were still at work, when a child ran up to them, crying out, "The soldiers are coming." He was right, for two companies of infantry came up at the double, with a body of supports in rear, filling up the whole of the street. Every door and window was at once closed. During this, Bastide, with the most perfect calmness, was telling an anecdote to Madier de Montjau.

"Madier," said he, "nearly two hundred years ago the Prince de Condé, who was about to give battle in this very same Faubourg Saint Antoine, turned to one of the officers in his staff, and said, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?' 'No, my lord,' was the reply. 'Well, then, you will see one to-day.' Madier, I say the same to you; in a little while you will see a barricade taken."

All those who were armed were now placed in positions most suitable for the defence of the barricade. The decisive moment was near at hand.

"Citizens," exclaimed Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot. When the troops and the inhabitants of Paris fight,

it is the people's blood that is spilt on both sides. Let us first speak to the soldiers."

He got up on one of the hampers that formed a portion of the barricade. The other Representatives stood near him on the overturned omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right.

Dulac said to him, "You hardly know me at all, Citizen Schœlcher, but I admire you greatly. Let me have the post next to you. I only hold a secondary rank in the Assembly, but I wish to hold a first one in the fight."

At that instant some men in blouses, who had been bribed by the men of the 10th of December, made their appearance at the corner of the street, and shouted, "Down with the twenty-five-francers!"

Baudin, who had already taken up his position and was standing on the barricade, looked at these men steadily, and replied,—

"You shall see how the twenty-five-francers can die."

A noise was heard in the street, and several doors which had, up to this time, remained half-open, were now closed.

The two attacking columns were in sight of the barricade, whilst behind them could be seen other lines of bayonets belonging to the troops who were barring the road.

Schœlcher raised his arm in an authoritative manner, and made a sign to the captain, who commanded the leading company to halt. The captain made a negative sign with his sword. These were always the gestures expressed on the 2d of December. The law said, "Halt;" the sword replied, "No."

The two companies continued to advance slowly and steadily. Schœlcher got down from the barricade and

walked towards the soldiers. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him. Then occurred a magnificent scene; for seven of the Representatives of the People, with no other arms than their scarves, — that is, majestically draped in law and right, — advanced from the barricade on to the soldiers who awaited them, musket in hand. The other Representatives remained in the barricade, and made the final preparations for its defence. The defenders maintained an intrepid attitude. Cournet, the naval lieutenant, towered above all by his almost gigantic size. Baudin, still standing on the overturned omnibus, had nearly half his body showing above the barricade. When the officers and the soldiers saw the seven Representatives advancing upon them, they were for the moment stupefied with surprise. The captain, however, made a sign to them to halt. They did so, and Schœlcher spoke in a grave, calm voice.

"Soldiers," said he, "we are the Representatives of the Sovereign People; consequently we represent you also. We are those selected by universal suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of Universal Suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we who are the National Assembly, we who are the Law, — we order you to join us, and we summon you to obey us. We are your commanding officers. The army belongs to the people, and the Representatives of the People are virtually the heads of the army. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte has violated the Constitution, and we have outlawed him. Obey us therefore."

The officer commanding, a certain Captain Petit, did not give him time to conclude.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have my orders to execute. I am one of the people. I am a Republican as you are, but I am merely an instrument."

"Do you know the Constitution?" asked Schœlcher.

"I only know my orders."

"There is one order above all others," returned Schœlcher, "and that is the law which binds the soldier as well as the citizen."

He was once more turning to address the soldiers, when the captain exclaimed, "Not a word more; you shall not go on! One more word, and I order my men to fire!"

"What does that matter to us?" answered Schœlcher.

At this moment a mounted officer rode up; it was the major of the regiment. He spoke for a few minutes in a low tone to the captain.

"Gentlemen Representatives," continued the captain, waving his sword, "return, or I shall order my men to fire."

"Fire!" cried De Flotte.

The Representatives, in a strange and heroic imitation of the troops at Fontenoy, took off their hats and faced the muskets. Schœlcher alone kept his hat on, and waited for what was to come with his arms crossed.

"Charge bayonets!" ordered the captain.

"Long live the Republic!" shouted the Representatives.

The bayonets were lowered, and the soldiers advanced at the double upon the motionless Representatives.

It was a glorious but a terrible moment. The seven Representatives saw the bayonets coming nearer and nearer to their hearts without a word or a gesture; they did not even take one step backwards. But if they betrayed no hesitation, it was different with the soldiers, who felt that a double stigma was about to be cast on their cloth; first in assaulting the Representatives of the People, which is an act of treason, and secondly in killing unarmed men, which is an act of cowardice.

Treason and cowardice are a pair of epaulets sometimes worn by the general, but never by the soldier.

When the bayonets were so close to the Representatives that their points seemed almost to touch their breasts, they appeared to turn aside of their own accord, and the soldiers, by a unanimous movement, passed by the Representatives without doing them any harm.

Schœlcher alone had his great-coat pierced in two places; but in his opinion this was more the effects of awkwardness than malice. One of the soldiers, who wished to get away from the captain's eye, accidentally touched him with his bayonet. The point struck against the book of the addresses of the Representatives which Schœlcher had in his pocket, and only penetrated his coat.

One of the soldiers said to De Flotte, "Citizen, we do not wish to hurt you."

One man, however, approached Bruckner and took aim at him.

"Fire away!" said Bruckner.

The soldier, utterly abashed, lowered his weapon, and grasped Bruckner's hand.

It was a most astonishing thing that, in spite of the orders given by their commanding officers, each of the two companies, as they came up in succession to the Representatives, threw up their bayonets and passed them by An order commands, but instinct governs. An order may be a crime, but instinct is honour.

Later on Major P—— said, "They told us that we should be confronted by a lot of brigands, but we only met heroes."

The men at the barricade, however, became uneasy at seeing the Representatives surrounded by the troops, and a shot was fired by one of them, which unfortunately killed a soldier between De Flotte and Schœlcher.

The officer who commanded the second attacking company passed close by Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed out the prostrate man to the officer, exclaiming, "Lieutenant, do you see that?"

The two companies replied to the shot by a general volley, and dashed forward to the attack of the barricade, leaving behind them the seven Representatives, thunderstruck, but still living. The barricade answered the fire, but the defenders were unable to hold it, and it was carried.

Baudin was killed on the spot. He had remained standing in the same place on the omnibus, and was struck by three bullets; one passed through his right eye and penetrated the brain. He fell at once, and never again recovered consciousness. In half an hour he was dead. His body was taken to the Saint Margaret Hospital.

Bourzat, who with Aubry (du Nord) was close by Baudin, had his cloak pierced by a musket-ball. One point is worthy of note — the soldiers made no prisoners at the barricade. The defenders dispersed through the neighbouring streets, or found shelter in the adjacent houses. The Representative Maigne was pushed by some affrighted women behind a door of an alley, and found himself shut up with a soldier of the attacking party; in another moment both of them left the place together. All the other Representatives were now free to leave the scene of the first attempt at resistance.

At this solemn commencement of the struggle a last faint ray of justice still gleamed, and military honour recoiled with a kind of melancholy anxiety before the deed which it had been ordered to commit. There is an intoxication of good, and also the drunkenness of evil, and this drunkenness later on drowned the conscience of the army. The French army is not one suited to

plunge into crime. When the struggle continues for any length of time, and it becomes necessary to execute the bloodthirsty orders that have been given, the soldier appears to grow dizzy. He obeys, not coldly, — which would be monstrous on his part, — but with a sort of mad frenzy, which in days to come history will invoke as an excuse for his acts; and perhaps in many cases despair was at the bottom of his frenzy.

The soldier who had fallen still lay on the pavement. It was Schœlcher who raised him from the ground. Some courageous women, with the tears streaming down their faces, came out of a house. Some soldiers hastened to the spot and helped to carry him away, — Schœlcher supporting his head, — first to a fruiterer's shop, and then to Saint Margaret's Hospital, whither Baudin had been already taken.

He was quite a recruit. The ball had struck him in the side, and the aperture, stained round the edges with blood, could be seen in his grey great-coat, which he wore buttoned up to the throat. His head hung down on his shoulder, his pallid face was framed by the chin-strap of his shako, his eyes were expressionless, and his blood was flowing from his mouth. He seemed to be hardly eighteen years of age. Already a soldier, though only a boy — and he was dead! This poor soldier was the first victim. Baudin was the second.

Before becoming a Representative, Baudin had been a schoolmaster.[1] He came of an intelligent line of schoolmasters, who were always being persecuted, and who fell from the enactments of Guizot to those of Falloux, and from those of Falloux to those of Dupanloup. The chief crime of a schoolmaster is to keep the book of

[1] This is an error. When I asked Esquiros, who knew Baudin, what he was, he answered, "A schoolmaster." Esquiros was wrong; he was a doctor.

knowledge open. In any village in France the schoolmaster is like a lighted torch, which throws its light upon the doings of the priest. The schoolmasters of France, who know how to stand for truth and science, were worthy of one of their brethren dying for the cause of Liberty.

The first time I met Baudin was at the Assembly, on January 13, 1850. I wished to speak against the Education Bill, but my name was not down. His, however, was, and he offered me his turn. I accepted it, and was enabled to speak on the 15th.

Baudin spoke several times from the tribunal. His manner was slightly hesitating, but on the whole energetic. He had a strong intellect and timid manners. In his whole personality there was a certain amount of embarrassment, counterpoised by decision. He was of the middle height; his face was full and with plenty of colour in it; an open chest, broad shoulders, the type of a working-man; the laborious schoolmaster and the contemplative peasant. In this he somewhat resembled Bourzat. Baudin inclined his head on his shoulder, listened with sympathy, and spoke with a calm, grave voice. His face wore the melancholy look and the bitter smile of one doomed to an early death. I asked him on December 2d how old he was, and he had replied, "Not quite thirty-three." Then he asked me my age.

"Forty-nine," answered I.

"We are all of the same age to-day," replied he.

He was perhaps thinking of that to-morrow which awaits us all, and in which is hidden that mystic *perhaps* which places us all on an equality.

The first gunshots had been exchanged, a Representative had fallen, and yet the people did not rise. What was it that veiled their eyes? what leaden weight was

it that pressed down their courage? Alas! the gloom which Louis Bonaparte had chosen for the commission of his crime, far from clearing away, grew thicker and more impenetrable. For the first time for sixty years, when the time for action arrived, Paris, the most intelligent city in the world, let it pass by.

On leaving the barricade, De Flotte went to the Faubourg Saint Marceau, Madier de Montjau to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne to the boulevards, whilst Schœlcher, Dulac, Malardier and Brillier penetrated further into the Faubourg Saint Antoine by the side-streets which the troops had not yet occupied. They shouted, "Long live the Republic!" They harangued the people standing on their doorsteps. "Is it the Empire that we want?" asked Schœlcher. They even went so far as to sing the "Marseillaise." The people took off their hats and cheered them, but went no further.

They were tired, and began to feel thirsty. In the Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a house with a bottle in his hand, and invited them to drink. Sartin rejoined them. In the Rue de Charonne they went into the headquarters of the cabinet-makers, hoping to find the committee sitting, but there was no one there. Nothing, however, damped their ardour.

When they reached the Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher, "I must ask leave to quit you for an hour or two, and for this reason. I am alone in Paris with my little girl, only seven years of age. For the last week she has been suffering from scarlatina, and yesterday, when the terrible event occurred, she was lying at death's door. The child is all that I have in this world. When I left her this morning to meet you, she said, 'Where are you going to, papa?' Now that I am still alive, I must go and see if she is not dead."

Two hours afterwards the child was living; for as we were sitting in committee at No. 15, Rue Richelieu,—Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, Carnot, and myself,—Dulac came in, saying, " I am here to place my services at your disposal. "

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORKING-MEN ASK FOR THE SIGNAL FOR BATTLE.

IN the face of the fact of the barricade of Saint Antoine, so gallantly constructed by the Representatives and so unfeelingly abandoned by the people, the last illusions, even mine, should have been dispelled. Baudin killed, the faubourg cold to all appeals, should have spoken plainly enough. It was an evident and absolute demonstration of public feeling, to which, however, I could not resign myself, — the inertness of the people, deplorable enough if they understood the position, treasonable if they did not. In any case neutrality was fatal, and the whole weight of the responsibility fell, not on the people, but on those who, in June, 1848, after having promised an amnesty, did not keep their word, and disconcerted the mighty soul of the Parisian people by violating their promise. What the constituent had sown, the legislator had reaped, and we, innocent as we were, suffered from the rebound.

The spark which I had fancied I perceived run through the crowd when I spoke in the Boulevard du Temple, and Michel de Bourges from the balcony of Bonvalet, seemed to have died away. First Maigne, then Brillier, then Bruckner, and later on Charamaule, Madier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac, all came to tell us what had taken place at the barricade of Saint Antoine, of the motives that had induced the Representatives then present not to wait for the appointed time of

meeting, and of the death of Baudin. The report which I myself made of what I had seen, and which Cassal and Alexander Rey completed with fresh details, showed the exact position of affairs. The committee had no longer any excuse to hesitate, and I myself gave up all the hopes I had based on a large public manifestation in a bold reply to the treason of Louis Bonaparte, and on the battle offered by the guardians of the Republic to the brigands of the Elysée. The faubourgs had failed us. We had the lever and the right to use it, but the men to be lifted — the people, in short — were not ours, and there was nothing more to hope, as those two great orators, Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges, had with their keen sense of politics declared from the first. What was necessary was a long, slow struggle, avoiding all decisive engagements, shifting over ground, keeping Paris on tenterhooks, making every one say, "It is not over yet," giving the departments time to act in, keeping the troops on the alert; and in the end perhaps the Parisians, who could not inhale powder for long with impunity, might take fire. Barricades would spring up everywhere, — feebly defended, certainly, but rapidly repaired after demolition, hidden away and increasing in numbers at the same moment.

The committee adopted this plan, and despatched orders to this effect on all sides. We were assembled first, now at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, at the house of Grévy our colleague, who had been arrested the evening before in the 10th Arrondissement, and who was now in the prison of Mazas. His brother had offered us his house as a meeting-place. The Representatives, our natural emissaries, flocked round us and spread our instructions to organize resistance all over Paris. We were the spirit to conceive and they the arms to execute A certain number of our old constituents, men who had

been tried and found trustworthy, — Garnier Pagès, Marie, Martin (de Strasbourg), Senart (formerly President of the Constituency), Bastide, Laissac, and Landrin, — had from the evening before joined the Representatives. We established, wherever it was practicable, permanent committees in connection with our own, and we chose as our watchword the name of "Baudin."

About midday, central Paris began to be in commotion. Our call to arms had been placarded up in the Bourse and in the Rue Montmartre. Crowds gathered together to read it, and struggled with the agents of the police, who endeavoured to tear them down. Handbills printed in large type on grey paper were distributed. They contained the judgment of the High Court of Justice, stating that Louis Bonaparte had been convicted of high treason, signed Hardouin (president), Délapalme, Moreau (de la Seine), Cauchy, Bataille, judges. The last name should have been spelt Pataille. Every one believed, as we ourselves did, that this judgment was genuine. It appeared, however, later on that it was not so. At the same time, in all the quarters of Paris, were two proclamations; the first ran thus: —

TO THE PEOPLE.

ARTICLE 3. The Constitution has been placed in the hands and the patriotism of the French Nation.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is outlawed.

The state of siege is raised.

Universal suffrage is re-established.

LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!

TO ARMS!

VICTOR HUGO,

Delegate for *The United Party of the Mountain.*

The other contained the following: —

INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

The National Guards and the Presidents in the Departments are marching on Paris to assist you in seizing the TRAITOR, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

For the Representatives of the people,

VICTOR HUGO, *President.*
SCHŒLCHER, *Secretary.*

This last placard, printed on small square pieces of paper, was distributed, says a writer on the event, in thousands.

On their side, the criminals installed in the Government offices replied by threats, conveyed on large white posters, which were fastened up everywhere. In one was to be read:—

We, the Prefect of Police,

Order as follows:—

ARTICLE 1. All meetings are strictly forbidden, and will be at once dispersed by force.

ARTICLE 2. All seditious cries, all public readings, and all political placards not emanating from the regularly constituted authorities, are equally forbidden.

ARTICLE 3. The Police have directions to see that these orders are carried into effect.

December 3, 1851.

DE MAUPAS,
Prefect of Police.

Approved and confirmed,

DE MORNY,
Minister Home Department.

On another could be seen:—

The Minister of War.

With reference to the state of siege, It is now decreed. Any person taken in the act of constructing or defending a barricade, of with arms in his hands, SHALL BE SHOT.

DE SAINT ARNAUD,
General of Division, Minister of War

These proclamations are produced exactly as they were printed. The words "shall be shot" were in small capitals.

A large and excited crowd now filled the boulevards. The fermentation in the central district now gained the 6th, 7th, and 12th Arrondissements. There was much talk and bustle in the Quartier des Écoles. The law and medical students cheered De Flotte in front of the Pantheon. Madier de Montjau, ardent and eloquent, hurried about Belleville and stirred up the inhabitants to his utmost. The troops were reinforced all over Paris, and occupied all the strategical points of the city.

At one o'clock a young man was introduced to us by the solicitor of the Working Men's Associations, M. Leblond, at whose house the committee had that very morning been deliberating; Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, Carnot, and I had formed ourselves into a permanent committee. This young man, whose words were well considered, and whose face was full of intelligence, was named King. He was the delegate of the committee of the Working Men's Associations, and told us that the committee had placed themselves at our disposal, as we held a properly legal position. They could bring into action from five to six thousand resolute men. They could make their own ammunition, and procure guns. The Association asked from us an order justifying them in commencing hostilities.

Jules Favre took a pen and wrote:—

"The undersigned Representatives hereby give instructions to Citizen King and his friends to defend, by armed force, the Republic, Universal Suffrage, and the Law."

He dated it, and we all four signed it.

"That is quite enough," said the delegate. "You shall hear of us soon."

Two hours later we were informed that fighting was going on in the Rue Aumaire.

CHAPTER V.

THE BODY OF BAUDIN.

AS far as regarded the Faubourg Saint Antoine, we had, as I said, lost all hope, but our enemies had by no means got rid of their uneasiness. Since the attempt in the morning to erect a barricade, a most rigorous watch had been kept up. Whoever came into the faubourg was followed, examined, and if there was the slightest grounds for suspicion, arrested. Sometimes, however, the vigilance exercised was baffled. About two o'clock a short man with a calm and quiet manner passed through the faubourg. A policeman and a plain-clothes officer stopped the way.

"Who are you?" they asked.

"You see — a foot passenger."

"Where are you going to?"

"Close here to Bartholomew's; foreman in a sugar-baking factory."

They searched him. He himself opened his pocket-book. The policemen turned out the pockets of his waistcoat, and unbuttoned his shirt. At last one of the police growled out, —

"I could almost swear that you were here this morning; however, be off with you now."

This man was the Representative Gindrier. Had they searched the pockets of his coat, they would have found his official scarf, and he would have been shot.

Not to allow ourselves to be arrested, and always to be prepared for action, were the orders that had been issued to the Representatives of the Left, and that was why we had our scarves with us, but did not wear them openly.

Gindrier had eaten nothing that day, and his intention was to return to his house in the newly-built portion of the city, near the Havre railway station. Rue de Calais is a lonely street, that runs from the Rue Blanche to the Rue de Clichy. As Gindrier was hurrying along it, a cab drove past, and he heard his name called. He turned round, and saw in the vehicle two persons, relations of Baudin, and a man with whom he was not acquainted.

One of Baudin's relations, Mme. L——, said to him, "Baudin is wounded. He has been taken to the Saint Antoine Hospital. We are going to fetch him away home with us."

Gindrier got into the cab.

The man, whom he did not know, was in the employ of the Commissary of Police in the Rue Sainte Marguerite, Saint Antoine. He had been deputed by his master to go to Baudin's house, No. 88, Rue de Clichy, and tell the family what had happened. Only finding women in the house, he had confined himself to saying that Baudin had been wounded. He offered to return with them, which accounted for his presence in the cab. Gindrier's name had been mentioned before him. This might produce an unpleasant result. Upon an explanation, however, having been entered into, he declared that he would not betray the Representative, and that before the Commissary of Police, Gindrier should pass as one of the relatives, and should be addressed as Baudin. The poor women were full of hope. The wound might perhaps be a serious one; but then Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. "We shall save him," said

they to each other. Gindrier remained silent; but when they came before the Commissary of Police, the veil was torn away.

"How is he getting on?" asked Mme. L—— as she entered.

"Why," said the Commissary, "he is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes; he was killed on the spot."

It was a terrible moment.

The despair of the poor women thus roughly aroused from their dream showed itself in tears and sobs.

"Ah! infamous Bonaparte," said Mme. L——; "he has killed Baudin; well, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday to this Marat."

Gindrier applied for Baudin's body. The Commissary only consented to restore it to his family on their promising that it should be buried at once without any publicity.

"You must understand," said he, "that the sight of a slain Representative would make Paris rise."

These people were willing enough to supply corpses, but would not allow them to be made use of.

When these conditions were agreed to, the Commissary gave Gindrier the men and a safe conduct to go and fetch Baudin's body from the hospital where it had been placed. Baudin's brother, a young man of four-and-twenty, — a medical student, — just then came in. The young man has since been arrested and imprisoned. His crime is his dead brother. They went to the hospital. After reading the safe conduct, the director of the hospital introduced Gindrier and young Baudin into a lower room. There were three pallets covered with white sheets, under which could be seen the outlines of three human corpses. Baudin's body lay in the middle. On his right hand was the young soldier who had been

killed a minute before him, and on the left an old woman, who had been hit by a stray shot, and not picked up until some time later. You don't bag all your game at once. The three corpses were naked beneath their winding-sheets. They had only left on Baudin his shirt and his flannel waistcoat. All that they had found on him was seven francs, his watch and gold chain, his medal as a Representative, and the pencil-case which he had used in the Rue Popincourt. Gindrier and the young Baudin approached the pallet bareheaded. They raised the winding-sheet, and Baudin's dead face appeared. It was quite calm, and he seemed to sleep. Not one of his features was contracted, but a livid hue had begun to start over his cheeks.

They drew up the necessary documents. This is the custom. It is not sufficient to kill people; paper must be drawn up about them afterwards. The young Baudin signed it, and they handed over his brother's corpse to him. While these formalities were being fulfilled Gindrier did his best to soothe the grief of the two poor women.

All at once a man who had come into the courtyard, and had been watching them attentively ever since, came up to them and suddenly said, —

"What are you doing there?"

"What does that matter to you?" said Gindrier.

"You have come for Baudin's body."

"Yes."

"Is that your cab?"

"Yes."

"Get into it at once, and draw down the blinds."

"What do you mean?"

"You are the Representative Gindrier. I know you. You were at the barricade this morning. If any one else than I had recognized you, you would have been lost."


Francis Fleming

Gindrier followed his advice and got into the cab. As he was doing so, he turned to the man, and said, "You belong to the police, eh?" The man did not answer. A moment afterwards he returned, and said in a low voice, as he shut the door on Gindrier, "Yes, I eat their bread, but I don't do their work."

The two men sent by the Commissary took Baudin's body in a litter and carried it to the cab. They placed it in the bottom of the cab with the face covered and wrapped closely in its shroud. A workman passing by lent his cloak to throw over the body, so as not to attract the attention of the passers-by. Mme. L—— sat by the side of the body, Gindrier opposite, and Baudin the younger sat next to him. They started. During the transit the head of the body rolled from one side to the other. The blood from the wound began to flow again, and appeared in large red patches on the white sheet. Gindrier, with his arm placed on the dead man's chest, kept the body steady, whilst Mme. L—— supported it on one side.

The coachman, at their request, drove slowly, and they were nearly an hour reaching home. When they came to No. 88 of the Rue de Clichy, the removal of the body brought a little crowd before the door. The neighbours came up. The body was taken up to the fourth story where the dead man had lived. It was a new house, and Baudin had only lived there some months. They took him into his room, which was as he had left it at two o'clock in the morning. The bed, in which he had not slept, was not in the least disarranged. A book which he had been reading was still open on the table. They unrolled the winding-sheet and washed the body. The ball had entered at the corner of the right eye and had come out at the back of the head. The wound in the eye had not bled; a sort

of tumour had formed over it, but there had been an immense flow of blood from the hole at the back of the head. They put clean linen on him and laid him on his white bed, with his head on the pillow; his face was uncovered. The women filled the room with their lamentations.

Gindrier had already rendered the same service to James Demontry. In 1850 James Demontry died in exile at Cologne. Gindrier started for Cologne, went to the cemetery, and had the body exhumed. The heart was then extracted, embalmed, and placed in a silver vase, which he brought with him to Paris. The Reunion of the party of the Mountain entrusted the task of conveying this heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and have funeral rites performed over it. Chollet and Joigneaux were joined with him in this duty. These funeral rites were forbidden by Louis Bonaparte. The burial of brave and faithful men was distasteful to Louis Bonaparte — not so their deaths.

When all was over, Gindrier, who had plenty to do, left the house. There was quite a little crowd before the door. A man dressed in a blouse, with his hat pulled over his eyes, perched upon a post, was haranguing the public, and glorifying the conduct of the authorities, saying that universal suffrage was to be established, the law of May 31st abolished, "the twenty-five-francers" done away with; that Louis Bonaparte had done well, etc.

Gindrier, standing in the doorway, raised his voice and exclaimed, "Citizens, up there is Baudin, a Representative of the People, slain in his efforts to defend them. Baudin, your Representative; do you understand? You are now in front of his house; he is lying there bleeding on his bed, and yet there is a man here who dares to applaud his murderer. Citizens, shall I tell

you the name of this man? He is called the Police. Shame and Infamy to cowards and traitors, and Honour and Respect to the brave man who has died for you and yours!"

He ceased speaking, and clearing his way through the crowd, he seized by the collar the man who had been speaking, and striking the covering from his head with a back-handed blow, exclaimed, "Hats off in the presence of the dead!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DECREES OF THE FREE REPRESENTATIVES.

THE copy of the judgment which we believed had been delivered by the High Court of Justice had been brought to us by Martin (de Strasbourg), an advocate of the Court of Appeal. At the same time we also learned what was going on in the Rue Aumaire. The battle once begun, it was necessary to keep it up, and supply what was necessary for its continuance, and to place legal resistance side by side with armed resistance. The members who had met the evening before in the town-hall of the 10th Arrondissement had decreed the dethroning of Louis Bonaparte; but this decree, which was given by a meeting composed of unpopular members of the majority, might have no effect upon the masses at large. It was therefore necessary that the Left should adopt it and take it as their own, — this judgment of the High Court of Justice, which we believed to be genuine. In our decree we had outlawed Louis Bonaparte. The decree of deposition countersigned by us would add greatly to the effect of our outlawry, and would complete a revolutionary act by a legal one.

The Committee of Resistance convoked the Republican Representatives.

The apartment of M. Grévy being too small, we arranged to meet at No. 10, Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a visit to it. But we had no choice; prudence was out of the question,

and indeed at times utterly useless. To trust, always to trust, is the rule which governs these great acts, which often lead to great events. The perpetual improvisation of means, of expedients, of proceedings; nothing going step by step, but everything at the first onset; never to feel your way along the ground, but to take every chance in a mass, the good with the evil; everything risked at the same time on all sides, time, place, occasion, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life, — such is a revolutionary combat.

About three o'clock some sixty Representatives were collected at No 10, Rue des Moulins, in the large drawing-room out of which was a little sitting-room, in which the Committee of Resistance was sitting. It was a very dark day in December, and it almost seemed as if the night had come. The editor Hetzel, who might also be called the poet Hetzel, was a man of generous spirit and of great courage. He had, as we know, shown great political capacities when acting as secretary in the Foreign Office, under Bastide, and these he came to offer us as he had already done in the morning to the brave patriot Hingray. Hetzel knew what we wanted, and that was a printing-press. We were unable to speak, and Louis Bonaparte had the field to himself. Hetzel had found a printer who had said to him, —

"Compel me to do it. Put a pistol to my head and I will do all you want."

All we had to do was to collect a few friends together to take possession of the printing-press by main force, to hold it, to stand a siege if need be, and then to print and issue our decrees.

One anecdote relating to his arrival at our meeting-place is worth preserving. As he came up to the door he saw, in the dim light of a December day, a man looking about the place. He went up to the man, and

at once recognized the former Commissary of Police of the Assembly, M. Yon.

"What are you doing here?" asked Hetzel, roughly. "Have you come to arrest us? If so, see what I have ready for you," and as he spoke he drew out two pistols from his pocket.

M. Yon smiled as he replied, "I am keeping guard certainly, but it is for you, not against you."

M. Yon, knowing that we were to meet at Landrin's house, and fearing that we might be arrested, had been acting as an amateur policeman for us.

Hetzel had already opened his project by representing to Labrousse whom he wanted to accompany, and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. A first meeting at the Café Cardinal had not been kept, and Labrousse had left a note with the proprietor of the café for M. Hetzel, in which he had said, "Madame Elizabeth expects M. Hetzel at No. 10, Rue des Moulins."

This is what had brought Hetzel.

We accepted the offer of Hetzel; and it was agreed that when night came on the Representative Versigny, who filled the post of Secretary to the Committee, should take him our proclamations and decrees, the news that we had obtained, and all that we deemed it advisable to publish. Hetzel was to wait for Versigny on the pavement at the end of the Rue Richelieu, near the Café Cardinal.

Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and I, had written out the final decree, which was to combine the dismissal voted by the Right, with the outlawry which had been voted by us. We came back to the drawing-room to read this to them and get the documents signed. At this moment the door opened, and Émile de Girardin entered. We had not seen him since the evening before.

Émile de Girardin, if we may take him out of that mist which envelopes every one in the struggle of party strife, which too often obscures the real man, is a deep thinker, such as is seldom met with, energetic, skilful, powerful in writing, — a journalist, in short, in whom, as in all great journalists, you can discern the makings of a great statesman. To Émile de Girardin we owe our cheap press. Émile de Girardin has the gift of lucid obstinacy. Émile de Girardin watches over the public; his journal is his post. He writes, he looks, he scans, he clears up doubts, he shouts, "Who goes there?" on the smallest suspicion; he fires away with his pen, ready for any species of combat. To-day a simple soldier, to-morrow a general. Like every man of high intellectual powers, he understands, he looks, he recognizes, and, so to speak, he touches the required point, whether it be revolution, progress or liberty, but especially progress, of which he is an ardent advocate, in so much as it leads to liberty. One may, and sometimes with reason, differ with him as to the course to be taken, as to the position to be maintained; but no one can deny his courage, which he has exhibited in every way, nor differ from his aim and object, which is the moral and material improvement of all of us.

Émile de Girardin is more of a Democrat than a Republican, more of a Socialist than a Democrat, — that is to say, that principle and its form of application will strike a balance in his mind, and the hesitations and doubts that he still entertains will cease. Already he has the power, and the fixity of purpose will come. In the course of our meeting, as will be seen, my ideas did not always accord with those of Émile de Girardin. All the more reason that I should plainly declare here how much I appreciated that intellect which had knowledge and courage for its parents.

Émile de Girardin, in spite of what any one may say, is one of those men who are known to the modern press, and one who unites in the highest degree the dexterity of the combatant with the calmness of the profound thinker.

I went up to him and asked, "Have you any typesetters remaining on your paper, 'La Presse'?"

"Our presses," answered he, "are all closed and guarded by special constables, but I have five or six willing workmen still at my disposal."

"Very good," said I. "Print for us our decree and proclamations."

"I will print anything," answered he, "that is not a call to arms;" then addressing me in particular, he added, "I know the style of your proclamation; it is simply a war-cry, and I cannot print that."

When every one exclaimed against him, he explained that he on his side issued proclamations, but in a different style to ours. According to him, it was not by force of arms that we could vanquish Louis Bonaparte, but by simply ignoring him. If it was a question of armed force, he would conquer; by treating him as a nonentity he would be crushed. He conjured us to aid him by drawing a circle of isolation around "the fallen man of December 2d."

"Let us place him in a state of solitude," cried Émile de Girardin. "Let us run a line all round him. Let the shop-keeper cease to sell, the consumer to buy, the mechanic to work. Let the butcher cease to slay, and the baker to prepare the bread. Let everything be at a standstill, even the Government printing-press. Let it be impossible for Louis Bonaparte to find a single compositor to set up the 'Moniteur' and not a bill-sticker to post up its notices. Let solitude and emptiness close around this man. Let the people draw back from him,

and Louis Bonaparte, abandoned by all in his career of crime, will sink and disappear. Nothing but the fact of treating him with silent contempt will make him glide from his position. If, on the other hand, you ply him with musketry, you will strengthen his position. The army is in a state of mad intoxication; the people are cowed, and will do nothing for either side. The mercantile classes are afraid of the President, of the people, of you, — in short, of anything. There is no possibility of victory. Brave men as you all are, you are going too fast ahead. You are at the head of two or three thousand gallant men, whose blood mingled with yours has already flowed. This is heroic,— I allow it, — but it is not good policy. For my own part, I will not publish any appeal to arms; and I decline to settle matters by open hostility. My opinion is, to organize a system of passive resistance."

The point of view from which he desired to act was superb and magnificent, but unfortunately I felt that it was not practicable. Girardin had taken into consideration two aspects, — the practical and the logical one; and in my idea, the practical side had a flaw in it.

Michel de Bourges answered him. Michel de Bourges, with all his force of argument and his magnificent reasoning powers, placed his finger at once upon the point in question,— the crime that Louis Bonaparte had committed, and the necessity of making an immediate stand against that crime. What ensued was rather a conversation than a discussion, but Michel de Bourges, and Jules Favre after him, spoke on the matter with the greatest eloquence. Jules Favre, who was perfectly able to comprehend Girardin's powerful intellect, would have willingly adopted this idea, if it had only been practicable. The idea of drawing a line of isolation around the man was grand, but impossible. A nation however

cannot be stopped short all at once; even if mortally wounded, it must still go on. The social movement, which is the animal life of societies, survives all political movements. How would Émile de Girardin ever hope to carry out his idea. There would always be a butcher who would kill, or a baker who would make bread. The world must eat. To think that labour would stand still with its arms folded is, said Jules Favre, a mere dream and illusion. The people would fight for three, four, or eight days, but society would not agree to stand still. The position no doubt was a terrible one, and blood must flow. We must accept it just for such as it was, and for nothing more.

Émile de Girardin firm, logical, and opinionated in his idea, persisted. Some of the listeners might be convinced, for the arguments flowed so inexhaustibly from his brilliant intellect. For my own part, I saw my duty before me clear as a burning torch, and interrupted him with these words: —

"It is too late to debate upon what we will do. There is nothing to be done now: all has been done. The glove of the *coup d' état* has been flung down, and the Left has picked it up. It is the most simple thing. The deed of December 2d is an infamous deed, an insolent defiance to Democracy, Civilization, and Liberty, — to the People and to France. Yes," continued I, "we have picked up this glove; we are the law, but that living, breathing law which can at need arm itself and fight. A gun in our hand is a protestation. I do not know if we shall conquer, but we must protest. Protest in Assembly at first; and if the Assembly is closed, protest in the street; and if we are driven from the street, protest in exile; and last of all, from the very tomb. This is our part, our function, our mission. Our powers are elastic. They are granted to us by the people, and events cause them to be more extended."

Whilst we were deliberating, our colleague Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the former King of Westphalia, came in and began to speak. He abused with an air of sincere indignation the crime that his cousin had committed, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would be sufficient, — a protest from the Representatives, a protest from the Council of State, a protest from the Magistracy and the Press; that this protest should be a unanimous one, and one to enlighten all France, which would not unanimously join in any other kind of resistance. That he himself had always looked upon the Constitution as bad, and had opposed it from the very commencement; that he was not going to defend it in its last days, and certainly would not spill one drop of his blood for it. The Constitution was dead, but the Republic was living, and that we must strive to save, — not the dead carcass of the Constitution, but the true Republican principle.

Violent opposition burst forth. Bancel, being ardent and impetuous, exclaimed, that which we must look upon was, not the faults of the Constitution, but the detestation of the crime that had been committed, the flagrant treason and the violated pledge; he declared that in the Assembly he might have voted against the Constitution, but that to-day when it was in danger at a usurper's hands he would defend it. That logically he was right, and that many amongst us agreed with him; he quoted my name amongst others, and concluded thus: —

"You have assisted at the building of a ship; you found that it was being badly built, and gave advice which was not listened to. However, you embarked on her with your children, your brothers and sisters, and your mother. A pirate sails up with an axe in one hand to scuttle the ship, and a torch in the other to

burn her to ashes. The crew fly to arms. Will you say to them, 'I consider that this ship has been badly built, and shall therefore allow her to be destroyed'?"

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "he who is not for the ship is for the pirate."

From all parts of the room came shouts of, "The decree! Read the decree!"

I was standing up, leaning against the chimney-piece. Napoleon Bonaparte came up to me and whispered in my ear:—

"You are going to fight a battle which has been lost beforehand."

I replied, "I am not thinking of success, but of duty."

"You are a political man," answered he, "and ought therefore to think of a successful termination to what you are engaged in. I repeat, before you go any further, that the battle is already lost."

"If we fight," replied I, "you say that we shall be beaten; if we do not fight, our honour is lost. I had sooner lose the battle than my honour."

For a moment he remained silent, then he took my hand.

"Very well," said he, "but listen. You personally incur great danger. Of all the members of the Assembly, you are the one that the President hates the most. You have in speaking of him nicknamed him Napoleon the Little. You understand that is a thing he will never forget. Besides this you have framed the document calling upon the people to take up arms, and this he will know. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or sent out of the country at the very least. Have you a safe place to-night in which to sleep?"

I had not even thought of this, and replied, "On my word, I have not."

"Well," returned he, "come to my house. If there is a single house in Paris where you will be in safety, it is mine. No one will come and look for you there. Come by day or by night, at whatever hour you like; I will be waiting for you, and will open the door to you with my own hand. I live at No. 5, Rue d'Alger."

I thanked him; the offer was a noble and a generous one, and I was touched by it; but though I did not accept it, I have not forgotten it.

Again the cry rose up: "The decree! Read the decree! Take your seats!"

There was a round table in front of the fire-place; they put on it a lamp, pens, and paper. The members of the committee sat round the table. The Representatives grouped themselves about on couches and armchairs. Some of them looked for Napoleon Bonaparte, but he had gone. One member proposed that before anything else was done, the meeting should nominate itself the National Assembly, nominating a president and an office. I answered that there was no need of this, as we were the Assembly, *de facto;* that some of our colleagues were prevented by force from being in attendance; but that however much it might have been mutilated by the *coup d' état*, the Assembly always retained its identity and continued to exist the same as ever; that as for appointing another president and another office, it would only give Louis Bonaparte an opportunity of declaring that it had been dissolved, and that therefore we must not do anything of the kind; that our proclamations must go forth not with any one's name as president at the foot, but signed by all the members present,—that is to say, all the members of the Left who had not been arrested, who would thus have full authority over the people, and ample powers of action.

The idea of nominating a president was then given up

Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and proclamations should be headed in this manner: "The Representatives of the People who are still free, decree — " and not, "The National Assembly decree — " and by this means we should preserve all our authority as Representatives of the People without in any way compromising those Representatives who had already been arrested. This proposal was agreed to.

I give the decree of removal as it was decided upon.

Declaration.

The Representatives of the People remaining free, draw attention to Article 68 of the Constitution.

"Article 68. All measures which the President of the Republic may take to dissolve or prorogue the Assembly, or to place any obstacle in the way of its exercising its duties, shall be regarded as the crime of High Treason."

By this our act the President is deprived of his office. Citizens are ordered to refuse to obey his orders, and the executive authority reverts *de jure* to the National Assembly. The Judges of the High Court must meet at once under pain of dismissal, and summon the jurymen to such places as they may think fit, to proceed with the trial of the President and his accomplices.

Article 1. Louis Bonaparte is dismissed from his position as President of the Republic.

Article 2. All citizens and Government officials are warned to pay no regard to his orders under penalty of being treated as his accomplices.

Article 3. The judgment given by the High Court of Justice, declaring that Louis Bonaparte has been convicted of the crime of high treason, shall be published and put into execution. In consequence of this the

authorities, both Civil and Military, are required, under pain of dismissal, to give all their aid and assistance in putting this decree into execution.

Given at Paris at a permanent sitting, *December* 3, 1851.

This decree was read and agreed to by acclamation. We signed it, and the Representatives crowded round the table to join their signatures to ours.

Sain made the remark that all this signing took up time, and that in fact, there were only sixty Representatives present, as a great number of them were absent on missions to the insurgents. He asked whether the committee, which held full powers from all the Representatives of the Left, saw any objection to add the names of all those who were at liberty, absent as well as present, to the decree?

We replied that the more signatures that were attached to it the better it would be. Besides, this had been my opinion from the first. By some chance, Bancel had in his pocket an old number of the "Moniteur," containing a division list. The names of the members of the Left were cut out, those of the imprisoned ones were effaced, and joined to the signatures at the bottom of the decree.[1]

Émile de Girardin's name in this list attracted my attention. He was still in the room, and I asked him, "Will you sign this decree?"

"Without a moment's hesitation."

"Then you will consent to print it?"

"At once."

"But," continued I, "do you still refuse to print the call to arms?"

"I do."

[1] This list, which belongs to contemporary history, having served as the law of prescription, will be found entire in the notes to this book.

The decree was drawn up in duplicate, one of which Émile de Girardin carried away with him.

The consultation went on. Every moment the other Representatives came in bringing news, — Amiens was in open revolt; Reims and Rouen were marching on Paris; General Canrobert was resisting the *coup d' état*, and General Castellane hesitating; the Minister of the United States had asked for his passport. We put little faith in these reports, and the result proved that we were in the right not to have done so. However, Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree, which was at once adopted.

DECREE.

The French Republic.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

The Representatives still at liberty, and whose signatures appear below, having formed a Permanent Committee, say, —

That having regard to the arrest of the greater part of their number and the urgency of the case, and considering that for the better accomplishment of his crime Louis Bonaparte, not content with monopolizing all the most formidable means of destruction against the lives and property of the Citizens of Paris, has trodden under foot all law and order, and destroyed all the guarantees of civilized nations, and considering that all these acts of criminal folly only excite the most violent reprobation of all honest men, and hasten the day of national reckoning, it is necessary to take our stand upon our rights.

We therefore decree, —

Article 1. That the state of siege is abolished in all

the departments where it has been proclaimed, and that the ordinary law shall be again in force.

ARTICLE 2. It is ordered that all military officials shall at once divest themselves of all the extraordinary powers that have been conferred on them, under the penalty of instant dismissal.

ARTICLE 3. Public officials are ordered, under pain of dismissal, to give effect to this present decree.

Done at a sitting of the Permanent Committee.

December 3, 1851.

Madier de Montjau and De Flotte now came in from the outside; they had been wherever there was fighting going on, and had seen with their own eyes the hesitation of certain portions of the population before these words, "The law of the 31st of May has been repealed, and Universal Suffrage has been established." The proclamations of Louis Bonaparte were evidently causing harm, and it was necessary to oppose effort to effort, and spare nothing that might open the eyes of the people. I therefore dictated the following proclamation: —

PROCLAMATION.

People, you have been deceived.

Louis Bonaparte says that he has re-established you in your rights and privileges, and has restored Universal Suffrage to you.

Read his proclamations, and you will see that he grants (what infamous sarcasm!) the right to confer upon himself, and on himself ONLY, the Constitutional power, — that is to say, the supreme authority which belongs to you alone. He grants you the right of appointing him Dictator for TEN YEARS; in other words, he grants you the right to abdicate and to set him on the throne, — a power which you do not possess, for one

generation cannot appoint a ruler for the generation that follows after it.

Yes, he permits you as rulers to give yourself a master, and that master is himself.

Hypocrisy and Treason!

People, we have unmasked the hypocrite; it is for you to punish the traitor.

The Committee of Resistance, —

JULES FAVRE, DE FLOTTE, CARNOT, MADIER DE MONTJAU, MATHIEU (DE LA DRÔME), MICHEL DE BOURGES, VICTOR HUGO."

Baudin had died like a hero; it was necessary to make this known to the people, and to honour his memory. The following decree was proposed by Michel de Bourges, and carried unanimously: —

DECREE.

The Representatives of the People, at liberty, consider that the Representative Baudin has died on the barricade of the Faubourg Saint Antoine for the Republic and for the Law, and that he has deserved well of his country.

It is therefore decreed, —

That the honour of a public funeral in the Pantheon be conferred on the remains of the Representative Baudin.

Done at a sitting of the Permanent Committee, *December* 3, 1851.

After due honour had been paid to the dead, and the means of sustaining the combat had been entered into, it was necessary, according to my idea, to do something for the amelioration of the people. I therefore proposed the abolition of duties on goods entering Paris, and also the tax on wines and spirits. This, however, met with some opposition.

"No bribes to the people. After we have triumphed, we will see. In the mean time let the people fight. If they will not rise, if they will not fight, if they are unable to understand that it is for their rights that we Representatives are risking our lives at this very moment, if they leave us alone in the breach to face the *coup d' état*, they are not worthy of their liberty!"

Bancel remarked that the abolition of these taxes was not a bribe to the people, but an assistance to the poverty-stricken, a great economical and restorative act, an answer to a public appeal which the Right had always obstinately refused to listen to, and which the Left, now it was master of the situation, should at once be ready to accord.

This was agreed to with the reservation that it should not be made public until after our victory, and that both should then appear in this form:—

DECREE.

The Representatives of the People, at liberty,

Decree,—

That octroi duties shall be abolished throughout the whole extent of the Republic.

Done at a sitting of the Permanent Committee, *December* 3, 1851.

Versigny, with these decrees, went in search of Hetzel. Labrousse went off on his own side, and we made arrangements to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of a former member of the Provisional Government, M. Marie, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

As the members of Committee and the Representatives were going away, I was informed that some one was desirous of seeing me. I went into a small room off the one in which we had been sitting, and found

there a man dressed in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic cast of features, who had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," said he, "you have no printing-office. Here is a way to do without one."

He unrolled the paper on the chimney-piece. It was a book filled with leaves of very thin blue paper, which appeared to have been slightly oiled. Between each sheet of blue was a sheet of white paper. He then pulled out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying, "Anything that first comes to hand will serve instead of this,—a nail, or a match."

Then he traced with the bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic," and turning over the leaves, exclaimed, "Look!" The word "Republic" was reproduced in the fifteen or twenty sheets of white paper which the book contained.

"We always use this sort of paper to reproduce patterns, and I thought that it might prove useful at a time like the present. I have at home a hundred sheets of this paper, with which I can make a hundred copies of whatever you like,—of a proclamation, for instance,—in the same time that you would take to make five or six. Write something that you think may be of use at this crisis, and by to-morrow five hundred copies of it shall be posted about Paris."

I had no copies of the decrees which we had just drawn up, as Versigny had gone off with the copies; but I took a sheet of paper and wrote the following proclamation, resting the paper on the corner of the mantel-piece:—

TO THE ARMY.

Soldiers!

A man has just shattered the Constitution. He has broken the oath he swore to the people, suppressed the

law, stifled Right, bespattered Paris with blood, bound France hand and foot, and betrayed the Republic.

Soldiers, this man is leading you into crime. There are two sacred things,—the banner which represents Military Honour, and the law which represents National Rights.

Soldiers, the vilest of crimes is when the banner is unfurled against the law. Follow no longer the wretch who has beguiled you; for, for a crime like this, the French Army should be the avenger and not the accomplice.

This man says that his name is Bonaparte. He lies, for Bonaparte is a word that means glory.

This man says that he is called Napoleon. He lies, for Napoleon is a name that means genius, whilst he is both obscure and petty.

Leave this criminal to the Law.

Soldiers, he is but a false Napoleon. A real Napoleon would give you another Marengo; he would force you to recommence Transnonain.

Turn your eyes to the real duties of the French Army; protect your country; spread the fire of revolution; free the people; sustain the nationalities; deliver the Continent; break the fetters far and near, and defend the right everywhere! That is your duty amidst the enemies of Europe, for you are worthy of glorious battlefields.

Soldiers, the French Army is the advanced guard of Humanity. Pull yourselves together; think, reflect, know yourselves; think of your generals arrested, taken by the collar by police spies, handcuffed, and cast into a robber's cell. The villain who is at the Elysée believes that the French Army is a band of the Lower Empire, whom he can pay and intoxicate, and who will do his will. He wishes you to perform an infamous

task; he wants you to commit murder in the full blaze of the nineteenth century; he wishes you, the children of France, to destroy all that France has so painfully and so gloriously constructed in three centuries of civilization and in sixty years of revolution. Soldiers, if you are the Grand Army, respect the Grand Nation.

We, the Citizen Representatives of the People, are your friends and brothers; we, who have law and right on our side; we, who stand before you, holding out our hands, whilst you blindly strike at us with your swords, we are driven to despair; and do you know why? It is not because we see our own blood flow, but because we see your honour fading away.

Soldiers, one step further into crime, remain one day longer with Louis Bonaparte and you are lost in the opinion of all men. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not generals, but criminals. The garb of the convict awaits them; you can already see it upon their shoulders.

Soldiers, there is yet time. Stay! Return to your country, return to the Republic. If you persist in the cause in which you have embarked, do you know what history will say of you?

That you have crushed under your feet, under the hoofs of your horses and the wheels of your guns, every law of your country; that you as French soldiers have dishonoured the anniversary of Austerlitz by your guilt and crime, and that to-day you have showered upon the names of Napoleon and France as much shame and disgrace as there was formerly honour and glory.

Soldiers of France, cease, then, to lend your hands to crime and dishonour.

My colleagues had all left, and so I was unable to consult them. Time pressed, and I signed, "For the

Representatives of the People, at liberty, the Representative member of the Committee of Resistance — VICTOR HUGO.

The man in the blouse carried off the proclamation.

"You shall see it to-morrow," said he.

He kept his word. I saw it the next day posted up in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue l'Homme Aimé and at the chapel of Saint Denis. To those who did not understand the method, it seemed to have been written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of returning home; and when I came to the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, opposite my door, I found it by some chance standing half open. I pushed it, entered, and passing through the courtyard, ascended the staircase without seeing any one.

My wife and daughter were seated in the drawing-room by the fire, in company with Mme. Paul Meurice. I came in noiselessly. They were whispering together, and speaking of Pierre Dupont, the popular ballad-maker, who had come to my house to ask for arms. Isidore, who had formerly been a soldier, possessed a pair of pistols which he had lent to him. All at once the ladies turned their heads and saw me close to them. My daughter uttered a faint cry.

"Oh, go away at once!" cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck. "You are lost if you remain here a minute."

"The police were here looking for you not a quarter of an hour ago," added Mme. Paul Meurice.

I could not succeed in reassuring them. She handed me a bundle of letters offering me shelter for the night, some of them signed with names certainly unknown to me. After a few minutes' conversation, seeing that they were growing more and more alarmed, I was about to leave, when my wife said to me, "What you are doing

is for the sake of justice and right; go on with your task."

I embraced my wife and daughter. Five months have passed between that time and the words which I am now writing. Whilst I fled away into exile they remained near the prison of my son Victor, and from that day to this I have not seen them. I went out as I had come in. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children sitting round a table with a lamp on it, laughing, and looking at the engravings in a book.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARCHBISHOP.

ON that dark and fatal day a man of the people conceived an idea. He was a workman belonging to the imperceptible minority of Catholic democrats. The twofold exaltation of his intellect, revolutionary on one side and mystic on the other, caused him to be looked on with a little suspicion by his comrades and friends. Sufficiently devout to be called a Jesuit by the Socialists, and sufficiently republican to be called a "Red" by the reactionaries, he was an exceptional man in the workshops of the faubourg. What is required at important crises to retain and govern the masses are the exceptions of genius, not the exceptions of opinion. There is no such thing as revolutionary originality. To be of any account in the times of regeneration and the days of social strife one must plunge deeply into those powerful homogeneous middle courses which are known as parties. The great currents of men follow the great currents of ideas, and the true revolutionary chief is he who knows best how to instil this into the minds of his hearers. The Gospel agrees with Revolution; not so Catholicism, — that springs from the Papacy, which is not in accordance with the Gospel. It is easy to understand a man's being a republican Christian, but not a Catholic democrat. That seems to be composed of two opposing elements. It is a spirit in which the negative

strives against the affirmative. In fact, it is a neuter In times of revolution that which is neuter is powerless.

However, during the first hours of resistance to the *coup d' état* this Catholic democratic workman, whose noble effort we are about to chronicle, threw himself so resolutely into the cause of truth and justice, that in a short time he changed distrust into confidence, and was loudly applauded by the people. He showed such valour during the construction of the barricade of the Rue Aumaire that he was unanimously chosen to be its chief. When it was attacked he defended it with the same ardour that he had shown in building it. It was a sad and yet a glorious fight. The greater portion of his comrades were slain, and he himself only escaped by a miracle. However, he managed to regain his own house, and said, in his agony of mind, "All is lost!"

It seemed to him certain that the greater proportion of the people would not rise; so that it seemed to him impossible to conquer the *coup d' état* by a revolution, and that it could only be done by some legal means. That which had been the chance at the beginning became the chance at the end, for he could see that the end was very near at hand. In his opinion, as the people had failed, the only thing to be done was to make the trading classes rise. Let a legion of the National Guard once take up arms, and the Elysée was lost. But to do this he must strike a decisive blow, to find the heart of the middle classes, and to stir them up by some grand sight which was not an alarming one. Then it was that he conceived his idea. It was to write to the Archbishop of Paris.

The workman took his pen in his hand, and in his poor garret wrote to the Archbishop of Paris a letter full of enthusiasm, in which he, a true believer, though a

man of the people, thus addressed his bishop. We give the spirit of the letter: —

"The hour is a solemn one: the civil war has caused the army and the people to fight. Blood flows. When blood flows the bishop intervenes. M. Sibour should continue what M. Affre began. The example was a grand one, the occasion is even grander.

"Let the Archbishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, his mitre on his head, and the pontifical cross borne before him, walk in procession through the streets. Let him summon the National Assembly, the judges of the High Court in their red robes, the Representatives with their scarves of office, and the citizens and soldiers, and let him go straight to the Elysée. There let him raise up his hand in the name of justice against the man who is breaking the law, and in the name of Jesus against the spiller of blood; for by so doing he will crush the *coup d'etat*, he will raise himself to a position on the pedestal of M. Affre, and in ages to come it shall be said that there were two archbishops of Paris who crushed civil war beneath their feet.

"The Church is sacred as well as the country. This time it is necessary that the Church should come to the rescue of the country."

When he had ended his letter he signed it, but the question was how to send it to its destination. "Should he take it himself?"

Perhaps the poor workman, clad in his blouse, would not be permitted to enter the archiepiscopal presence; besides, in order to reach the bishop's palace it would be necessary to pass through the insurgent parts of the town, where fighting was perhaps still going on, and he would have to pass through streets full of troops. He would be stopped and searched. His hands still smelt of powder; he would be shot, and the letter would never reach its destination. What was to be done? In a moment

of despair the name of Arnaud (de l'Ariège) flashed across his mind.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège) was a Representative after his own heart. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) was a magnificent character. He was a Catholic democrat, like the working-man; his aspirations were high, but he bore almost alone that banner which only the few followed who wished to see democracy and the Church united. Arnaud (de l'Ariège), young, handsome, eloquent, and full of enthusiasm, gentle yet firm, combined the habits of the political arena with the earnest faith of a true knight. His honourable soul, without wishing to break with Rome, worshipped liberty. He had two contending principles in him; he was not double-faced. Democracy, in fact, carried the day. One day he said to me, "I would give my hand to Victor Hugo, but not to Montalembert."

The working-man knew him; he had often written to him, and had occasionally seen him.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège) lived in a part of the city in which there had been hardly any disturbances. The working-man went there at once.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège), like the greater number of us, had taken part in the struggle. Like the rest of the members of the Left, he had not returned to his own house on the morning of December 2d. On the second day, however, he thought of his young wife, whom he had left without knowing if he should see her again, of his baby only six months old, whom he had not fondled for so many hours, and of that calm and peaceful fireside which every man at certain times so ardently longs for. He could resist the feeling no longer. The chance of arrest, the prison of Mazas, the cell, the convict's jail, the military firing party, all vanished from his mind, and he came home.

It was at that moment that the working-man arrived.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège) received him, read his letter, and approved of it. He knew the Archbishop of Paris personally.

M. Sibour, a republican priest, had been nominated Archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac; he was the true head of the Church, and one who believed in the Liberal Catholicism of Arnaud (de l'Ariège). In the eyes of the Archbishop he represented in the Assembly the true Catholic feeling, which M. de Montalembert was endeavouring to stamp out. The democratic Representative and the republican Archbishop had had many opportunities for consultation, in which the Abbé Maret served as an intermediary,— an intelligent priest, a friend to progress and the people, the Vicar-General of Paris, who was afterwards appointed Bishop *in partibus* of Surat. Some days before, Arnaud had seen the Archbishop, who listened to his condolences on the subject of the bigotry displayed by the clerical party against the episcopal authority, and had even proposed to appeal shortly to the Minister on the subject, and place the matter before the Assembly.

Arnaud gave a letter of introduction, and placed both missives in the same envelope. But the same difficulty cropped up again,— how was the letter to be delivered?

Arnaud, for even more serious reasons than those of the working-man, could not be the bearer of the letter himself, and time was an object.

His wife saw his embarrassment, and with simple kindness said, "I will take charge of it."

Mme. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) was a beautiful young woman who had been scarcely two years married; she was the daughter of an old republican voter named Guichard, — a worthy daughter of such a father, and a worthy wife of such a husband.

Fighting was still going on in Paris; to pass through the streets was to incur much peril, and life was in danger from the bullets that were flying about.

Arnaud (de l'Ariège) hesitated. "What do you want to do?" asked he.

"I will take the letter."

"Yourself?"

"Myself."

"But you will run great danger."

She raised her eyes to his and answered, "Did I urge that argument when you left me yesterday?"

With tears in his eyes, he clasped her in his arms and replied, "Go."

The police at that time, however, were very suspicious, and many women passing through the streets had been searched, so that there was a risk of the letter being found on her. Where could it be hidden?

"I will take baby with me," replied Mme. Arnaud; and unfastening the infant's clothes she concealed the letter beneath them, and fastened them up again. "Ah, the little 'Red Republican,' said she, with a smile; "only six months old, and a conspirator already!"

Mme. Arnaud was successful in reaching the Archbishop, but not without difficulty. The vehicle in which she was riding had to take a long round. She arrived at last, however, and asked for the Archbishop A woman with a baby in her arms cannot be very dangerous, and she was permitted to enter the palace. She was wondering which way to turn when she saw the Abbé Maret, with whom she was acquainted, and went up to him, telling him the object of her visit. The Abbé read the working-man's letter, and praised it enthusiastically.

"This may save all!" exclaimed he. "Come with me, madame, and I will introduce you."

The Archbishop of Paris was in his room which adjoins his study. The Abbé Maret showed Mme. Arnaud into the study, and went to acquaint the Archbishop with her arrival; he came to her almost immediately. Besides the Abbé Maret, the Abbé Deguerry and the Rector of the Madeleine were also present. Mme. Arnaud handed to M. Sibour the letters from her husband and the working-man. The Archbishop read them, and remained plunged in melancholy.

"What reply shall I take to my husband?" asked Mme. Arnaud.

"Madame," replied the Archbishop, "it is too late. This should have been done before the struggle began. Now perhaps it would cause even more blood to be spilt than has already flowed."

The Abbé Deguerry remained silent. The Abbé Maret endeavoured in the most respectful way to induce the Archbishop to adopt the wise advice of the working-man. He spoke eloquently, and protested that this decided course of action on the part of the Archbishop would most likely bring about a demonstration on the part of the National Guard, and that such a demonstration would cause the Elysée to draw back.

"No," answered the Archbishop. "You hope for an impossibility. The Elysée will not draw back. You think that if I were to adopt the method you propose that I should stop the flow of blood — never! I should only make it flow in rivers. The National Guard has no military influence. If the legions mustered, the Elysée would have them annihilated by the regular troops. And besides, what is an Archbishop by the side of the man of the *coup d'état?* Where is his regard for the oath that he has sworn, for the word that he has pledged? Where his respect for power and right? No man who has entered upon such a career of crime

will ever draw back. No, no; you must not hope. That man will stop at nothing. He has struck a blow at the law in the hands of the Representatives, and he will strike now at God through me." And with the air of a man utterly disheartened he dismissed Mme. Arnaud.

Let us do our duty as an historian. Six weeks later a *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame in honour of the treason of the 2d of December. The presiding priest was the Archbishop Sibour.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO VALÉRIEN.

OF the two hundred and thirty Representatives, prisoners in the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, fifty-three had been sent to Mount Valérien. They had filled four prisoners' vans; the remainder had been crowded into an omnibus. Messrs. Benoit d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil were locked up in the ambulatory cells, as were also Eugène Sue and Esquiros. The Honourable M. Beaumont, a great advocate for solitary confinement, was in the cellular vehicle. It is sometimes good that a legislator should test his own theories. The commandant of Mount Valérien met the imprisoned Representatives in the archway leading into the fort.

He at first wished to lock them up separately, but General Oudinot, under whom he had once served, spoke to him with some severity: —

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, General."

"Very well, that is enough, don't ask anything more."

"Yes," broke in Tamisier, "ask much more, and salute us. We are above the army, as we are France herself."

The commandant understood him, and from that moment was most respectful, — his hat off to the General, and his head bared before the Representatives.

They showed the Representatives into a barrack room in the fort, and shut them up in it, all crowded together. Fresh beds were brought in which the soldiers had just left, and thus they passed their first night in prison. The beds were placed so close to each other that they touched, and the sheets were dirty.

The next morning it was learned from some words that had been heard outside, that a selection was going to be made from the fifty-three, and that the Republicans were going to be put into a separate prison from the rest. Shortly afterwards this rumour was confirmed. Mme. de Luynes managed to see her husband, and brought with her some information. Amongst other pieces of intelligence she had heard that the Keeper of the Seals, a man who signed his name as "Eugène Rouher, Minister of Justice," had said, "Let the men of the Right be released, and the men of the Left thrown into a dungeon. If the people make a move, *they* shall answer for all. As hostages for the submission of the faubourgs we hold the lives of the Reds in our hands."

We do not believe that M. Rouher uttered these words, for at that time M. Rouher had no position. Nominated to the Ministry of December 2d, he temporized, and showed a vague sort of modesty, and did not dare to go and install himself in the Place Vendôme. And yet was all that he did correct? With certain minds the doubt of success changes into scruples of conscience. To violate every law, to perjure oneself, to stamp out the right, to renunciate one's country,—can these be called the acts of an honourable man? When matters remain in the balance of doubt, such a man hangs back; but when all points to certain success he dashes forwards. When the triumph is assured there need be no fear of dismissal, and there is nothing like success to cleanse and render acceptable the stranger

visitant denominated "Crime." Later on Rouher was one of Louis Bonaparte's most violent advisers. This is simple enough; his fear at the commencement explains the zeal he displayed afterwards. In point of fact, those words of menace were uttered by Persigny.

M. de Luynes told his colleagues what was in preparation for them, and warned them that their names were going to be asked so that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A murmur, which seemed to be unanimous, was at once raised, and a generous tone of feeling was displayed which did honour to the members of the Right.

"No, no! let us give no names; do not let us be sorted out!" exclaimed M. Gustave de Beaumont.

M. Vatimesnil added: "We came in here altogether, and we ought to go out in the same manner."

A very little time afterwards, Anthony Thouret was warned that a list of names was being secretly compiled, and that the Royalist Representatives were being asked to sign it. This rather shabby proceeding was attributed, no doubt wrongfully, to the Honourable M. Falloux. Anthony Thouret at once spoke up boldly in the miast of the crowd that buzzed about the dormitory:—

"Gentlemen, a list of names is being prepared. This is a most unworthy proceeding. Yesterday in the town-hall of the 10th Arrondissement you said, 'We are no longer Left or Right; we are the Assembly.' Then you believed in the triumph of the People and were glad to take shelter behind us Republicans. Now you believe in the victory of the *coup d'état*, and you resume your Royalist opinions and throw over us democrats. Very good; do so!"

A general clamour was raised.

"No, no! No more Left or Right,—only the Assembly. The same lot for us all!" and the list which had been commenced was seized and burnt.

"By unanimous decision of the House," observed M. de Vatimesnil, with a smile.

"Not of the House, but of those housed!" retorted a Legitimist Representative.

A short time after this the Commissary of the Court made his appearance, and in a polite, though rather an arbitrary, manner, invited each of the Representatives to declare their names, so that quarters might be assigned to them. A shout of indignation was the reply.

"Let no one give his name," said General Oudinot.

"We have all the same name," added Gustave de Beaumont, "and that is, Representative of the People."

The Commissary bowed and left the room, but in about two hours he returned, accompanied by the head usher of the House of Assembly, a man called Duponceau,—a surly old fellow, with a red face and white hair,—who, on great occasions, strutted about the foot of the tribunal with a silver collar, a chain hanging down over his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

"Do your duty," said the Commissary to Duponceau.

What the Commissary meant, and what Duponceau understood by the word "duty," was that the usher should denounce the legislators, like a lackey betraying his master. And this was how it was done: Duponceau had the audacity to look each of the Representatives in the face, and named them one after the other to an agent of the police, who took everything down. Master Duponceau did not escape scot free whilst performing this duty.

"M. Duponceau," said M. de Vatimesnil, "I always knew that you were a fool; but until to-day I had imagined you to be an honest man."

But the harshest thing said was by Anthony Thouret; for, looking him full in the face, he remarked, "You deserve to be called Dupin."

The usher indeed was worthy of being president, and the President of being usher.

When the flock had been numbered, the classification commenced. Thirteen goats were found,—ten members of the Left (Eugène Sue, Esquiros, Anthony Thouret Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, Benoit, Tamisier, Teillard-Latérisse) and three members of the Right, who had suddenly been transformed into "Reds" in the eyes of the authorities,—Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de Rosière. These they shut up separately, and released the remaining forty, one by one.

CHAPTER IX.

LIGHT DAWNS ON THE PEOPLE.

APPEARANCES in the evening were very threatening. Groups had formed on the boulevards, which in the night increased to crowds, — an immense crowd, which was every moment increased by the streams that poured in from the side-streets; an elbowing, waving, stormy crowd, from which issued a hoarse threatening murmur. This sound was soon condensed into one word; a word which sprang from every mouth, and which at once explained everything, — Soulouque! In the long line of people from the Madeleine to the Bastille, almost everywhere, except (was this done on purpose?) at the Gates of Saint Denis and Saint Martin, the roadway was occupied by troops, cavalry, and infantry, all ready for action, and artillery ready horsed. On the pavements on each side of this dark and threatening wall bristling with cannon, sabres, and bayonets, rolled waves of angry citizens. Everywhere the greatest indignation was expressed at the sight of the boulevards. At the Bastille there was a dead calm.

At the Gate of Saint Martin, the crowd, which was packed closely together, and seemed very uneasy, spoke almost in whispers, and groups of working-men talked together in low tones.

The Society of the Tenth of December made some efforts. Men in white blouses, a kind of uniform which the police had adopted for the time, went about

saying, "Let them do as they like. Let the twenty-five francers settle matters. They deserted us in June, '48; let them get out of the matter by themselves. It is not our look-out."

The other men in the blue blouses replied, "We know what we have to do. It has only just begun. We shall see what we shall see."

Others related how they were reconstructing barricades in the Rue Aumaire, and that many persons had already been killed; that the soldiers, who were intoxicated, had fired without giving any warning; and that at many spots in the quarter there were ambulances filled with wounded and dead.

All this was said calmly, without excitement of voice or gesture, as if they were confiding in each other. Every now and then the crowd became silent and listened, when the distant sound of musketry could be heard.

Men said, "Now the curtain is about to draw up."

We were sitting in permanent committee at M. Marie's house, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and support came to us from every side. Many of our colleagues who had been unable to join us at first now came to our meeting,— amongst others, Emmanuel Arago (the brave son of an illustrious father), Farconnet, and Roussel de l'Yonne; together with many Parisian celebrities, including the young but a truly well-known defender of the "Avénement du Peuple," M. Desmarets.

Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, were seated at a large table near the window, drawing up an address to the National Guard.

Sain was seated before the fire, drying his wet boots, and saying, with the calm and courageous smile that his face always wore when speaking: "Things are going badly for us, but well for the Republic. Martial law

has been proclaimed, and will be carried out with the greatest severity, especially against us. We are watched, followed, and tracked; and there is but little chance of our escaping. To-day,— in ten minutes perhaps,— there will be a real smash-up of Representatives. We shall be captured here or elsewhere, and shot on the spot or killed with bayonet-thrusts. They will trample on our corpses, and it is to be hoped that by so doing the people will at last be induced to rise and upset Bonaparte. We are as good as dead men, but Bonaparte is irretrievably lost."

As Émile de Girardin promised, at eight o'clock we received from the office of "La Presse" five hundred copies of the decree of dismissal and outlawry, pointing out the judgment of the High Court, and with all our signatures attached. It was Noël Parfait who brought the copies, still damp from the press, concealed between his waistcoat and shirt.

Thirty Representatives divided them, and hurried to the boulevards to distribute them amongst the public.

This decree fell into the hands of the populace just at the right moment, and produced a most excellent effect. It was in the form of a handbill, about twice the size of the palm of the hand, and printed on proof paper.

The excitement was prodigious. People snatched at the handbills and hurried to the lighted windows or formed groups beneath the lamps in order to read the contents; whilst others, climbing on to the posts or the tables outside the cafés, read the decree in a loud voice.

"That is it! Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the crowd. "The signatures, the signatures! Read the signatures!"

As each popular name was read out, the people clapped their hands.

Charamaule, gay and careless, pushed his way through the crowd, distributing copies of the decree. His great

height, his bold and energetic words, and the packet of papers which he brandished above his head, caused every hand to be extended towards him.

"Shout, 'Down with Soulouque!' and you shall have one," he would say, and all this in the presence of the soldiers. A sergeant of the Line perceiving Charamaule stretched out his hand for one.

"Sergeant," said Charamaule, "cry 'Down with Soulouque!'"

The sergeant hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "No, I will not."

"Very well," returned Charamaule. "Shout, 'Long live Soulouque!'"

This time the sergeant did not pause, but waving his sabre above his head, he shouted in the midst of a storm of laughter and ironical plaudits, 'Long live Soulouque!'"

The reading of the decree added gloomy ardour to the former feeling of indignation. On all sides the proclamations of the *coup d' état* were torn down. From the Café des Variétés some young men shouted to the officers, "You are drunk!"

Working-men in the Boulevard Bourne Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers, crying out "Fire, you cowards, fire on unarmed men! If we had guns you would soon raise the butt-ends of your muskets in the air."

The cavalry made several charges in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops on the Boulevard Saint Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, the crowd there was more dense than elsewhere. All the shops were closed, and the streets now only lighted by the lamps. From the unlighted windows the indistinct shapes of heads looking out on the scene could be distinguished. Darkness

produces silence, and as we have said before, the crowd held its peace, and only a confused whispering could be heard.

All at once a bright light was seen, and a loud sound and tumult came from the entrance of the Rue Saint Martin. All eyes were at once turned in that direction, and a kind of deep swell convulsed the crowd. A rush was made to the sloping paths leading up to the raised pavements, which border the cutting opposite the theatres of the Porte Saint Martin and the Ambigu. A howling crowd bearing lights came along singing the well-known song,—

> "To arms, citizens!
> Form in your battalions."

The crowd had torches in their hands, and the song was the "Marseillaise," that other torch of war and revolution.

The crowd drew back to give passage to the mass of men bearing torches and singing, which at length reached the cutting and entered it. Then it could be seen of what this melancholy procession consisted. It was composed of two distinct groups. The first carried a board on its shoulders, upon which was stretched the body of an old man with a white beard, a gaping mouth, and fixed and glassy eyes; there was a bullet-hole in the centre of the forehead. With every step that the bearers took the dead body quivered, and the head rose and fell in a manner at once threatening and pathetic. One of the men who carried it was pale, and wounded in the breast. He pressed his hand upon his wound, and as he supported the feet of the corpse, seemed himself ready to fall to the ground. The second group bore another bier, upon which a young man was stretched with pale face and closed eyes; his shirt, which was open, showed the wounds in his chest. As the two litters were borne

along, the crowd sang the "Marseillaise," and at the chorus they halted, and waving their torches shouted "To arms!" A few of the younger men brandished naked sabres. The torches cast a blood-red light upon the faces of the dead bodies and the pallid countenances of the crowd. A shudder ran through the crowd of spectators. It seemed that the terrible vision of February was once again presented to their sight.

This grisly procession came from the Rue Aumaire. About eight o'clock some thirty working-men collected from the neighbourhood of the Markets; the same men, who the next day erected the barricade in the Rue de Guérin Boisseau, had come into the Rue Aumaire by the Rue de Petit Léon, the Rue Neuve Bourg l'Abbé, and the Square of Saint Martin. They came to fight, but all was over then, and the infantry had retired after destroying the barricade. Two bodies, one that of an old man of seventy, and the other of a young man of twenty-five years old, lay on the pavement at the corner of the street, their faces uncovered and their bodies in a pool of blood. Both had coats on, and seemed to belong to the trading portion of the community. The old man, whose hat was by his side, was a truly venerable figure, with white hair and beard, and a calm expression of face. A ball had passed through his head. The young man's chest was pierced by several buckshot. They were father and son. The son having seen his father fall had cried out, "I too wish to die." Both the bodies were close together. In front of the gateway of the Academy of Art and Science there was a house in process of construction. The men went there and procured two planks, placed the bodies on them, raised them on their shoulders, lighted torches, and commenced their march. In the Rue Saint Denis a man in a white blouse barred the way.

"Where are you going?" said he; "you will get into trouble. You are playing into the hands of the twenty-five francers."

"Down with the police! Down with the men in the white blouses!" shouted the crowd. The man slunk away.

As they went on, fresh numbers joined them, and the "Marseillaise" was sung; but with the exception of a few sabres, the crowd was perfectly unarmed. On the boulevards the deepest sympathy was aroused. Women clasped their hands with exclamations of sorrow. One working-man cried out, "And to think that we are unarmed!"

The procession, after having for some time followed the boulevards, turned into the streets, followed by a sympathizing and indignant crowd, and reached the Rue Gravilliers. There a large party of police-agents, some twenty in number, came sharply out of a narrow street and rushed sword in hand upon the bearers of the biers, and threw the bodies into the mud. A regiment of Chasseurs followed at the charge, and put an end to the struggle with bayonet-thrusts. One hundred and two citizens were taken prisoners and conducted to the Prefecture. The two corpses received several blows with swords in the affray, and were slain for the second time. Brigadier Revial, who commanded the body of police-agents, had the cross of the Legion of Honour conferred on him for this gallant feat of arms.

Our position at Marie's was now most hazardous, and we decided to leave the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. At the Elysée, a panic took place. Ex-commandant Fleury, one of the presidency *aides-de-camp* was called into the room where M. Bonaparte had remained for the whole of the day. M. Bonaparte spoke with him for a few minutes in private, and then M. Fleury left

the room, and mounting his horse, rode at a gallop in the direction of Mazas.

The men of the *coup d'état* met and took counsel in M. Bonaparte's private room. Things were going badly, and there was a probability of the resistance assuming formidable proportions. Up to the present they had hoped for resistance, now they were not quite sure if they did not dread it. There were alarming symptoms in the steadiness of the opposition, and others equally so in the cowardice of their adherents. Not a single one of the newly-appointed ministers had taken possession of his post,— a signification of timidity, very unusual on the part of persons ordinarily so eager to snatch at everything. M. Rouher, in particular, had disappeared, no one knew where,— a sign of an approaching tempest. Putting Louis Bonaparte on one side, the responsibility of the *coup d'état* was on the shoulders of three men, — Morny, Saint Arnaud, and Maupas. "Saint Arnaud answers for Magnan, but will Magnan answer for Saint Arnaud?" said Morny with a smile.

These men took every precaution; they ordered up fresh regiments. The order for the garrisons to move on Paris was sent on the one side as far as Cherbourg, and on the other to Maburge. These guilty men, terribly uneasy in their inmost souls, sought to deceive each other. They kept up a show of confidence, and spoke of success as a certainty; but in private each had made preparations for flight, and without saying a word, so as to give no hint to others as much committed as themselves, that in case of failure they might leave some victims behind for the people to devour. For in this little school of Machiavellian monkeys, one of the necessary conditions of a successful escape was to abandon their comrades, and, in flying, to cast their accomplices behind them.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT FLEURY WENT TO MAZAS FOR.

ON that night, about four o'clock in the morning, the neighbourhood of the Northern Railway was silently occupied by two regiments, — one of Chasseurs de Vincennes, and the other of Light Gendarmerie. A number of detachments of police took possession of the platform. The order was given to the station superintendent to prepare a special train and to see that an engine got up steam. A number of firemen and drivers were ordered to be retained for night service. No explanation was given, and the most absolute silence was observed. A little before six o'clock there was a slight movement amongst the troops, and a few minutes afterwards a squadron of Lancers came up the Rue du Nord at a fast trot. In their midst were two prison-vans drawn by post-horses, and behind each van was a small open carriage tenanted by a single occupant. Fleury, the *aide-de-camp*, rode at the head of the Lancers. The vans and escort entered the station, and all the gates were at once closed. The men who were in the open carriages made themselves known to the superintendent of the station, with whom Fleury had a private interview. This mysterious arrival excited the surprise of the railway officials, who questioned the police, who, however, knew nothing. All that they were able to say was that the prison-vans held eight, and that there were four prisoners in each, every one occupying a separate

cell, and that the other four compartments were occupied by policemen, to prevent the prisoners from communicating with each other.

After a good deal of conversation between the *aide-de-camp* Fleury and the acolytes of the Prefect Maupas, the two vans were placed upon trucks, with an open carriage behind each one, like a movable watch-house, in which a policeman could keep guard. The locomotive was in readiness, the trucks and the tender were coupled on, and the train started. It was a pitch-dark night. For a long while the train rolled along in the deepest silence. However, it began to freeze; and in the second prison-van the police, wearied with their journey, opened their cell doors and began walking up and down, to warm themselves and stretch their limbs, in the narrow passage which runs from one end of the prison-van to the other. The day was breaking, and the four policemen took deep breaths of the outside air and looked at the landscape through that sort of port-hole which runs round the sides of the ceiling of the passage. All at once a powerful voice issued from one of the closed cells, exclaiming,—

"Ah! but it is very cold here; can't we light a cigar, eh?"

In a moment a fresh voice issued from another cell, saying,—

"Why, it is you. Good-morning, Lamoricière."

"Good-morning, Cavaignac," returned the first voice.

General Lamoricière and General Cavaignac had just recognized each other.

A third voice was now heard:—

"Ah, gentlemen, so you are there? Good-day, and a good journey to you."

The last one who had spoken was General Changarnier.

"Generals," said a fourth voice, "I am also here with you."

The three generals burst into a loud laugh as they recognized the voice of M. Baze. This van was taking out of Paris, Baze the treasurer, and Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier; the other van, which was placed in the foremost truck, contained Colonel Charras, Generals Bédeau and Leflô, and the Count Roger (du Nord).

At midnight each of these eight Representatives were sleeping in their cells at Mazas, when there came a knocking at their doors, and a voice cried,—

"Dress yourselves; you are going to be fetched."

"To be shot?" asked Charras through his door; but no reply was made to his question.

It is worthy of remark that the same idea struck all of them; and if we may believe what came out afterwards when the accomplices quarrelled amongst themselves, it appeared that if we had made any attempt upon Mazas to release the prisoners, a general butchery had been decided on, and that Saint Arnaud held the order to this effect signed by Louis Bonaparte.

The prisoners got up. They had received a similar order the night before, and had passed the night walking about, until, at six in the morning, their jailers had said, "You may go to bed again."

The time went on, and many believed that it would be the same as the night before, and so, when they heard five strike in the interior of the prison, were about to go to bed again, when the doors of the cells opened. The whole eight were made to come down one by one and get into a prison-van, so that no one might recognize the other on the way. A man dressed in black, seated at a table with a pen in his hand, stopped them in the most insolent manner on their way to the van and asked their names.

"I am no more desirous of telling you my name than I am anxious to learn yours," answered General Lamoricière as he passed him by.

The *aide-de-camp* Fleury, hiding his uniform under his cloak, kept near the registry office of the prison. He had been charged at the Elysée — to use his own expression — with the "embarkation." Fleury had served during nearly all his military career in Africa under General Lamoricière; and it was General Lamoricière, who, being Minister of War in 1848, had given him the rank of major. As General Lamoricière passed through the office he looked Fleury steadily in the face.

As soon as they got into the prison-van the generals were smoking. They took their cigars out, but Lamoricière retained his. A voice outside called out three times, "Stop his smoking." A policeman who was standing just outside the door of the cell hesitated for some time, and at last ended by saying, "Throw away your cigar." Later on came the exclamation which had made Cavaignac recognize Lamoricière.

When the carriages were full they went off. They did not know where they were going or whom they were with. Each one, locked up in his cell by himself, watched the turns they took, and tried to guess in what direction they were going. Some thought that they were going north, others that they were taking the road to Havre. They could hear the sound of their escort's horses trotting along the road. In the train the discomfort of the cells kept on increasing. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a cloak and a parcel, was more in want of room than the others; he could hardly move an inch. He was perishing with cold, and ended with saying the words that put all four into communication. Upon hearing the names of their prisoners, the

jailers, who up to that time had behaved with great brutality, became all at once respectful.

"Come," cried General Cavaignac, "open our doors and let us walk about the passage as you are doing."

"General," replied one of the men, "that is most strictly forbidden, and the Commissary of Police, who is behind in another carriage, can see anything that goes on inside here."

A short time afterwards, however, the jailers, under plea of the cold, let down the ground glass window which was at the end of the vehicle nearest to the Commissary, and having thus "blockaded the police," as they termed it, opened the doors and let out their prisoners.

The four Representatives were delighted to see each other once more, and to be able to shake hands. Each of the three generals, however, in this expansion of feeling, displayed his natural characteristics. Lamoricière was angry, but yet witty, and expatiated with all military frankness upon the conduct of "that Bonaparte;" Cavaignac was calm and cold; Changarnier remained silent, looking through the port-holes at the country they were passing through. The policemen every now and then ventured to put in a word. One of them told the prisoners that the ex-Prefect Carlier had passed the nights of the 1st and 2d of December in the Prefecture of Police.

"For my part," added he, "I left the Prefecture at midnight, and I saw him there at that hour; so for all I know he may be there still."

They came to Creil, then to Noyou, where the prisoners were given breakfast, without, however, being permitted to alight,—just a bite put into their hand and a glass of wine. The Commissaries of Police never said a word to them. They then closed the vans, and the

prisoners could feel that their prison was being taken off the trucks and placed again on its wheels. Post-horses were brought up, and the vans started, but this time at a walk. They had now a company of mobilized gendarmerie as an escort. They had been twelve hours in the prison-van when they left Noyou. The escort now halted, and the prisoners asked for leave to alight for a minute or two.

"We consent," said one of the head policemen, "but it must only be for a minute, and you must give us your word of honour not to attempt to escape."

"We will not give our word of honour," answered the prisoners.

"Gentlemen," urged the Commissary, "give it to me only for a moment, — the time in which to drink a glass of water."

"No," answered Lamoricière, "but the time in which to do the contrary," adding aside, "To the health of Louis Bonaparte!"

However, they let them get down, and for a short time to inhale the fresh air in an open field by the side of the road. Then they moved on again.

As the day was declining they perceived through their port-hole a block of high walls surmounted by a large round tower. In another moment the vehicles passed under a low arch, and then stopped in the middle of a long courtyard, surrounded by high walls, and commanded by two buildings, one of which looked like a barracks, whilst the other with its grated windows had all the aspect of a prison. The doors of the carriages were opened, and an officer who wore a captain's epaulets stood by the step. General Changarnier got out first.

"Where are we?" asked he.

The officer answered, "You are at Ham."

This officer was the commandant of the fort; he had received the appointment from General Cavaignac.

The transit from Noyou to Ham had lasted three hours and a half. They had been thirteen hours in a carriage, ten of which had been a moving cell. They were taken separately into the prison, each one to the room that had been set apart for him; but as General Lamoricière had by some error been taken into General Cavaignac's chamber, the two friends were able to shake hands once more before being parted.

General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife; but the only letter that the Commissary of Police would consent to take charge of, was one containing this single line, "I am quite well."

The principal building of the prison at Ham is composed of a ground-floor and a storey above it. The ground-floor is divided by a dark vaulted passage which leads from the front court to a backyard, and contains three rooms. The first floor has five rooms. One of the rooms on the ground-floor is a mere cupboard, almost uninhabitable; M. Baze was put into this. In the two other rooms were General Lamoricière and General Changarnier; the five other prisoners were sent up to the first floor. The room given to General Lamoricière had been occupied in the time of the captivity of the Ministers of Charles X., by the ex-Minister of Marine, M. d'Haussez. It was a low, damp room, which had been for a long time unoccupied, which had once been used as a chapel. It was floored with rough boards, mouldy and sticky, into which the foot sank. The walls were covered with a paper originally grey, but which had turned green, and was fast falling in fragments from the walls; from floor to ceiling the room was saturated with saltpetre. Two grated windows looked on to the court, and these always had to be kept open because the chim-

ney smoked. At the end of the bed between the windows were two rush-bottomed chairs and a table. The water oozed from the walls. When General Lamoricière left this room he carried away a chronic rheumatism with him. M. d'Haussez was paralyzed on his release.

When the eight prisoners had gone into their rooms, they heard the bolts shut, and a voice outside said, —

"You are in solitary confinement."

General Cavaignac occupied on the first floor the best room in the prison. The first thing that caught the General's eye was an inscription traced on the wall, mentioning the day upon which Louis Bonaparte had entered the prison, and the day upon which he had left it, — we all know in what disguise, as a bricklayer with a plank on his shoulder. The selection of this lodging had been an act of attention on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte, who having, in 1848, taken General Cavaignac's political position, now wished that, in 1851, General Cavaignac should take his in prison.

"Hands across and down the middle," Morny had remarked with a laugh.

The prisoners were guarded by the 48th Regiment of the Line, who were in garrison at Ham. The old prisons of France are utterly indifferent to the work they professed. They obey those who initiate *coups d'état* until the day when they open their dungeons to receive them. Why should they attach any importance to such words as equity, truth, or conscience? — which indeed in certain cases move men's hearts no more than if they were mere stones. They are the cold and corrupt servants of just and unjust alike. They take what is given to them. Everything is good that comes to them. Are they criminals? Capital! Are they innocent persons? Excellent! This man is the originator of a pitfall. To prison with him. That man has fallen into the

pitfall. Lock him up. Into the same room with them both. To the dungeon with the conquered.

These hideous prison houses resemble the effete human justice, which has as much idea of justice and right as they have, — that human justice that condemned Jesus and Socrates, which also takes and leaves, grasps and releases, absolves and condemns, liberates and imprisons, opens and shuts at the will of the hand that works the bolt from the outside.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF THE SECOND DAY.

WHEN we left M. Marie's house we were only just in time. The regiment charged with the duty of hunting us down was approaching; we could hear through the darkness the measured tread of the soldiers. The streets were full of gloom, and we dispersed. I will say nothing of an asylum that was refused us. In less than ten minutes after our departure the house of M. Marie was closely invested. A mass of glittering bayonets and sabres spread over the house from cellar to garret.

"Search everywhere, everywhere!" cried the officers.

The soldiers carried out the search with much eagerness. Without wasting time to stop and look under the beds, they thrust their bayonets beneath them in all directions. Sometimes they had difficulty in drawing back the bayonet, which had stuck in the wall; but unfortunately, for all their zealous efforts we were not there. The zeal was the result of inspiration from high places. The poor soldiers obeyed it. The order given them was to kill the Representatives. It was at this time that Morny sent this dispatch to Maupas: "If you can seize Victor Hugo, do what you like with him." This was a pleasant way of saying an unpleasant thing. Later on, the *coup d'état* in its decree of banishment called us "individuals," which gave Schœlcher the

opportunity of making a cutting remark: "These people do not even know how to exile us politely."

Dr. Veron, who published in his Memoirs the Morny-Maupas dispatch, adds, "M. de Maupas had a search made for Victor Hugo, at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Victor Foucher, Counsellor of the Court of Appeal, but he could not be found."

An old friend, a man of courage and talent, M. Henry d'E——, had offered me an asylum in a little suite of rooms which he had in the Rue Richelieu. These rooms, next door to the Theatre Français, were in the first floor of a house, which, like that of M. Grévy, had an exit into the Rue Fontaine Molière.

I went there. M. Henry d'E—— was away, but his porter expected me, and gave me the key. A candle lighted the room into which I entered. Near the fire was a writing-table with paper and ink. It was fully midnight, and I was rather tired, but before sleeping, foreseeing that if I survived this adventure I should become an historian, I wished at once to jot down some details of the position of Paris at the close of the day, the second one of the *coup d'état.* I wrote the page I reproduce here, and I do so because it gives a faithful account and is a sort of photograph of actual facts.

"Louis Bonaparte has invented a thing which he calls a Consulting Commission, and its duty is to write a postscript to the crime.

Léon Faucher refused to be one of them, Montalembert hesitates, Baroche accepts.

Falloux despises Dupin.

The first shots were fired at the Archives. I heard firing in the Markets, in the Rue Rambuteau, and in the Rue Beaubourg.

Fleury the *aide-de-camp* ventured to ride down the

Rue Montmartre; a bullet passed through his forage-cap. He galloped on as quickly as he could.

At one o'clock regiments were voted to assist the *coup d'état.* The law students met in the School of Law to protest against this. The Municipal Guard dispersed them. Many arrests. This evening there are patrols everywhere. Very often a patrol consists of an entire regiment.

The Representative Hespel, who is six feet in height, was unable to find a cell at Mazas sufficiently long for him. He was compelled to remain in the porter's lodge, where he was rigorously watched.

Mesdames Odillon Barrot and De Tocqueville do not know where their husbands are. They have been to Mazas and Mount Valérien, but the jaliers are dumb.

It was the 19th Light Infantry that attacked the barricade at which Baudin was killed.

Fifty men of the mobilized gendarmerie charged and took the barricade of the Oratory, Rue Saint Honoré.

The tocsin had been sounded from the Chapel of Bréa.

One barricade destroyed makes twenty more spring up. There is the Barricade des Ecoles, Rue Saint André des Arts; the barricades in the Rues du Temple; the barricade at the cross-roads of Phillepeaux, which was defended by twenty young men, all of whom were killed, — that one has been rebuilt; the barricade in the Rue de Bretagne, which at this moment Courtigis is attacking with artillery. There is the barricade of the Invalides, the barricade of the Barrière des Martyrs, and the barricade of the Chapelle Saint Denis. There are standing court-martials everywhere, which order the prisoners to be shot.

The 30th Regiment of the Line have shot a woman. Oil upon fire.

The colonel of the 49th Regiment of the Line has sent in his resignation; Louis Bonaparte has nominated in his place Lieutenant-Colonel Negier. M. Brun, an officer of the police of the Assembly, has been arrested at the same time as the Treasurers.

It is reported that fifty members of the majority have signed a protestation at the house of Odillon Barrot.

Anxiety is on the increase this evening at the Elysée. They fear an act of incendiarism. To the firemen have been added two battalions of sappers and miners. Maupas has set a guard over the gasometers.

Paris is entirely in the grip of the military. There are troops bivouacked in all the strategic points. At the Pont Neuf and on the Quai aux Fleurs are the Municipal Guards. At the Place de la Bastille several pieces of artillery; three howitzers with lighted post-fires at the angle of the faubourg. Houses six floors high are occupied by troops from top to bottom. Marulaz's Brigade is at the Hôtel de Ville, Saboul's at the Pantheon, Courtigis at the Faubourg Saint Antoine; Renaud's division at the Faubourg Saint Marceau; the Chasseurs de Vincennes at the Legislative Palace, and also a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry; in the Champ Elysées, cavalry and infantry; in the Avenue Marigny, artillery; in the interior of the Circus an entire regiment, which has bivouacked there all night; a squadron of the Municipal Guard in the Place Dauphine; a bivouac at the Council of State; a bivouac in the courtyard of the Tuileries; stronger garrisons at Saint Germain and Courbevoie. Two colonels killed,—Loubeau of the 7th Regiment and Quilio. Hospital assistants are running about everywhere, carrying litters. Ambulances everywhere,—at the Bazaar of Industry (Boulevard Poissonnière), at the Salle Saint Jean, at the Hôtel de Ville, at the Rue du Petit Carreau.

In this fratricidal strife there are nine brigades engaged, each of which have a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry to keep up the line of communication between the brigades. Fifty thousand men in action, with a reserve of sixty thousand more. One hundred thousand soldiers in Paris. Such is the army of Crime.

Reybell's brigade, with the 1st and 2d Lancers, protects the Elysée. All the ministers sleep at the Home Office, near Morny. Many watches; Magnan commands. To-morrow will be a terrible day."

Having written this I go to bed and fall asleep.

The Third Day.

THE MASSACRE.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE WHO SLEEP AND THOSE WHO WAKE.

ON the night that intervened between the 3d and the 4th, whilst overwhelmed with fatigue and threatened with impending catastrophies we slept the sleep of rectitude. Not an eye was closed at the Elysée; the sleeplessness of infamy was there. About two o'clock in the morning, Couet, formerly a peer of France, and a lieutenant-general in the army, Bonaparte's most confidential friend, after Morny, stepped out of Louis Bonaparte's private study, accompanied by Saint Arnaud. Saint Arnaud, it will be remembered, was at that time Minister of War. Two colonels were waiting for him in the small drawing-room.

Saint Arnaud was a general who had been a super at the Ambigu Theatre, and had commenced his career by playing the comic man in suburban theatres. He was to play a tragic part later on. This was his description: Tall, dried-up looking, thin, angular, grey moustache, hair plaited down, common appearance. He was a cut-throat, but without education. He did not speak grammatically, and Morny often laughed at his mistakes. The circle at the Elysée, which prided itself on the

elegance of its manners, only half acknowledged Saint Arnaud, but his sanguinary qualities caused his vulgarity to be forgiven. Saint Arnaud was at once brave, violent, and timid; he had all the audacity of the belaced veteran, with the awkwardness of the man of low degree. We once saw him in the tribunal pallid, stammering, yet bold. He had a long bony face and a restless jaw. His theatrical name was Florival; he was a mummer playing the part of a soldier. He died a Marshal of France. What a hideous mockery!

The two colonels who were waiting for Saint Arnaud were two prompt men, each commanding one of these influential regiments which on important occasions lead away other corps, according to the orders they have received, into glory as at Austerlitz, into crime as in the 18th Brumaire. These two officers formed a portion of what Morny called "the cream of fast and embarrassed colonels." We will not give their names here; one is dead, and the other will recognize his portrait, besides we have met them before in the first pages of this book.

One of them, a man of thirty-eight, was shrewd, courageous, and ungrateful,— three qualities which will always assure success. The Duke d'Aumale had saved his life in Aures. He was then a young captain. He had been shot through the body, and had fallen into a thicket. The Kabyles ran up to cut off and carry away his head. The Duke d'Aumale came up with two officers, a private, and a trumpeter, charged the Kabyles, and saved the Captain's life. Having saved him, he took a liking to him. The one showed gratitude,— that was the preserver. The Duke d'Aumale then pushed forward the young officer who had given him the opportunity of performing a gallant action, and promoted him to the rank of major; but in 1849 he, as lieutenant-colonel, commanded an attacking column at the siege of

Rome. He then returned to Africa, where Fleury tampered with him at the same time that he did with Saint Arnaud. Louis Bonaparte made him a colonel in July, 1851, and put thorough confidence in him. In November this same colonel of Louis Bonaparte's making wrote to the Duke d'Aumale: "There is nothing to be hoped for from this miserable adventurer." In spite of this, however, in December he commanded a regiment of assassins. Later on, in the Dobrudeka, an ill-treated horse, in a sudden fit of fury, tore away one of his cheeks with his teeth, so as to leave no room on his face for a blow to be inflicted.

The other colonel was a grey-haired man of about forty-eight. He too loved pleasure and murder. As a citizen, he was beneath contempt; as a soldier, he was valiant, and had been amongst the first in the breach at Constantine. Plenty of bravery and plenty of baseness. Louis Bonaparte made him a colonel in 1851. His debts had been twice paid by the princes,—the first time by the Duke of Orleans, the second by the Duke of Nemours.

Such were the colonels with whom Saint Arnaud talked to some time in a low voice.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMMITTEE AT WORK.

BY daybreak we were united once more at the house of our imprisoned colleague, M. Grévy. We had taken possession of his study. Michel de Bourges and I were seated by the fire-place. Jules Favre and Carnot were writing,— one at a table near the window, and the other at a standing-desk. The Left had now invested us with discretionary powers. It seemed more difficult than ever to arrange for a sitting. So in the name of the Left we gave Hingray the following decree, that he was to print at once, which had been hastily drawn up by Jules Favre.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

The Representatives of the People, at liberty, having met in an extraordinary permanent sitting, and having regard to the arrest of the greater number of their colleagues, and the urgency of the case,

Consider that the crime of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in abolishing by violence all public authority has re-established the nation in the direct exercise of its sovereign power, and that all decrees fettering such power should be annulled, and that all prosecutions begun upon whatever grounds for political offences are withdrawn by the imprescriptible right of the people, and they therefore decree that, —

ARTICLE 1. That as far as criminal or civil effects go, all prosecutions commenced and all convictions pronounced against political offences are withdrawn.

ARTICLE 2. It is therefore commanded that all Governors of Places of Detention are at once to set at liberty all persons detained for the offences above mentioned.

ARTICLE 3. It is also commanded that all officials of the Court of Judicature, and all the police force, are to desist from all such prosecutions as have been already commenced, under penalty of immediate dismissal.

ARTICLE 4. The officials and agents of the public force are entrusted with the execution of the present decree.

Done at Paris, in Permanent Assembly, *December* 4, 1851.

Jules Favre, on passing the decree to me for signature, remarked with a smile, —

"Set your son and your friends at liberty."

"Yes," replied I, "four more combatants for the barricades!"

The Representative Deputy, some hours afterwards, received from our hands an enlargement of this decree, with the orders to carry it at once to the prison of the Conciergerie as soon as the sudden attack which we meditated on the Prefecture of Police and the Hôtel de Ville should have succeeded. Unfortunately, our plans failed.

Landran came in just then. His duties in Paris in 1848 had made him thoroughly acquainted with the appearance of the political and municipal police, and he warned us that he had seen several suspicious-looking men lurking about the neighbourhood. We were in the Rue Richelieu, almost opposite to the Theatre Français, one of those spots where there are an abundance of passers-by, and consequently a portion of the city that was narrowly watched. The coming and going of the Representatives who came to communicate with the Committee, and who entered and left the house

without cessation, would most certainly be noticed, and would infallibly cause a police raid to be made on the house. Already the porter and the neighbours had begun to display an amount of astonishment at the goings on, which made us feel very uneasy. Landran assured us that we were in imminent peril.

"You will all be taken and shot," said he.

He entreated us to move our committee meetings elsewhere. M. Grévy's brother being questioned, declared that he could not answer for the discretion of the servants in the house. But what were we to do? Hunted down for the last two days, we had exhausted nearly all our friends. An asylum had been refused to us the evening before, and since we had been sitting we had changed our quarters seventeen times, going sometimes from one extremity of the town to the other. We began to feel uneasy; besides, as I have already mentioned, the house in which we now were had the inestimable advantage of an exit at the back into the Rue Fontaine Molière. We therefore made up our minds to remain, only we thought that it would be as well to take some precautions.

Every kind of devotion was shown by members of the Left to us. A well-known member of the Assembly Durand Savoyat, had constituted himself our guardian,—I may say our usher and our porter. He placed a bell on our table with his own hands, and said, "When you have need of me, ring it." Wherever we went, he followed us. He stayed in the ante-chamber, calm, impassible, and silent, with his grave and noble face, his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and his broad-brimmed hat on his head, which gave him the air of an Anglican clergyman. He himself opened the door, inquired the business of the visitors, and sent away those who would only have wasted our time. His disposition was happy,

and he was always ready to exclaim, "All goes well." If all had been lost he would have smiled, and been a picture of optimism in the midst of despair. We called him in, and Landran explained our position plainly to him. We begged Durand Savoyat for the future not to let any one penetrate into our room, — not even the Representatives of the People, — and only to permit those whose presence was urgently required to reach us; in a word, to send away nearly every one, so that the coming and going of so many persons might be stopped. Durand Savoyat shook his head, and went back to the ante-room saying, "It is good." He now confined himself to these two formulas. For us, it was, "All goes well;" for himself, "It is good," — a noble manner in speaking of his duty.

When Landran and Durand Savoyat had gone out Michel de Bourges began to speak: —

"The artfulness of Louis Bonaparte, who imitated his uncle in this, as he had done in everything else, was to cast an appeal before the people, to call for a plebescite; or, in other words, to apparently raise up one government at the moment when he was overthrowing another. In moments of great excitement, when everything totters and appears to fall, the people feel the need of having something to cling to. In default of anything else, they yield to the sovereignty of Louis Bonaparte. Well, we, in our turn must have something to offer them. The Assembly," continued Michel de Bourges, "is actually dead. The Left, that popular offshoot of the Assembly, might fill the position for a few days. It is important that we, too, should make an appeal to universal suffrage, oppose vote by vote, and place the sovereign people in opposition to a usurping prince, and to at once convoke a new house of Assembly."

Michel de Bourges therefore proposed a fresh proclamation

Michel de Bourges was right; behind the victory of Louis Bonaparte there was a something hideous, but yet known, — the Empire; whilst behind the victory of the Left there was only shadow. We must contrive to throw light upon our future. The thing that makes the imaginative power the most uneasy is the dictatorship of the unknown; and so to convoke a new House of Assembly at once, and to immediately place France in the hands of France, was to re-assure all minds during the battle, and to rally them around us afterwards. This was a true line of policy.

For some time, whilst we had been listening to Michel de Bourges, and to Jules Favre, who supported his views, we imagined that we heard in the adjoining room a kind of hum which resembled the buzz of many voices. Several times Jules Favre had cried out, —

"Why, there must be some one there."

"Impossible," we had replied, "for we told Durand Savoyat not to allow any one to come in."

Our deliberations went on, but the noise increased so much, and became so distinct, that it was necessary to see what caused it. Carnot therefore half opened the door. The drawing and ante-rooms near the study in which we were discussing matters were filled with a crowd of Representatives talking quietly together. Very much surprised, we called Durand Savoyat.

"You must have misunderstood us," said Michel de Bourges.

"I understood you perfectly," answered Durand Savoyat.

"The house has been denounced," added Carnot, "and we are in danger of being arrested."

"And shot on the spot," continued Jules Favre, with his quiet smile.

"Well," answered Durand Savoyat, with even a

calmer smile than that of Jules Favre, "that is exactly it. The door of this study is in a dumb corner and hardly at all apparent. I detained all the Representatives who came, placing some in the drawing-room and some in the ante-chamber, as they liked. There was soon quite a crowd. If the police or the troops had come, I should have said, 'Here we are;' then they would have taken us, and, not noticing the door of the room in which you were, would not have come near you. We should have taken your place, and if any one was to be killed it would have been us." And never seeming to think how heroic were the words he had uttered, Durand Savoyat turned back to the ante-room.

We continued the debate on the decree. We were unanimous on the immediate convocation of a new Assembly; but for what date? Louis Bonaparte had appointed December the 20th for his plebescite, and we therefore chose the 21st. And now we must select a name to give to this Assembly. Michel de Bourges insisted on its being called the "National Convention;" Jules Favre was for the "Constitutional Assembly." Carnot proposed the "Sovereign Assembly," which would evoke no reminiscences, and leave the field free to all hopes. This latter name was therefore agreed to.

The decree, the contents of which Carnot wrote from my dictation, was drawn up in these terms. It was one of those that was printed and posted up.

No. 5.

Decree.

The crime of Louis Bonaparte imposes heavy duties upon the Representatives of the People who have remained at liberty. Brute force has done its best to prevent these duties from being accomplished.

Hunted down, and driven from refuge to refuge, and murdered in the public streets, the Representatives deliberate and take counsel in spite of the infamous police of the *coup d'état.*

The crime of Louis Napoleon in shattering all power has left but one authority erect, — that supreme authority, the authority of the people, known as Universal Suffrage.

It is the sovereign people whose right it is to collect and put together all these shivered fragments of social forces.

In consequence of this the Representatives of the People decree, —

ARTICLE 1. The people are summoned on December 21, 1851, to elect a Sovereign Assembly.

ARTICLE 2. — The election will be by universal suffrage, according to the forms regulated by the decree of the Provisional Government of March 5, 1848.

Done at Paris in Permanent Assembly, *December* 4, 1851.

Just as I was about to sign this decree, Durand Savoyat came in and told me in a low voice that a woman was waiting to see me in the ante-room. I went out, and found that it was Mme. Charassin. Her husband had disappeared. Charassin the Representative was an economist, a scientific man, a promoter of agriculture, and at the same time bold and intrepid. He had been seen the evening before in the most perilous spots. Had he been arrested? Mme. Charassin had come to inquire if we knew where he was. I could tell her nothing.

She afterwards went to Mazas to make inquiries. A colonel, who belonged at the same time to the Army and the Police, received her, and said, —

"I cannot let you see your husband except on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you will speak of nothing to him."

"What do you mean by nothing?"

"No news, no politics."

"Very good."

"Give me your word of honour on that."

Then she replied, "Why should I give you my word of honour when I do not receive yours in return?"

I have since seen Charassin in exile.

Mme. Charassin had just left me when Théodore de Bac came in. He brought in the protestation of the Council of State. Here it is:—

PROTESTATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

We, the undersigned, Members of the Council of State, chosen by the Constitutional and Legislative Assemblies, having met, in spite of the decree of December 2d, at the usual place, and having found it surrounded by an armed force which barred their free access, protest against the act by which the Council of State was dissolved, and declare that we only ceased our duties when compelled to do so by force.

PARIS, *December* 3, 1851.

(*Signed*)

BETHMON, VIVIEN, BUREAU DE PUZY, STOURM, ED. CHARTON, CUVIER, DE RENNEVILLE, HORACE SAY, BOULATIGNIER, GAUTHIER DE RUMILLY, DE JOUVENCEL, DUNOYER, CARTERET, DE FRESNE, BOUCHENAY-LEFER, RIVET, BOUDET, CORMENIN, PONS DE L'HÉRAULT.

Let us tell how the adventure of the Council of State had passed.

Louis Bonaparte had expelled the Assembly by the Army, the High Court by the Police; but he turned out the Council of State by the porter. On the 2d of December, in the morning, at the same time that the Representatives of the Right were going to M. Daru at the town-hall of the 10th Arrondissement, the Councillors of State went to their place of meeting on the Quai d'Orsay. They went in one by one. The quay was covered with soldiers; there was a regiment there with their muskets piled.

Some thirty of them were soon collected together, and they began to deliberate. A scheme of protest was drawn up, when just as it was about to be signed, the porter entered, very pale in the face. He declared that he must obey orders, and that they must all leave the place. Upon this, some members of the Council of State declared that unworthy as they might be, they would not place their signatures by the side of those of the Republicans. This was to a certain extent an excuse for obeying the porter's orders.

M. Bethmon, one of the Presidents, offered his house as a place of meeting. He lived in the Rue Saint Romain. The Republican members went there, and signed without further discussion the protest which we had just read.

Some members who lived in remote parts of the town had been unable to come to the meeting; but M. Edward Charton, a gallant young man with a noble mind, volunteered to carry the protestation to his absent colleagues. He did so at some risk to himself, and on foot, having been unable to get a conveyance. More than once he was stopped by the soldiers and menaced with being searched, which would have been highly dangerous. He however managed to reach more members of the Council, and many of them signed it. Pons de l'Hérault boldly, Cormenin with a kind of feverish excitement, Boudet after a good deal of hesitation. M. Boudet trembled, his family were affrighted; they could hear from the open window the roar of artillery.

Charton, ever calm and brave, said to him, "Your friends Vivien, Rivet, and Stourm have all signed it."

Boudet signed it.

Many refused, — one excusing himself in the plea of his great age, another bringing forward as an excuse the *Res angusta dami*; another his fear of the Red Republicans.

"Say fear without anything else," remarked Edward Charton.

On the next morning, the 3d, Messrs. Vivien and Bethmon carried the protest to Boulay (de la Meurthe), Vice-President of the Republic and President of the Council of State, who received them in his cheering form, and cried out, —

"Go away! Ruin yourselves if you like, but let it be without me."

In the morning of the 4th, M. de Cormenin cancelled his signature, giving this extraordinary and authentic reason: "The phrase 'former Councillor of State,' has not a good effect in the title-page of a book; I fear to injure my publisher."

One more characteristic detail. M. Bedic, on the morning of the 2d, had come in whilst they were drawing up the protest. He had half opened the door; near it was M. Gauthier de Rumilly, one of the most respected members of the Council.

M. Bedic asked him, "What are they doing? A crime? What are they doing?"

M. Gauthier de Rumilly replied, "Drawing up a protest."

Upon which M. Bedic closed the door and disappeared. He reappeared afterwards, under the Empire, as a Minister of State.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERIOR OF THE ELYSÉE.

IN the morning Dr. Yvan met Dr. Conneau; they were acquainted. Yvan belonged to the Left, Conneau to the Elysée. Yvan learned from Conneau all that passed that night in the Elysée and told us the details. One of them was this.

An inexorable decree had been approved of, and was about to be posted up. This decree enjoined implicit obedience to the *coup d'état*. Saint Arnaud, whose signature appeared at the bottom of it, had framed it. When he came to the last paragraph,— which ran thus, "Whoever shall be taken in the act of constructing a barricade, or posting up a proclamation of the ex-Representatives, or reading it, shall be —" Here Saint Arnaud paused, and Morny, shrugging his shoulders, snatched the pen from his fingers and concluded the sentence with the word "shot."

Other matters had been decided which he did not know of.

There were other reports to be added to this one. A National Guard, named Boillay de Dole, had been on guard on the 3d and 4th at the Elysée. The windows of Louis Bonaparte's study, which was on the ground-floor, had been lighted up all night. In the sitting-room by the side of it a council of war was held. From his sentry-box Boillay could see against the glass dark profiles and gesticulating shadows; these were

Magnan, Saint Arnaud, Persigny, Fleury, — the phantoms of a crime.

Korte, the general of cuirassiers, had been summoned, as well as Camlet, who commanded the division which was to do most of the work on the next day, — the 4th. From midnight to three o'clock in the morning generals and colonels "had not ceased to come and go." Even some mere captains had been there. Towards four o'clock carriages drove up "with some ladies." Debauchery and crime walked hand-in-hand. The boudoir in the palace vied with the brothel in the barracks. The courtyard was full of Lancers who held the chargers of the generals who were taking part in the Council.

Two of the women who came there on that night belong in a certain way to history. These women were brought to influence the unfortunate generals. Both of them belonged to the most fashionable circles. One of them was the Marchioness de ——, who went through the strange adventure of falling in love with her husband after having deceived him. She found that the lover could not compare with the husband. Such things sometimes happen. She was the daughter of the most eccentric of the Marshals of France and of the beautiful Countess de ——, to whom M. de Chateaubriand, after a night of love, addressed this quatrain, which we can now quote, as all those connected with it have passed away forever: —

> "The ray of the morning is gilding the sky;
> The day comes, our rapturous meeting to greet;
> But say, is the smile that in it we descry
> As fond as thine own, as bewitching and sweet?"

The daughter's smile was as sweet as the mother's, and more fatal.

The other woman was Mme. K——, a Russian, tall,

fair, and white, gay and laughter-loving, mixed up in the by-paths of diplomacy, possessing and exhibiting a casket full of love-letters from Count Molé, with something of the spy about her, very beautiful, and terribly dangerous.

The precautions that had been taken in case of failure were visible from without, for from the window of the neighbouring house, the post-chaises, with the postilions in the saddles, could be seen in the courtyard of the Elysée. In the stables of the Elysée, Rue Montaigne, were other carriages and horses, all ready for immediate departure.

Louis Bonaparte had not slept. All through the night he had given his mysterious orders, and by daybreak a sort of hideous calm had crept over those pale features.

In the morning, even he had almost laughed. Morny had come into the study, and Louis Bonaparte, being a little feverish had sent for Conneau, who joined in the conversation. They thought that they could rely upon those about them; but for all that, there were listeners. Morny brought in the police report. Twelve men belonging to the National Printing Office had refused to print the decrees and proclamations; they had been arrested at once. Colonel Forestier had been arrested. They had sent him to the Fort of Bicêtre, with Croce Spinelli, Genillier, Hippolyte Magne (a writer of great talent and courage), Goudounèche, of the Educational Department, and Polino. This last name excited the attention of Louis Bonaparte.

"Who is this Polino?" asked he.

"An officer formerly in the service of the Shah of Persia," replied Morny, "a mixture of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The prisoners have been put in casemate No. 6."

New question from Louis Bonaparte. "What are these casemates like?"

"Mere cellars without either light or air," replied Morny, "twenty-five feet long, eight broad, and five feet high. Water pouring down the walls, damp floors."

"Have they given them some trusses of straw?" asked Louis Bonaparte.

"Not yet," answered Morny, "we will see about that later on." Then he added: "Those that are to be sent out of the country are at Bicêtre, and those that are to be shot at Ivry."

Louis Bonaparte inquired what further precautions had been taken. Morny informed him fully. Guards had been placed on the belfrys, the printing-presses had been sealed, all the drums of the National Guard had been put under lock and key; and so there was no fear of a proclamation coming from a printing-office, the Assembly being beaten at some town-hall, nor the tocsin being sounded from a belfry.

Louis Bonaparte then asked if all the battery of artillery were in working order; each battery should consist of four guns and two howitzers. He had specially ordered that only eight-pounders should be used and six-inch howitzers. Morny, who was in the secret, satisfied him on these points, and then began to talk of Mazas.

He said there were six hundred men in the courtyard belonging to the Republican Guard, picked men, who, if they were attacked, would defend themselves to the last; that the soldiers had received the imprisoned Representatives with shouts of laughter, and had come up and stared Thiers in the face; that the officers had made the soldiers move away, but spoke to them without harshness; that three prisoners were in the most extreme style of solitary confinement, — Greppo, Nadaud, and a member of the Socialist Committee, Arsène Meunier. This last

occupied a cell No. 32, in the 6th Division. On one side of him, in No. 30, was a Representative of the Right, who did nothing but groan and lament, which made Arsène Meunier laugh, as it also did Louis Bonaparte.

Another detail:—

When the cab which took M. Baze drove into the courtyard at Mazas, it ran against the side of the gateway, and one of the lamps was broken. The driver, much put out at the damage, began to lament.

"Who is to pay me for this?" said he.

One of the police-agents who was in the cab with the prisoner replied: "Be easy; speak to the brigadier. In affairs like the present one, when there is any breakage, Government pays."

Louis Bonaparte smiled behind his moustache, as he muttered, "He is right."

Another story of Morny's amused him still more, and this was the anger of Cavaignac on entering his cell at Mazas. In the door of each cell there is an opening termed a "lunette," by which the prisoners can be watched from the outside. The jailers had watched Cavaignac. He had begun by walking about with his arms crossed, then as the space was too confined, he sat himself down on a stool. These stools have three legs. converging together towards the seat, which is formed of a narrow piece of board; the legs come through this and form slight projections not very comfortable to sit on. Cavaignac had started up, and with one kick had sent the stool flying to the other end of the cell; then with a furious oath he had broken the little table, fifteen inches by twelve, which with the stool forms the only furniture of the cell, with a blow of his fist. This story of a kick and a blow delighted Louis Bonaparte.

"And Maupas is still afraid," said Morny.

Louis Napoleon laughed again.

Morny having concluded his report went away, and Louis Bonaparte went into an adjoining room; a woman was waiting for him there. It seemed as if she had come to beg for mercy for some one. Dr. Conneau heard this expressive sentence: "Madame, if I excuse you your intrigues, excuse me my hatreds."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ACCOMPLICES.

M. MÉRIMÉE is vile by nature, so he must not be blamed for that. As to M. Morny, that is quite another thing; he is worth more than the other; there was something of the brigand in him. M. de Morny was brave; a brigand must be so. M. Mérimée was wrong in boasting that he was one of the confidential advisers of the *coup d'état.* It is mere boasting; Louis Bonaparte was not the man to have useless confidants. Besides, let us add that it is hardly probable, for, in spite of a few statements to the contrary, M. Mérimée at the time of December 2d was not in direct communication with Louis Bonaparte; that came later on. At that time he knew no one but Morny.

Morny and Mérimée were both mixed up with the affairs of the Elysée, but in a different way. Morny could be believed; not so Mérimée. Morny was in all the great secrets; Mérimée in the little ones. His vocation was more in love-affairs.

The accomplices of the Elysée were divided into two classes,— the confidants and the courtiers. Morny was the first of the confidants; Mérimée the first, or perhaps the last, of the courtiers. This is what made Mérimée's fortune.

Crime is not beautiful except in the first moment; it fades quickly. This kind of success has no duration;

something must be added to it at once. A literary ornament was required at the Elysée. A smack of the academy is not unsuitable to a robber's cavern. M. Mérimée was on hand. It was his lot to sign himself the "Jester of the Empress." Mme. de Montijo presented him to Louis Bonaparte, who took a fancy to him, and completed his Court by this dull writer with a small amount of talent. The Court was a strange collection,—a receptacle for various degrees of baseness, a menagerie of reptiles, a poisonous herb-garden.

Besides the confidants who were for work, and the courtiers who were simply for ornament, there were auxiliaries.

On certain occasions reinforcements were required. Sometimes these took the shape of women,—a perfect "flying squadron;" sometimes men,—Saint Arnaud, Espinasse, Saint Georges, Maupas; sometimes neither a man nor a woman,—the Marquis de C——.

This was a very remarkable surrounding. Let us describe it in a few words. Veillard the preceptor, an atheist with a shade of Catholicism in him, an excellent billiard-player,—Veillard was a story-teller. He told this story with a smile: "Towards the end of 1807, the Queen Hortense, who from choice lived in Paris, wrote to King Louis that she could exist no longer without seeing him, and that she was coming to The Hague. The King at once said, 'She is *enceinte*,' and calling for his Minister, Van Maanen, showed him the Queen's letter, adding, 'She is coming; well and good. Our two rooms communicate by a door; she will find that door walled up.' Louis took a serious view of his royalty, for he said, 'The robe of a king shall never conceal the shame of a wanton.' The Minister Van Maanen, reported the matter to the Emperor, and he flew into a rage,—not with Hortense, but with Louis. Notwithstanding this, Louis

held firm. The door was not walled up, but his Majesty was; and when the Queen arrived, he turned his back upon her. This, however, did not prevent Napoleon III. from being born, and the proper salute hailed his birth." This was the story that in the spring of 1840, at Saint Sur Taverny, in a house called La Turasse, M. Veillard, ironical Bonapartist and sceptical devotee, told before witnesses, one of which was Ferdinand B——, Marquis de la L——, a playmate of the author of this book.

Besides Veillard there was Vaudrey, whom Louis Bonaparte created a general at the same time he did Espinasse. A colonel of plots might well be a general of treacherous pitfalls.

There was Fialin, the ducal corporal.

There was Fleury, destined to have the glory of riding by the side of the Czar.

There was Lacrosse, a past liberal clerical, one of those Conservatives who push honour to embalmment and conservatism to the state of a mummy. Later on he was made a senator.

There was Larabet, quite a domestic, and just as much a senator.

There was Canon Coquereau, the Abbé of "La Belle Paule." Every one knows the answer that he made to a Princess when she asked him, "What is the Elysée?" It seems you can say to a Princess what you cannot say to a woman.

There was Hippolyte Fortoul, of the climbing species, being worth as much as a Gustave Planche or of some Philarète Charles, a schoolboy author who became Minister of Marine, which caused Béranger to sing, —

> "That Fortoul knows the ropes and droll,
> He 's learned to climb the greasy pole."

There were two men from Auvergne; they hated each other. One had nicknamed the other "the melancholy tinker."

There was Sainte Beuve, a distinguished man of inferior capacities, possessing the jealousy pardonable to ugly people. A great critic like Cousin is a great philosopher.

There was Troplong, who had Dupin for his Procureur, and whom Dupin had for his President. Dupin, Troplong,—the two profiles for a mask in the face of the law.

There was Abbatucci, with a conscience that took no heed of anything. To-day he is the name of a street.

There was the Abbé M——, later on Bishop of Nancy, who emphasized with a smile the oaths of Louis Bonaparte.

There were the frequenters of the famous box at the opera, Montg—— and Sept——, placing at the service of an unscrupulous Prince the fruits of their shallow nature.

There was Romieu, the sketch of a drunkard behind a real spectre.

There was Malitourne, not a bad friend, obscene and sincere.

There was Cuch——, whose name made the footmen at drawing-room doors hesitate.

There was Suin, a man able to give good advice with reference to bad actions.

There was Dr. Veron, who wore in his cheek what the other men of the Elysée wore in their hearts.

There was Mocquart, formerly a handsome man about the Court of Holland. There was a spice of romance in many of his recollections; he might, from his age, and perhaps for other reasons, have been Louis Bonaparte's father. He was a barrister, and had had some intellect

at about the same date as Romieu. Later on he published something,— I don't know what,— but something serious, in a quarto volume, which he sent to me. It was he who in May, 1847, had come with the Prince de Moskowa to bring me a petition from King Jerome to the Chamber of Peers, asking that the banished family of Bonaparte might be permitted to return. I supported this petition, — a good action and a great fault which I often think of.

There was Billault, the semblance of an orator, wandering in his speech with great facility, and deceiving himself with authority, with the reputation of a statesman. What appears to constitute a statesman is a certain superior mediocrity.

There was Lavalette, a combination of Morny and Walensky.

There was Baccivelic, and many others.

It was under the inspiration of such surroundings that, during his presidency, Louis Bonaparte, a sort of Dutch Machiavelli, went here and there,— to the Chambers and elsewhere, to Ham, to Tours, to Dijon,— uttering through his nose all sorts of treason with a sleepy air.

Even with such a terrible reputation as it possessed, the Elysée holds a place in the history of the present century. Small and paltry as its denizens were, they were to be dreaded. It was a household of moral dwarfs. They had this maxim, which they kept to, " Let us enjoy ourselves." They lived upon public death. They breathed an atmosphere of shame, and lived upon that which would have killed others. There they worked, with all the skill and industry at their command, the dismemberment of France.

As we have pointed out, they were mixed up with literature. Veillard was a classical scholar of 1830. Morny created Chaufleury. Louis Bonaparte was a can-

didate for the Academy, — a strange place. The Hôtel de Rambouillet was mixed up with the House of Baucab. The Elysée was the laboratory, the counting-house, the confessional, the divan, the cavern of the kingdom. The Elysée affected to set an example to all in morals, — particularly in morals. It placed paint on the bosoms of its women, and colouring on the cheeks of its men; it gave the law to dress and music. It invented crinolines and operettas. At the Elysée ugliness of a certain description was looked upon as elegance. Proper pride was as much laughed at there as grandeur of soul. At the Elysée they spat upon the *os homini sublimi dedit.* There for twenty years every baseness was engendered which included the baseness of face.

History, however prudish it may be, is compelled to allow that the Elysée did exist. The grotesque side of it cannot do away with its tragic aspect. In it there is a room that has witnessed the second abdication, — the abdication after Waterloo. It is at the Elysée that Napoleon I. finished, and Napoleon II. began. It is at the Elysée that Dupin has two Napoleons in 1815 to crush down the great one, and in 1851 to worship the little one. At this last date the place was utterly ill-omened. Not one atom of virtue remained in it. At the Court of Tiberius there was still a Thraseas, but at the Court of Napoleon there was no one. You sought there for conscience, and you found Baroche; for religion, and you came across Montalembert.

CHAPTER V.

HALF-HEARTED HELPERS.

ON the terribly historical morning of the 4th of December, the circle assembled at the Elysée were watching for the master. Louis Bonaparte had shut himself up; but when a man like that shuts himself up, he reveals himself. The man who shuts himself up meditates; and when such a man meditates, he premeditates. What was the premeditation of Louis Bonaparte? All asked themselves this question save Morny the adviser, and Saint Arnaud the performer.

Louis Bonaparte prided himself upon knowing men, and in a certain light he did so. Others have inspiration; he had scent. This is bestial, but sure.

He certainly had not deceived himself regarding Maupas. To pick the lock of the law he required a false key. He took Maupas; and no burglar's implement could have better worked in the keyhole of the Constitution than Maupas.

He did not deceive himself regarding Q—— B——. He saw at once that this man, so outwardly serious, had in him all that was necessary to make a scoundrel. As a matter of fact, Q—— B——, after having voted for and signed Louis Bonaparte's dismissal at the town-hall of the 10th Arrondissement, was one of the three Representatives of the mixed commission, and had for his vile part sixteen hundred and thirty-four victims, as history has put on record.

However, Louis Bonaparte deceived himself sometimes, — notably in the case of Peauger, who, though selected by him, remained an honest man. Louis Bonaparte, dreading the workmen of the National Printing Office, and not without cause (for, as we have seen, twelve of them proved refractory), had invented a sort of substitute in case of trouble, — a press worked by hand-power, with eight workmen, — which he had established at the Elysée as a sort of sub-State Press, and the direction of this he had given to Peauger. When the time came for the commission of the crime, and when it was necessary to print his villainous proclamations, he called on Peauger, and found that he had rebelled. Then he went to Saint Georges, and found a better tool in him.

He was less deceived, but still he was not quite right in X——. In December, X——, an assistant that Morny judged it necessary to employ, was a source of great anxiety to Louis Bonaparte.

X—— was forty-four years of age, was fond of the fair sex, wanted to get on, and was encumbered with very few scruples. He had commenced his career in Africa under Colonel Comber, in the 47th Regiment of the Line. He had behaved with courage at Constantine, and at Zaaletra had relieved Hesbillon, and concluded the siege which the latter had begun in a bungling manner. X——, who was small and stout, with scarcely any neck, knew how to handle a brigade admirably. His promotion was by four steps, — first Begeaud, then Lamoricière, then Cavaignac, then Changarnier. In Paris, in 1851, he saw Lamoricière, who treated him coolly; then Changarnier, who behaved better to him. He left Satory highly indignant, exclaiming, —

"We must finish up with this Louis Bonaparte, who is corrupting the army. These drunken soldiers make my heart sore. I want to go back to Africa."

In October, Changarnier began to go down, and X——'s enthusiasm fell likewise. X— — then became a hanger-on at the Elysée, but without committing himself. He gave his word to General Bédeau, who trusted him.

On December 2d, at daybreak, some one came and awoke X——. This was Edgar Ney. X—— would be of the greatest service to the *coup d'état*, but would he consent to act? Edgar Ney explained the movement fully, and did not leave him until he had seen him march out at the head of the first regiment from the barracks in the Rue Verte.

X—— took up a position near the Madeleine. Just as he got there La-Rochejaquelein drives out of the Chamber around the open space. La-Rochejaquelein, who was not yet a Bonapartist, was very much enraged; he caught sight of X——, who had been with him in the Military School in 1830, and with whom he was very intimate, and going up to him said, "This is an infamous proceeding. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to wait," answered X——.

La-Rochejaquelein then left him. X—— dismounted and went to call upon one of his relations, a M. R—— who lived in the Rue de Turesnes, to ask his advice. M. R—— who was an honourable man, did not hesitate for a moment, but replied, "I am going to the State Council to do my duty; this is a crime."

X—— shook his head, saying, "We must see how things go."

The words, "I am going to wait," and "We must see how things go," preoccupied Louis Bonaparte a great deal. Morny said, "Let us give X—— up to the 'flying squadron.'"

CHAPTER VI.

DENIS DUSSOUBS.

GASTON DUSSOUBS was one of the bravest members of the Left. He was the Representative of Haute Vienne. When he first began to attend the meetings of the Assembly, he wore, as Theophile Gautier had formerly done, a red waistcoat; and the shudder that Gautier's waistcoat gave to the classical school, in 1830, was similar to what the Royalists in 1851 felt at that of Dussoubs. M. Parisis, the Bishop of Langres, who would not have been frightened at a red hat, was much alarmed at Dussoubs's red waistcoat. Another reason for the dislike of the Rights was that he had passed three years at Belle Isle as a political prisoner for his share in the Limiger business. Universal Suffrage took him out of that to put him in the Assembly. From prison to senate is not a very surprising change in these variable days. But as a matter of fact, the Right was wrong; for the prisoner was not Gaston, but his brother Denis.

Gaston Dussoubs, however, alarmed them. He was witty, brave, and gentle.

In 1851 I used to go every day to dine at the Conciergerie prison with my two sons, and two of my friends also were confined there. They were all men of heart and intellect,—Vacquerie, Meurice, Charles, François Victor. In that pale half light which filtered through barred and shaded windows there was a little family

meeting, and many eloquent orators (amongst them Cremieux), and powerful and fascinating writers (amongst whom was Peyrat), would take their seats at our humble table.

One day Michel de Bourges brought in Gaston Dussoubs, who lived in the Faubourg Saint Germain, in the neighbourhood of the Assembly. On December 2d we did not see him at our meetings. He was ill, and was compelled to keep his bed, as he wrote me, from an attack of rheumatism. He had a younger brother whom we have just spoken of, named Denis. On the morning of the 4th he called on his invalid brother.

Gaston Dussoubs knew all about the *coup d'état*, and was very indignant; and being unable to leave his bed he cried out, "I am disgraced! There will be barricades erected, and my scarf of office will not be seen on any of them."

"Yes, it shall be," answered his brother.

"Tell me how."

"Lend it to me."

"Take it."

Denis took the scarf from Gaston's hands and went out. We shall meet Denis Dussoubs again later on.

CHAPTER VII.

INFORMATIONS AND MEETINGS.

LAMORICIÈRE that same morning managed to convey to me by Mme. de Courbonne the following piece of information: —

"Fort Ham. The commandant is named Baudot. He was appointed by Cavaignac in 1848, and his nomination was countersigned by Charras. To-day both are his prisoners. The Commissary of Police sent by Morny to the village of Ham to watch both prisoners and jailer is named Dufame de Pouillac."[1]

When this note reached me, it struck me that the Commandant Baudot, "the jailer," had connived at this rapid transmission of it. Unshakable evidence of central power.

Lamoricière, by the same channel, sent me several details of the arrest of himself and his comrades, the other generals. These details complete those that I have already given.

The arrest of the generals was carried out at the same time at their various houses. In every case their houses were watched, the doors opened by stratagem, or else broken in; the porters were sometimes deceived and sometimes bound hand and foot by men in disguise, and by men armed with cords and axes. There were unexpected

[1] The other, De Pouillac, has in his possession this note in Lamoricière's handwriting.

intrusions into bed-chambers, night attacks; in fact, the whole thing resembled an incursion of robbers into a lonely house.

General Lamoricière, according to his own expression, sleeps hard, and when there was a disturbance at his door, he did not awake. His servant, an old soldier who is devoted to him, spoke very loud, and even shouted, so as to arouse the General. He had a personal struggle with the police, one of whom wounded him with his sword in the knee.[1] The General woke up, was seized, and carried off at once.

As he was passing along the Quai Malaquais, Lamoricière saw some troops marching along with their packs on their backs. He leaned eagerly out of the window of the carriage. The Commissary of Police, who was with him, imagined that he was about to address the soldiers. This man seized the General by the arm and said to him: "General, if you say a word, I will put this on you," and with his other hand he showed the General something in the dim light. It was a gag.

All the generals were taken direct to Mazas. There they were shut up and forgotten. At eight o'clock that evening General Changarnier had had nothing to eat. The Commissaire of Police had a good deal to put up with, and their cup of shame was filled to the brim.

As General Cavaignac was being taken away, he put some money into his pocket, and turning to Colin, the Commissary of Police who had arrested him, he said, "Will this money be safe on me?"

The Commissary remonstrated. "Ah, General," said he, "how can you think of such things?"

"Who is there to tell me that you are not a set of swindlers?" returned the General.

[1] The wound having proved serious, it was necessary later on to amputate the injured man's leg.

Almost at the same moment Charras said to Police Commissary Courteille: "Who can say that you are not a pack of thieves?"

A few days afterwards these wretches received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. This cross, given by the last of the Bonapartes to the police after December 2d, was the same that the first Napoleon pinned on to the eagles of the grand army after Austerlitz.

I communicated this information to the Committee. Other reports came in; some of them had reference to the press. Since the morning of the 2d the press had been treated with military brutality. Serrière, the gallant printer, came to tell us what had taken place at "La Presse." Serrière printed "La Presse" and "L'Avénement du Peuple," and alterations of the Événement, which had been judicially suppressed. On the 2d, at seven o'clock in the morning, the printing-office had been invaded by twenty-eight soldiers of the Republican Guard, commanded by a lieutenant named Pape, who has since been decorated. This man handed to Serrière a notice, signed "Nusse," forbidding him to print anything. A Commissary of Police accompanied Lieutenant Pape, and notified Serrière that "L'Avénement du Peuple" had been suppressed by order of the President of the Republic, and had placed sentries on the presses. The workmen resisted. A machinist said to the soldiers: "We will print it in spite of you." Then four more Municipal Guards came in, with two quartermasters, four brigadiers, and, with a drummer at the head, a detachment of the Line commanded by a captain. Girardin came up in a great state of excitement, and protested with so much energy that one of the quartermasters remarked, "I should like to have a colonel like you." The courage of Girardin inspired the workpeople, and by dint of skill and boldness they succeeded, under the very eye

of the police, in printing his and our proclamations, which they carried away, all damp, under their waistcoats. Fortunately the soldiers and gendarmes were attacked, and the printers profited by their excitement to press on the work. The Muncipal Guards laughed and swore, made jokes, drank champagne and coffee, crying out: "It is we who represent the Representatives, and we have twenty-five francs per day."

All the printing-offices in Paris were occupied by the military. The *coup d'état* had laid its hand upon all of them. Even the journals that were in favour of it were badly treated. At the office of the "Moniteur Parisien," the police threatened to fire on any one who half opened the doors. M. Delamarre, the editor of "La Patrie," had forty Municipal Guards on his hands, and was in constant dread lest they should destroy his presses. He said to one of the men: "But I am on your side."

The gendarme answered, "What is that to do with us?"

On the night of the 3d, or rather at three o'clock on the morning of the 4th, all the printing-offices were evacuated. The captain in command said to Serrière: "We have orders to mass our troops at their quarters;" and Serrière, when telling me this, added, "These are preparing for something."

I had had, since the evening before, several conversations regarding armed resistance with George Biscarrat, an honourable and gallant man. I had made an appointment with him at 19, Rue de Richelieu. I was in the street after having left my trusty friend when I saw M. Mérimée coming towards me.

"Hullo!" said he; "I was looking for you."

"I hope you will not find me, then," returned I.

He extended his hand to me, but I turned my back

on him. I have not seen him since that day. I believe he is dead.

This same Mérimée was one day in 1847 speaking to me of De Morny, and this dialogue ensued: —

Mérimée said: "M. de Morny has a great future before him. Do you know him?"

"Ah, he has a great future, has he?" answered I. "Yes, I know M. de Morny. He has plenty of wit, and goes a great deal into society. He speculates, and has made a company of the Vuille Moulagne of zinc mines, of the charcoal factories of Liege. Yes, I have the honour of knowing him; he is a swindler."

There was this difference between Mérimée and me: I despised him, he esteemed me. I waited until Mérimée had turned the corner of the street. When he was out of sight I went into No. 15.

We had news of Canrobert: on the 2d he had called on Mme. Leflô, in the evening. That noble lady was very indignant. The next day there was to be a ball given by Saint Arnaud at the Ministry, and General and Mme. Leflô had been invited, and were to meet Canrobert there. But it was not about this ball that Mme. Leflô spoke to Canrobert.

"General," said she, "all your friends have been arrested; are you going to give a hand to this?"

"What I am going to give," answered Canrobert, "is my resignation. You may tell that to Leflô."

Canrobert was very pale, and walked about the room in great agitation.

"Your resignation, General?"

"Yes, madame."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, madame, — unless there is a riot."

"General," answered Mme. Leflô, "that word 'unless' tells me what you are going to do."

And Canrobert had not certainly decided what course he would take. Canrobert's weak point was hesitation. Pelissier, who was peevish and morose, used to say: "Do not go by the names of your friends. Mine is Amiable, Randon is called Cæsar, and Canrobert, Certain."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POSITION.

ALTHOUGH the Committee had already agreed on fighting, I have already mentioned its motives for not condensing the resistance in one place at a certain time, but to spread it over as many spots as possible; and each of us had an instinctive feeling, as had also the criminals of the Elysée, that the coming day would be a decisive one. The moment was rapidly approaching when the *coup d'état* was about to attack us on all sides, and we should have to sustain the shock of an entire army. Would the people, the mighty revolutionary people of the faubourgs, desert its Representatives? Would it abandon itself, or, roused and enlightened, would it wake up in all its vigour? — a question of the most interesting kind, which we repeated to ourselves with the deepest anxiety.

There had been no reassuring sign on the part of the National Guard. The eloquent appeal written at M. Marie's by Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, and addressed in our name to the legions, we had been unable to get printed. Hetzel's project had failed. Versigny and Labrousse had been unable to meet him; for the spot chosen for that purpose, at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue Richelieu, had been constantly swept by charges of cavalry. The courageous effort made by Colonel Gressier on the 6th Legion, and the more timid attempts of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury on the 5th, had

both failed; and yet the angry feeling in Paris was on the increase. The evening had been significant of this. Hingray arrived in the morning, bringing under his cloak a packet of the decree of dismissal, which had been reprinted. In order to give these to us he had a dozen times run the risk of being arrested and shot. We set to work at once to distribute and post up these bills. This posting up was executed with great boldness, and our proclamations appeared side by side with those of the *coup d' état* which threatened death to those who ventured to exhibit the decrees of the Representatives. Hingray informed us that our proclamations and decrees had been lithographed, and circulated from hand to hand by thousands. It was necessary to continue the publication. M. Boulé, a printer, who had been the editor of various democratic journals, offered us his assistance. In June, 1848, I had taken up his cause when his printing-office was wrecked by the National Guard. I wrote to him, and put our acts and decrees in the letter. The Representative Montaign undertook to convey them to him; but M. Boulé had to excuse himself as the police had taken possession of his press at midnight. By our exertions, and thanks to the assistance of many young students in chemistry and medicine, we had succeeded in manufacturing gunpowder in several parts of the town. We distributed it as we were best able. About nine o'clock we were assured that the police, who had obtained information of our doings, had set a watch, and were searching the passers-by, especially in the Pont Neuf. A certain line of strategy had been laid down, and the two points converging in the centre were in occupation of the military.

People were arrested in the streets on the grounds of their personal appearance. A policeman at the corner of the Pont au Change said, sufficiently loud for the

passers-by to hear him: "We will arrest all those who are not shaved and who appear not to have been to bed."

In spite of every effort to the contrary, we had a little powder. The disarmment of the National Guard in various quarters of the town had produced some eight hundred muskets. Our proclamations and our decrees were posted up. Our appeal had reached the people, and a certain amount of confidence began to spring up in our hearts.

"The tide is rising, the tide is rising," said Edgar Quinet, who had come to shake me by the hand.

We were told that the colleges would rise in the course of the day, and we were offered an asylum in their midst.

"To-morrow we shall date our proclamations from the Pantheon," exclaimed Jules Favre, in great delight.

The appearances of good fortune increased. An ancient hotbed of insurrection, the Rue Saint André des Arts, was showing signs of bursting forth into revolt; the association called "La Presse de Travail" exhibited symptoms of life; a valiant band of working-men, collected round one of their own clan, Netré, 13, Rue de Jardinet, had almost organized a little printing-press in a garret a few paces from a military barrack. They had passed the night, first in drawing up, and then in printing, an appeal urging the people to take up arms. There were five bold and resolute men. They had contrived to procure paper, they had new type, and in the course of a few hours fifteen hundred impressions were printed off and placarded up in the streets. One of these bold workers, their chief indeed, A. Desmoulins, who came of a good stock of educated fighting-men, who had been much cast down the night before, now recovered his courage, for a ray of hope sprang up in his heart.

The evening before he had written: "Where are the Representatives? All communications are cut off. We cannot pass along the quays or the boulevards any longer. It has become impossible for the Popular Assembly to meet. The people want guidance. De Flotte on the one side, Victor Hugo on the other, Schœlcher in some other direction, are all urging them to resistance, and expose their lives twenty times in the course of the day; but no one feels that he is supported by an organized body. Again, the attempt of the Royalists of the 10th Arrondissement has alarmed them, and they fear to see them reappear at the end."

But now this gallant and intelligent man has recovered his confidence, and writes, "Decidedly, Louis Napoleon is afraid. The reports of his police terrify him. The resistance of the Republican Representatives is bearing fruit. Paris is taking up arms. Certain regiments seem ready to come over to us. The mobilized gendarmerie is not to be depended on. This very morning a whole battalion refused to march. There is a lack of discipline amongst the troops. Two batteries fired for a long time upon each other without finding out their mistake. People say that the *coup d' état* is going to turn out a failure."

We see by this that matters had begun to look up. Had Maupas become useless, and had they been compelled to have recourse to some one more skilful? One point seems to show that this was probable. The evening before, a tall man had been seen between five and seven o'clock, walking about before a café in the Place Saint Michel. He had been joined by two Commissaries of Police who had been concerned in the arrests of the 2d of December, and they had talked together for some time. This man was Castier. Was he going to take Maupas's place?

The Representative Labrousse, who was seated at a table in the café, had watched this consultation. Each of these communions was followed by that species of agent that is termed "a commissaire's lurcher." At this time strange notices of warning reached the Committee. Here is one:—

December 3, '51.

My dear Bocage, — To-day, at six o'clock, 25,000 francs will be offered to any one who will arrest or kill Hugo.

You know where he is. Do not let him go out on any pretext. Yours,

Al. Dumas.

Bocage, 18, Rue Cassette.

It was necessary to think of the smallest details. In the various quarters of the town where fighting was going on, there was a diversity of passwords which might lead to serious complications. We had given the evening before the name of Baudin as a password. In imitation of this they had at some of the barricades taken the names of different Representatives. In the Rue Rambuteau it was "Eugène Sue and Michel de Bourges;" in the Rue Beaubourg, "Victor Hugo;" at the Chapelle Saint Denis "Esquiros and De Flotte." We considered it necessary to stop all this confusion, and to suppress names which it was always easy to guess. The general watchword that was agreed on was, "What is Joseph doing?"

Every moment fresh news and information poured in. We heard that barricades were being built in all parts, and that firing was going on in the central streets.

Michel de Bourges exclaimed, "Build four barricades in the shape of a square, and we will sit and deliberate in the centre of them."

We heard that there were two fresh prisoners in Mount Valérien,— Rigal and Belle, both members of the

Left. Dr. Rigal was the Representative of Gaillac, and Belle of Lavaur. Rigal was ill, and had been taken from his sick-bed. In prison he lay on a miserable pallet, and was unable to rise; his friend Belle waited on him.

About nine o'clock a former captain of the 6th Legion of the National Guard came to us and offered his services. His name was Jourdain, and he was full of courage. He was one of those who, on the 24th of February, led the rash attack upon the Hôtel de Ville. We told him to recommence it again, and to extend it to the Prefecture of Police. He knew perfectly well how to set about it. He told us that he had not many men, but that he would quickly occupy certain houses on the Quai de Gèvres, the Quai Le Pelletier, and the Rue de Cité, and that if it chanced that the people of the *coup d' état*, owing to the fighting in the centre of Paris becoming more serious, withdrew the troops from the Hôtel de Ville and the Prefecture, the attack should be made at once on these two points. Let us at once say that Captain Jourdain did what he had promised. Unfortunately, as we heard later on, he began just a little too soon. As he had foreseen, the time came when the space in front of the Hôtel de Ville was almost denuded of troops, General Herbillon having been compelled to draw off his cavalry in order to take the barricades of the centre in the rear. The Republican attack burst forth at that moment, and shots were fired from the windows of the Quai Le Pelletier; but the left of the column was still on the bridge of Arcola. A line of skirmishers had been placed in front of the Hôtel de Ville by an officer named Larochette; the 44th Regiment came back at the double, and the attempt failed.

Bastide came up with Chauffour and Laissac.

"Good news," said he; "all goes well."

His calm, noble face gleamed with patriotic serenity. He had just returned from the barricades; the bullets had passed through his cloak.

I took him on one side, and said to him, "You are going back, then?"

"I am."

"Take me with you."

"No," answered he; "your presence here is necessary. To-day I am the soldier and you are the general."

I vainly endeavoured to insist, but he was firm, always repeating, "The Committee is our central point, and we must not break it up. Your duty is to remain here. Besides," added he, "set your mind at rest; you run as much danger as we do. If they take you, you will be shot."

"Well," answered I, "the moment may come when it will be our duty to mingle in the conflict."

"Doubtless."

"You will be at the barricade," continued I, "and will assuredly be in a better position to judge than I am. Give me your word of honour that you will do for me what I would do for you, and that when the right moment arrives you will come and fetch me."

"I willingly give it," answered he, as he grasped both my hands with his.

Some time afterwards, however, although I had every confidence in the word of this generous and courageous man, I could no longer restrain myself; and taking advantage of an interval of two hours, during which I was at my own disposal, I went out to judge for myself what was going on, and in what manner the resistance was being carried on.

I took a cab at the Place du Palais Royal, and explained to the coachman who I was, and that I was going to visit the barricades and encourage the defend-

ers; that I should sometimes go on foot and sometimes in his vehicle; that, in short, I entrusted myself wholly to him. The driver was an honest, straightforward fellow.

"I know where the barricades are," said he; "I will take you to the right places. I will wait for you if necessary, and take you there and back. If you have no money, do not pay me. I am proud of the duty I am about to perform."

I got in, and we drove off.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.

WHAT had been done in the morning was of the greatest importance.

"It is catching fire," Bastide had said.

The difficulty was not to burn, but to set light to. It was evident that Paris was beginning to be angry. Paris does not get angry because it ought to be so, but from sheer whim and fantasy. A volcano has its nerves. Rage comes slowly, but it comes at last, and in tne distant horizon we could see the red glare that heralded the coming of the eruption. For the Elysée, as well as for us, the critical moment was approaching. The *coup d'état* and the Republic were at last about to meet hand to hand. The Committee must take the first step. Some power that could not be resisted forced the last defenders of liberty forward and dragged them into action. The last struggle was about to commence. In Paris revolutions spread rapidly through the city. They are always started by some one. Paris contains two revolutionary elements, the tradesmen and the working classes, and each one has a separate part to begin fighting in,—the Porte Saint Martin for the tradespeople and the Bastille for the working classes. The eye of a man well versed in political affairs will always be fixed on one or other of these points. In each of them it always seems as if the red-hot embers of revolution lurked. When a wind

from on high blows, the burning embers fly before it, and fill the town with sparks.

This time the redoubtable Faubourg Saint Antoine slept, and, as has been seen, nothing could arouse it. A whole park of artillery with lighted fort-guns was formed round the Column of July, the enormous deaf-and-dumb remembrance of the Bastille. This mighty revolutionary pillar, this silent witness of the mighty deeds of yore, seemed to have forgotten everything. Sad to say, the stones in the street which had seen the revolution in July, did not start from their resting-places beneath the wheels of the cannons of the 2d of December. This time it was not the Bastille that commenced, but the Porte Saint Martin.

From eight o'clock in the morning the streets of Saint Denis and Saint Martin were in an uproar as crowds of indignant passengers passed up and down them. The proclamations of the *coup d'état* were torn down and ours were posted up. Groups at the corners of all the adjacent streets commented on the proclamation of outlawry issued by the members of the Left. Men who had clambered on to the posts in the street read in loud voices the names of the one hundred and twenty signatures, and again the most celebrated and popular names were hailed with bursts of applause.

The angry crowd swelled each moment. The Rue Saint Denis had that strange aspect which every street presents when all the doors and windows are closed, and all the inhabitants are in the street. Look at the houses, there is the silence of death; look on the streets, there is the roar of the tempest.

Fifty resolute men darted out of a side-street, and began to hurry up and down, shouting, —

"To arms! Long live the Representatives of the Left! Long live the Constitution!"

The disarming of the National Guard commenced, and was carried out more easily than on the evening before, and in a short time there were a hundred and fifty muskets available. The street was covered with barricades.

CHAPTER X.

MY VISIT TO THE BARRICADES.

MY coachman drew up at Saint Eustache, and said, "Here you are in a real hornet's nest. I will wait for you in the Rue de Vrillière, near the Place des Victoires. Do not hurry yourself."

I began to walk from barricade to barricade. At the first one I met De Flotte, who offered to act as my guide. There was not a more determined man than De Flotte. I accepted his proposal, and he took me everywhere where my presence might prove useful. As we were going along he told me of all the steps he had taken to get our decrees printed. Boulé had failed, and he had gone to a lithographic press in the Rue Bergère, No. 30, and at the risk of their lives the bold men had struck off five hundred copies. These two gallant workmen were named Rubens and Achille Poincelot. As I walked along I wrote these notes in pencil,—with poor Baudin's pencil, which I had with me. I put down everything just as I heard it, and I reproduce my notes:—

4th December.—In the morning. They say that the fighting is suspended for a time. Will it recommence? Barricades visited by me. One at Saint Eustache; one at the Oyster Market; one at the Rue Tiquetonne; one at the Rue Mandar (Rocher de Cancale); one closing the Rue du Cadran and the Rue Montorgueil; four closing the Petit Carreau; one, the largest, closing the Rue

Saint Denis as high as the Rue Guérin Boisseau; one closing the Rue Grenetat; one more in the Rue Grenetaut, barring the Rue Bourg l'Abbé (in the centre of this is an overturned flour wagon, a good barricade); Rue Saint Denis one, closing the Rue Petit Léon Saint Sauveur; one closing the Rue Grand Hurleur, with four barricaded corners. This barricade has been already attacked this morning. One of the defenders, Massonnet, a maker of combs in the Rue Saint Denis, No. 154, received a ball through his coat. Dupapet, nicknamed "the man with the beard," remained the last on the crest of the barricade. He was heard to cry out to the officers of the attacking column, "You are traitors!" Every one thought he would have been shot, but strangely enough the troops retired without destroying the barricade. A barricade has been built at Rue du Renard. Some of the National Guard in uniform looked on at the work, but gave no help. One of them said to me, "We are not against you, for you have right on your side." They added that there were fifteen barricades in the Rue Rambuteau. "This morning," continued one, "there was heavy artillery firing going on in the Rue Bourbon Villeneuve."

I am going to see a gunpowder factory, improvised by Leguevel, at a chemist's opposite the Rue Guérin Boisseau. They build the barricades in the most courteous manner, trying not to annoy any one. The defenders of the barricade Bourg l'Abbé were up to their ankles in water because of the rain; it was a perfect sewer. They did not even ask for a truss of straw, but lay down in the water or on the pavement. I saw a young man suffering from leaving his bed. He said to me, "I will get myself killed." He did so.

In the Rue Bourbon Villeneuve they did not even ask the inhabitants of the houses for a mattress, although

the barricade was being cannonaded, and one was wanted to deaden the shock of the balls.

Soldiers do not make barricades well, because they build them too substantially. A barricade should be very shaky; the paving-stones in it should be ready to topple over on to the soldiers, — "so as to smash their toes," as a little street-boy said to me. A barricade should inflict sprains in the attacking party.

Jeanty Sarre is the chief of a whole cluster of barricades. He introduced to me Charpentier, his second in command, an educated scientific man. Charpentier was engaged in a series of experiments with the object of substituting gas for charcoal in baking porcelain. He asked me to let him read me a tragedy of his own composition; but I replied, "We are performing a real one to-day."

Jeanty Sarre was scolding Charpentier because the ammunition was getting low. Jeanty Sarre had at his house in the Rue Saint Honoré a pound of sporting powder and about twenty regulation cartridges, and had sent Charpentier for them. He returned, however, empty-handed, for he had divided them all with the defenders of the other barricades that he had passed on his way back.

"They were like starving people," said he.

Charpentier had never touched a firearm in his life, and Jeanty Sarre had to teach him how to load his musket.

They took their meals at a wine-shop at the corner, and also warmed themselves there, for the weather was bitterly cold.

The proprietor of the shop had said, "Let any one who is hungry come and eat."

One of the men said, "And who will pay you?"

"Death!" answered he; and he was right, for a

few hours afterwards he received seventeen bayonet wounds.

They had not cut off the gas, so as to do as little damage as possible, but had contented themselves with taking from the lamplighter his keys and hooks for turning the gas on and off, so that they could light up or extinguish as it suited them.

This group of barricades formed a very strong defence. At one time, I had hoped that it would have been attacked whilst I was there. We heard the bugles, but they died away in the distance; and Jeanty said to me, "It will be for this evening." His intention is to put out the gas in the Rue du Petit Carreau and in all the neighbouring streets, and only to leave one jet alight in the Rue du Cadran. He posted sentries as far as the Rue Saint Denis. There is an open side in that direction without any barricades, but not very accessible to troops on account of the narrowness of the streets, into which you can only enter one by one; hence there is but little danger to be feared in that direction. Narrow streets are sometimes useful: a regiment is useless except in column. Soldiers don't like scattered warfare; to keep in touch gives additional courage.

Jeanty Sarre has an uncle belonging to the reactionary party, whom he seldom sees, and who resides all alone in the Rue du Petit Carreau.

"What a fright we shall give him presently!" remarked Jeanty Sarre, with a laugh.

This morning Jeanty Sarre paid a visit of inspection to the barricade of Montorgueil. There was no one in charge of it but a drunken man, who, placing the muzzle of his musket against his chest, exclaimed: "You can't pass here."

Jeanty Sarre disarmed him.

I went to the Rue Pagevin. In the angle of the

Place des Victoires there is a very well-built barricade. In the barricade in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau the military this morning gave no quarter, but killed all they came across. There were bodies lying in the Place des Victoires. The barricade in the Rue Pagevin was not carried by assault; it had a garrison of fifty well-armed men. I went inside, and grasped all these valiant hands warmly.

They told me several things. A Municipal Guard had been seen dashing out the brains of a dying man with blows with the butt-end of his musket. A young and pretty girl on her way home had taken refuge inside the barricade, and had remained there an hour utterly panic-stricken. When the danger was over, the leader had sent her home in charge of one of the oldest of the defenders.

As I was about to leave the Pagevin barricade, they brought in a prisoner who was a spy, they said. He expected to be shot, but I made them let him go.

Bancel was behind this barricade. He grasped my hand, and asked, "Shall we conquer?"

"Yes," answered I.

We had almost arrived at the pitch of believing this.

De Flotte and he wished to escort me, fearing lest I might be arrested by a regiment that was protecting the Bank.

The weather was gloomy and cold. The darkness assisted and concealed us. The fog was on our side.

As we reached the corner of the Rue de Vrillière a group of horsemen passed us. It was composed of officers and a man who, though in plain clothes, had a military seat. He wore a loose great-coat with a hood to it.

De Flotte touched my elbow and whispered, "Do you know Fialin?"

"No," I replied.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No."

"Do you want to see him?"

"No."

"Look there."

I did look.

The very man passed before me. It was he who was riding in front of the group of officers. He had come out of the Bank. Had he been there to effect another forced loan? The people who were standing on the doorsteps looked at him with curiosity and without anger. His whole manner was full of insolence. Every now and then he turned round to say a word to one of those who followed him. The little group of horsemen pranced away through the gloom. Fialin had all the arrogant air of a man who is riding away after committing some crime. He gazed haughtily upon the passers-by. His horse, which was a very handsome one, seemed (poor beast!) proud of its rider. Fialin smiled; he held the whip in his hand, which ought to have been laid across his face. He passed on. This was the first and the last time that I ever saw him.

De Flotte and Bancel did not leave me until they had seen me safe to my cab. My trusty driver was waiting for me with it in the Rue de la Vrillière, and took me back to No. 15, Rue de Richelieu.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BARRICADE IN THE RUE MESLAY.

THE first barricade of the Rue Saint Martin was built at the end of the Rue Meslay. A large wagon had been thrown down across the street, the paving had been torn up, and some of the flagstones of the sidewalks added to it. This barricade, which was the advanced post of all the insurgent streets, would only be a momentary obstacle. No portion of it was better than a mass; a third of it did not reach higher than the knee.

"It is good enough to be killed behind," remarked a lad, who was rolling up stones to it. About a hundred men took up their positions behind it.

About nine o'clock the movement amongst the troops showed that the barricade was about to be attacked. The head of the column of the brigade of Marulaz occupied the angle of the street by the side of the boulevard. A gun, pointed so as to sweep the street, was placed in position before the Porte Saint Martin. Both sides eyed each other in that sullen silence which precedes the shock of battle. The troops looked at the barricade bristling with muskets, and the garrison gazed on the gaping mouth of the cannon.

Soon the order for a general attack was given, and fire was opened. The first shot passed over the barricade and struck a woman, who was passing some twenty paces in the rear, full in the bosom. She fell, almost

cut in two. The fire became very brisk without damaging the barricade much. The gun was too close, and the shots went too high. The garrison, who had not as yet lost a man, greeted each shot with a shout of "Long live the Republic!" but did not answer the fire. They were short of cartridges, and did not wish to waste them. All at once the head of the 49th Regiment appeared in the street. Then the men in the barricade fired. The smoke filled the street, and when it cleared away a dozen men could be seen stretched on the pavement, whilst the soldiers were falling back in disorder, sheltering themselves under the walls of the houses.

The chief of the barricade shouted, "They are giving way! Cease firing, do not waste a bullet."

For a time the street remained deserted. Then the gun commenced firing again.

A man, armed with a fowling-piece, approached the chief of the barricade and said to him, "Let us silence the gun; we can shoot down the gunners."

"Why," said the chief, with a smile, "they do us no harm; why should we injure them?"

The bugle could be plainly heard behind the walls of the houses that hid the troops drawn up in the Square of Saint Martin, and it was evident that a second attack was in preparation. This attack would certainly be a fierce and impetuous one.

It was equally evident that if the barricade was carried the whole street could be swept. The other barricades were even weaker than the first one, and less strongly garrisoned. The tradespeople had given the insurgents their guns, and had retired into their houses. They had lent their street, and that was all. It was therefore necessary to hold the barricade as long as possible. They had scarcely two rounds per man to fire. They were, however, to receive an unexpected supply.


LIBRA

A young man, — I can name him now, because he is dead, — Pierre Tissié, who was a working-man and also a poet, had worked for a portion of the morning at the barricade; and when the firing began he left on the pretext that they had not given him a gun. Inside the barricade the whisper went round, "There is one who is afraid."

But Pierre Tissié was not afraid, as they soon saw. He left the barricade quite unarmed save with his knife, which was a Catalan one. Scarcely knowing what he did, he opened it, and went straight on. As he left the Rue Saint Sauveur, he saw at the corner of a little lonely street a soldier of the Line on sentry, no doubt belonging to some large guard a little way off. The soldier was standing with his musket in readiness to fire. He heard Pierre Tissié coming, and cried out, "Who goes there?"

"Death," answered Pierre Tissié.

The soldier fired and missed, Pierre Tissié leaped upon him and struck him a blow of his knife. The soldier fell backwards with the blood gushing from his mouth.

"I did not know that I had spoken so truly," said Pierre Tissié, "but now let me take him to a hospital."

He raised up the soldier, put him on his back, picked up the musket, which had fallen on the ground, and returned to the barricade.

"I have brought you a wounded man," said he.

"A dead man," cried some one.

The soldier had just breathed his last.

"Infamous Bonaparte!" said Tissié. "Poor chap. At any rate I have a gun. They opened the pouch and the cartouche-box and divided the cartridges; there were one hundred and fifty. There were also two ten-franc pieces; these were thrown on the pavement, — no one cared for them. They divided the cartridges with shouts of "Long live the Republic!"

By this time the attacking column had placed a howitzer in position by the side of the field-piece. The cartridges had hardly been distributed, when the infantry again appeared and charged the barricade with the bayonet. The second assault, as they had expected, was a sharp one, but they repulsed it. Twice the infantry charged the barricade, and twice they recoiled, leaving the pavement strewn with dead. Between the attacks a shell had struck and dismounted the barricade, and the field-piece was firing grape and canister.

The position was now desperate. The cartridges were all exhausted. Some of the men began to throw down their arms preparatory to escaping. Their only means of flight was by the Rue Saint Sauveur, and to reach the corner of it they had to pass the low portion of the barricade, which left them exposed to the enemy's fire. Grape and bullets rained around them. Three or four were shot down, one, like Baudin, with a bullet through his eye. All at once the chief of the barricade saw that he was alone with Pierre Tissié and a boy of fourteen years of age, the same who had been rolling up stones to the barricade. The bugle rang out for a third assault, and the soldiers began to advance under cover of the houses.

"Come along!" said the chief of the barricade.

"I shall remain," said Pierre Tissié.

"And so shall I," said the boy. "I have no father or mother; as well end now as later on."

The chief fired his last shot, and then retreated like the others by the low portion of the barricade. A dozen shots were fired at him and a bullet carried away his hat, he stooped down and picked it up. The soldiers were not more than twenty-five paces off. He shouted for the last time to the two who still remained behind: "Come!"

"No!" replied Pierre Tissié.

"No!" replied the boy.

A few minutes more and the soldiers clambered over the barricade, now almost levelled with the ground. Pierre Tissié and the boy were killed with the bayonet, and about twenty empty muskets were taken with the barricade.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BARRICADE OF TOWN-HALL, 5TH ARRONDISSEMENT.

THE courtyard of the town-hall of the 5th Arrondissement was filled with National Guards in uniform. Every minute more arrived. A late drummer of the Guard Mobile had found a drum in one of the lower rooms near the guard-room, and had been beating the assembly in the neighbouring streets. About nine o'clock a party of from fourteen to fifteen young men, the greater portion of whom were dressed in white blouses, came into the courtyard shouting: "Long live the Republic!" They were all armed with muskets. The National Guard received them with cries of "Down with Louis Bonaparte!" All at once there was a movement in the crowd; this was caused by the arrival of the Representatives Doutre and Pelletier.

"What is to be done?" cried the crowd.

"Make barricades," answered Pelletier.

They at once began to tear up the pavement of the streets.

A heavy wagon loaded with sacks of flour was just then passing the gates of the town-hall. They unharnessed the horses, which the driver led off, and turned the wagon, without throwing it over, across the wide road of the faubourg. The barricade was ready in a moment. Just then a truck came up. They took possession of it, and placed it on end between the wheels of the wagon, as a screen is placed before a fire-place. All

the rest was composed of barrels and paving-stones. Thanks to the flour wagon the barricade was a high one, and rose to the first-floor windows on each side. It barred the faubourg completely just at the corner of the little Rue Saint Jean. They arranged a narrow entrance at the corner of the street.

"One barricade is not enough," said Doutre.

"We must place the town-hall between two barriers, so that we can defend both sides of it at once."

They constructed another barricade higher up in the faubourg; this one was low and weak, and only composed of planks and paving-stones. There was a space of about a hundred paces between the two barricades; in this space there were three hundred men. Only a hundred of these had guns, and most of these had only one cartridge.

The attack commenced at ten o'clock. Two companies of the Line made their appearance, and began to fire by companies. This was only a false attack. The barricade replied to it, and by so doing exhausted its ammunition. Then the real attack commenced and the Chasseurs de Vincennes filed out from the angle of the boulevard. They began following the tactics of African warfare, — to advance under cover of the walls; then they formed up and charged the barricade.

No ammunition to defend themselves with and no quarter to be hoped for. Those who had no cartridges threw away their guns. Others wished to take shelter in the town-hall, but it was quite untenable, being entirely open, and commanded from several points. Some climbed the walls and dispersed in the adjoining houses, others escaped by the exit from the barricade into the Rue Saint Jean; but the greater portion halted in rear of the opposite barricade, and those who had a cartridge left fired from over the rampart of paving-

stones a last volley upon their assailants, and then patiently waited for death. They were all slaughtered.

One of those who contrived to glide through the exit into the Rue Saint Jean after braving a volley from the troops was M. de Coste, the editor of "L'Avénement du Peuple." He had been a captain in the Guard Mobile. At a bend of the street which screened him from the fire of the troops, M. de Coste perceived before him the late drummer, who had managed to escape, and was taking advantage of the opportunity to get rid of his drum.

"Keep your drum," cried he.

"What for?"

"To beat the assembly with."

"Where?"

"At Batignolles."

"I will keep it," said the drummer.

These two men who had just escaped from death were ready to seek for it again. How could they pass through Paris with that drum. The first patrol they met would shoot them. The porter of a neighbouring house, who saw the dilemma they were in, lent them a packing cloth. They wrapped this round the drum, and managed to gain Batignolles by unfrequented streets.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BARRICADE IN THE RUE THÉVENOT.

GEORGE BISCARRAT was the one who had started the uproar in the Rue de l'Echelle. I knew George Biscarrat since 1848. He had been engaged in that fatal insurrection, and I had had the opportunity of being useful to him. He had been taken prisoner, and was on his knees in front of the firing party, when I interfered and saved his life; and not only his, but the lives of some others,— M. D. D. B. and the bold architect who afterwards, when in exile, restored the Law Courts at Brussels. This took place on June 24, 1848, in the cellars of No. 93, Boulevard Beaumarchais, in a house which was then being built. George Biscarrat took a liking to me from that time. We discovered that he was the nephew of an old friend who had known me from childhood, — Felix Biscarrat, who had died in 1828.

George Biscarrat came to see me from time to time; sometimes he would ask for my advice, and at others give me information. Desiring to preserve him from unhealthy influences, I had given him this rule by which to regulate his conduct: "Never join in an insurrection except for duty and right."

What was the uproar in the Rue de l'Echelle? Let us relate the incident.

On December 2d, Bonaparte had made an effort to get out. He had risked having a look round Paris. Paris, however, does not care about being looked at by certain

eyes. That insults her; and she is more irritated by an insult than by a wound. She may endure an assassination, but not the leer of the murderer. At nine o'clock in the morning when the passions of Courbevoie had moved upon Paris, and the posters of the *coup d'état* were still fresh upon the walls, Louis Bonaparte had left the Elysée, passed through the Place de la Concorde, the garden of the Tuileries and the railed-in courtyard of the Carrousel, and had been seen to pass out by the wicket into the Rue de l' Echelle. A crowd collected at once. Louis Bonaparte was in general's uniform: his uncle, the ex-king Jerome accompanied him, as also Flahaut, who rode a little in the rear Jerome had on the full-dress uniform of a Marshal of France, with the hat with the white plume. Bonaparte's horse was about a head in front of his uncle's. Bonaparte looked sad, Jerome attentive, and Flahaut aghast; the latter had his hat on the wrong way. They had a strong escort of Lancers. Edgar Ney followed them. Bonaparte evidently intended going to the Hôtel de Ville. George Biscarrat happened to be there; all the street was up, as it was being macadamized, and leaping upon a heap of stones, he shouted, "Down with the Dictator! Down with the Pretorian Guards!"

The soldiers gazed upon him with an air of astonishment, and George Biscarrat (as he told me himself) felt that his allusion had been too classical for them to understand; so he shouted this time, "Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!"

The cry had an electrifying effect; in an instant the whole street was in an uproar.

"Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!" shouted the people.

Bonaparte turned sharply round, and re-entered the courtyard of the Louvre.

George Biscarrat felt the necessity of finishing the hooting by erecting a barricade, and said to the librarian, Benoist Mouillhe, who had just half opened his shop: "Shouting is all very well, but acting is better." He hastened to his home in the Rue des Vert Bois, put on a blouse, took a cap, and went into the more retired streets. Before the day was over he had come to an understanding with four trades-unions, — the Gauge-makers, the Last-makers, the Shawl-makers, and the Hatters; and thus he passed the day of the 2d.

The day of the 3d was passed in going about.

"Almost a lost day," said Biscarrat to Versigny. "However, at any rate, I have persuaded them to this, that they will tear down the placards of the *coup d'état* wherever they can find them; and the police, to render this more difficult, have posted them up in certain spots which are perfectly suitable to them."

On Thursday the 4th, in early morning prayer, George Biscarrat went to Ledouble, an eating-house keeper, where four Representatives of the People usually took their meals, — Brives, Berthelon, Antoine Bard, and Viguier, usually known as Daddy Viguier. He found all four there. Viguier was relating what had been done the evening before, and was of my opinion, — that it would be best to bring on the finale quickly, and to haul down crime into its rightful abyss. Biscarrat came up to them. The Representatives did not know him, and looked at one another.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

Before he was able to reply, Dr. Petit entered, unfolded a paper, and asked, "Does any one here know Victor Hugo's handwriting?"

"I do," said Biscarrat, as he examined the paper. It was my address to the army.

"This must be printed," said Petit.

"I will take care of that," replied Biscarrat.

"You know Victor Hugo, then?" asked Antoine Bard.

"He saved my life," replied Biscarrat.

The Representatives shook him by the hand.

Guilgot came in, and after him Versigny, who knew Biscarrat, as he had seen him at my house.

"Take care of yourself," said he. "There is a man hanging about outside."

"He is with me," said Biscarrat. "He is a shawl-maker."

"But," answered Versigny, "he has a blouse on, and under the blouse a handkerchief. He seems to be hiding something in it."

"Only sugar-plums," said Biscarrat.

What he was hiding was cartridges.

Versigny and Biscarrat went to the office of "La Siècle." There were thirty workmen there, who, at the risk of being shot, offered to print my proclamation. Biscarrat left it in their hands, and said to Versigny, "Now I want a barricade."

The shawl-maker walked behind them as they bent their way towards the upper part of the district of Saint Denis. When they got near the Porte Saint Denis they heard a great noise.

"Saint Denis is getting angry," said Biscarrat with a laugh.

On the way Biscarrat collected together forty fighting-men, amongst whom was Moulin, the president of the Association of Leather-dressers. Chapuis, a sergeant-major of the National Guard, brought four muskets and ten sabres.

"Do you know where we can get any more arms?" asked Biscarrat.

"Yes; at the Baths of Saint Sauveur."

They went there and found forty more muskets; they also got sabres and cartouche-cases.

Well-dressed gentlemen brought them their boxes containing powder and bullets. Brave women made cartridges for them. At the first door from the Rue de Hasard Saint Sauveur, they took from a locksmith's shop iron bars and hammers. When they had once got arms there was no difficulty in procuring men to use them, and they were soon at the head of a hundred. They began to pull up the paving of the street. It was then half-past ten.

"Quick, quick!" cried George Biscarrat, "I have dreamed of a barricade in the Rue Thévenot."

The barricade was soon completed; it was lofty and threatening. Let me shorten the story. At eleven o'clock George Biscarrat had completed his barricade; by twelve he had been killed.

CHAPTER XIV.

OSSIAN AND SCIPIO.

THE arrests rapidly increased. About midday a Commissary of Police named Boudrot presented himself at a divan in the Rue Le Pelletier. He was accompanied by the man Delahodde. Delahodde was a Socialist writer, a traitor who, after having been unmasked, passed from the secret police to the ranks of the public force. I knew him well. In 1832 he was a tutor in a school to which my two sons went, and he had dedicated poetry to me, but at the same time he was playing the spy on me. The divan in the Rue Le Pelletier was a great place of resort for republican journalists. Delahodde knew them all. A detachment of the Republican Guard occupied all the issues of the café. Then an examination of all the suspected took place, Delahodde going first, and the Commissary following him, whilst the Municipal Guards brought up the rear. Every now and then Delahodde would turn round and say, "Lay hold of that one."

In this manner some twenty writers were arrested, amongst whom was Hennett de Kesler. Kesler had been the evening before at the barricade of Saint Antoine; he called out to Delahodde, "You are a scoundrel!"

"And you are an ungrateful fellow," retorted Delahodde; "I am saving your life."

A strange expression this; for it seemed hard to believe that Delahodde was in the secret of what was going to take place on that fatal day of the 4th of December.

At the sitting of the Committee we received from all quarters the most encouraging reports.

Testelin, the Representative of Lille, is not only a learned man, but a brave one. On the morning of the 3d he was at the barricade of Saint Antoine, where Baudin was killed a short time after one. On that side all was over. Testelin was accompanied by Charles Gambon, another gallant man. The two Representatives wandered through the disturbed streets; hardly any one followed them, and they were not at all understood. They were looking for a rising of revolutionists, and could only find a gathering of inquisitive people. Testelin, however, came to the Committee and related this: At a corner of the Rue du Faubourg Saint Antoine, Gambon and he perceived a small crowd. They went up to it. The people composing it were engaged in reading a bill posted up against the wall. It was a summons to arms, and it was signed Victor Hugo.

"Have you a pencil?" asked Testelin of Gambon.

"Yes," answered Gambon.

Testelin took the pencil from his hand, went close up to the proclamation, and wrote his name under mine, then he handed it back to Gambon, who imitated his action.

All the crowd shouted "Bravo! these are the right sort."

"Shout 'Long live the Republic!'" said Testelin.

"Long live the Republic!" they all cried.

"And," added Gambon, "women clapped their hands from the windows."

"When women's little hands applaud us, it is a sign of good luck," said Michel de Bourges.

As we have already seen, — and this is a matter that we cannot point out too strongly, — what the Committee of Resistance wished to do was to prevent the effusion of

blood as much as possible; to construct barricades, to permit them to be destroyed, and to build others in different positions; to avoid collision with the military, and to wear out the troops; to carry on in Paris a guerilla warfare, — always to fall back, but never to give in; to make delay an auxiliary on their side; to pile day upon day, and to leave the people the time to understand what was going on, and to rise in revolt; in that way to vanquish the *coup d'état* by the weariness of the army. Such was the plan which had been discussed and adopted. The order was therefore given to offer but a feeble resistance at the barricades, and we always impressed this upon the combatants: "Spill as little blood as possible, spare the soldiers' lives, and take care of your own."

However, when fighting had really begun it was impossible upon several occasions to restrain the impetuosity of the defenders of the barricades. Several were obstinately defended, especially those of the Rue Rambuteau, the Rue Montorgueil, and the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache.

These barricades were commanded by brave men. Take a note here for history's page of these brave men, sketches of fighting-men appearing and disappearing in the smoke of the combat, — Radoux (architect), Deluc, Mallarmet, Felix Bony, Luneau (formerly a captain in the Republican Guard), Camille Berru (editor of "L'Avénement," gay, hearty, and intrepid), and the young Eugène Millelot, who when at Cayenne was condemned to receive two hundred lashes, expiring at the thirty-third, before the eyes of his father and brother, who had also been sent to penal servitude.

The barricade in the Rue Aumaire was one of those that was not carried without much fighting. Although run up rapidly, it had been well built. Fifteen or sixteen resolute men defended it, of whom two were killed.

This barricade was taken at the point of the bayonet by the 16th Regiment of the Line. The regiment charged the barricade, and was received with a brisk fire, by which several soldiers were wounded.

The first who fell in the ranks of the Line was an officer. He was a young man of twenty-five, a lieutenant of the leading company, named Ossian Dumas; two bullets broke both of his legs at the same time.

At that time there were two brothers in the army of the name of Dumas, — Scipio and Ossian. Scipio was the elder. They were near connections of the Representative Madier de Montjau. The two brothers were of a poor but honourable family. The elder had been at the Polytechnic School, and the younger at the College of Saint Cyr. Scipio Dumas was four years older than his brother. By that magnificent and wonderful law of ascent which the French Revolution created, and which, so to speak, raised a ladder to a class of society which had hitherto been inaccessible, the family of Scipio Dumas had undergone the severest privations in order to give him an education and a future career. His parents, with the touching heroism of poor families, stinted themselves of bread to give him knowledge. And so he was enabled to go through his course of study at the Polytechnic School, and to become one of its leading pupils.

When his studies were completed he was appointed to the artillery, and sent to Metz. Then it was his turn to assist his younger brother. He saved money out of his modest pay as an artillery lieutenant, and thanks to him Ossian became an officer too. Whilst Scipio remained at Metz, Ossian had been posted to a regiment of the Line, and was sent to Africa.

Both Scipio and Ossian were republicans. In the month of October, 1851, the 16th Regiment of the Line,

in which Ossian was serving, was summoned to Paris. The 16th was one of those regiments upon which Louis Bonaparte had fixed his fatal grasp, and one upon which he relied. The 2d of December arrived. Lieutenant Ossian Dumas obeyed, as nearly all his comrades did, the order to appear under arms, but all around him could observe his melancholy demeanour.

The morning of the 3d was spent in marching and countermarching, but on the 4th fighting began. The 16th Regiment, which formed part of Herbillon's Brigade, was appointed for service against the barricades in the Rue Beaubourg, Rue Transnonain, and Rue Aumaire. This was a very dangerous service, as this spot literally bristled with barricades.

The military authorities had decided to attack the Rue Aumaire with Ossian's regiment. At the instant when the regiment with loaded muskets was about to march on the Rue Aumaire, Ossian went up to his captain, a brave old soldier, by whom he was greatly liked, and declared that he would not stir a step further; that what had been done on the 2d of December was a crime; that Louis Bonaparte was a traitor; and that it was for the soldiers to keep sacred the oath which he had broken; and that he, Ossian Dumas, would never draw his sword against the Republic.

The regiment had halted, and was waiting for the signal of attack, whilst the old captain and the young lieutenant were conversing together in a low voice.

"What do you intend to do?" asked the captain.

"To break my sword."

"You will be arrested and sent to Vincennes."

"I do not care."

"And most certainly dismissed the service."

"That is quite possible."

"You may perhaps be shot."

"I expect to be."

"But there is no time now. You ought to have sent in your resignation yesterday."

"There is always time enough to abstain from committing a crime."

The captain, as may easily be seen, was one of those men who are brave by their profession, and who have no other country than their colours, and no law except military discipline. Arms of steel and head of wood, they are neither men nor citizens. Their idea of honour is a general's. It is no use speaking to them of their political duties, or of obedience to the laws of their country. What is the Constitution, what are the holiest laws, against those words muttered by a corporal in the ear of a sentry? Take a pair of scales, place a vessel of the Holy Eucharist in one and the regimental order in the other. Now weigh them: God is light, and the corporal weighs Him down. God was made a party to the watchword of Saint Bartholomew: "Kill all; God will recognize His own." This is a doctrine that the priests accept and sometimes hold up for glorification. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew was blessed by the Pope, and was commended by a Catholic medal.

Ossian Dumas's determination seemed as if it could not be shaken. The captain made a last effort.

"You are lost," said he.

"I shall save my honour."

"It is your honour that you are about to sacrifice."

"Because I am going away?"

"To go away now is to desert your colours."

This speech appeared to have some effect on Ossian Dumas. The captain continued, —

"We are going into action. In a few minutes the barricade will be attacked, and your comrades will fall killed or wounded. You are a young officer, and have seldom been under fire."

"Well," interrupted Ossian Dumas quickly, "I shall not have fought against the Republic, and no one will be able to say that I am a traitor."

"No, but they will say you are a coward."

Ossian made no reply, and in an instant afterwards the command to attack the barricade was given, and the regiment charged. A volley was fired from the barricade. Ossian Dumas was the first to fall. He could not endure the epithet coward, and had retained his place in the rank. They carried him to the ambulance, and from thence to the hospital. He had both of his legs broken, and the surgeons feared that they would have to amputate them. General Saint Arnaud sent him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. As is well known, Louis Bonaparte hastened to pay his mercenaries their wages. After the sword had murdered, it rewarded.

The combat was still at its height when the army was asked to give its vote. The whole of the Parisian garrison voted "Yes," and by this absolved itself. The rest of the army acted differently. Military honour was wounded, and civic virtue aroused. However great the pressure that was exercised by the colonels in many parts of France and Algeria, the army gave "No" as their answer. The Polytechnic School unanimously voted in the negative. Almost everywhere the artillery, of which the Polytechnic School is the cradle, voted as the school had done.

It may be remembered that Scipio Dumas was at Metz. By some chance he heard that the artillery, which nearly everywhere else had voted against Louis Bonaparte, hesitated and was undecided at Metz. In the presence of this hesitation, Scipio Dumas gave a personal example. In a loud voice and openly he voted "No."

Then he sent in his resignation. At the same time

that the Minister in Paris received this resignation signed by Scipio, Scipio received his dismissal, signed by the Minister. After having given the vote, Scipio felt that the Government was an infamous one, and that he could no longer serve under it; whilst the Government felt that Scipio was a dangerous man, whom it would be unwise to employ any longer. The resignation and the dismissal crossed each other on the road.

Almost at the same moment Scipio heard of the attack on the barricade of the Rue Aumaire, and that his brother had had both legs broken. In the excitement that prevailed he had been eight days without any news of Ossian. Scipio had limited himself to writing to his brother the news that he had sent in his resignation, and advised him to do the same. His brother wounded! His brother at Val de Grace! He started for Paris at once. He hastened to the hospital, and was taken to his brother's bedside. The poor young man had had both his legs amputated the evening before. At the instant when Scipio, utterly horror-struck, appeared at his brother's side, Ossian held in his hand the cross which Saint Arnaud had sent him. The wounded man turned to the *aide-de-camp* who had brought him the decoration, and said,—

"I will not accept this cross. On my breast it would be stained with the blood of the Republic." Then, as he caught sight of his brother, he continued, "Do you take it. You voted 'No;' you broke your sword. It is you who have deserved it."

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUESTION IS PUT.

IT was one o'clock in the day, and Bonaparte's features had darkened over. Light does not remain long on such faces. He had gone back to his study, and seated before the fire with his feet on the fender, remained motionless. No one came near him except Roguet. What was he thinking of? The writhings of a viper cannot be explained. What had been done by that man during that day of infamy I have told in full in another book, called "Napoleon the Little."

Every now and then Roguet entered and told him what was going on. Bonaparte listened in silence, buried in thought, impassible as the rock, beneath which boils the steaming lava. He received in the Elysée the same news that we did in the Rue Richelieu, — bad for him, good for us.

In one of the regiments which had just voted there had been one hundred and sixty dissentient voices. This regiment was afterwards disbanded, and the men distributed amongst the African army. He had counted on the 14th Regiment of the Line, which had fired upon the people in February. The colonel of the 14th, however, did not wish to recommence again, and broke his sword.

Our appeal had at last been heard. The eyes of the people were being opened. Paris was rising and the fall of Bonaparte commencing.

Two Representatives — Fabvier and Crestin — met in the Rue Royale, and Crestin, pointing out the Palace of the Assembly to Fabvier, said, "To-morrow we shall be there."

One thing should be noticed, Mazas underwent a sudden transformation. The warders and turnkeys, who had been very insolent to the prisoners, now overwhelmed them with civilities and bowed low before them. On the morning of that very Thursday the governor visited the prisoners and said to them, "It is not my fault." He supplied them with books and writing materials, and offered to procure them news from outside, by means of the wife of one of the warders, who, he said, had been in service with General Leflô. These were significant symptoms. When the jailer smiles it is because the prison gate is half opened. We can add to this something which partially confirms all this, that at the same time the garrison of Mazas was being reinforced. Twelve hundred additional men had been brought in, one hundred at a time. Later on four hundred additional men were brought in, and one hundred litres of brandy, — a litre for every sixteen men.

The most peaceable portion of the town was full of excitement; the centre of Paris was seriously threatened. Central Paris is a mixture of winding streets which seem to have been made for the promoters of revolts. The Ligue, the Fronde, the Revolution, — all remind us of this fact. All these streets had roused themselves.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, from Nôtre Dame to the Porte Saint Martin, there were seventy-seven barricades. Three of them — those in the Rue Maubuée, in the Rue Bertin Poirée, and in the Rue Guérin Boisseau — reached as high up as the second floors of the houses.

The barricade in the Rue Saint Denis was almost as

dangerous as the one that had been thrown across the Rue Saint Antoine in June, 1848. The Representatives of the People had scattered themselves like a cloud of sparks over these inflammable parts of the town. It was the sowing of the conflagration, and the harvest of fire had at last sprung up. The ancient district of the Markets — that city within a city — shouted "Down with Bonaparte!" The people hooted the police and hissed the soldiers. Some of the regiments appeared utterly confounded, and shouts were raised of "Down with your muzzles!" From the windows the women encouraged the construction of the barricades. There were guns and ammunition. Now we were no longer alone and unsupported, for from the gloom behind us we saw the terrible form of a people's power stealing forth.

Hope was now all on our side. The balance of doubt was over, and we were, as I shall always insist, expressing the fullest confidence in the result. There was a moment when the good news kept coming in so quickly that we, who had staked our lives on the cast, felt that the moment of success was at hand, and rising from our seats, fell into each other's arms.

Michel de Bourges was especially irritated against Bonaparte, for he had believed in him, and had once gone so far as to say: "He is the man for me." Of the whole four of us, he was the most violent. He struck his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Ah, the villain! To-morrow — " and he struck his hand heavily a second time on the table, "to-morrow his head shall fall on the Place de Grève in front of the Hôtel de Ville!"

I looked at him. "No," said I. "The head of that man shall not fall."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish it."

"Why do you not wish it?"

"Because," replied I, "if after such a crime as he has committed, we allow Bonaparte to live, we shall have practically abolished the punishment of death."

The generous Michel remained for an instant in deep thought, then grasped my hand.

The appearance of matters was all in our favour; but the reality was not, for Saint Arnaud had his orders. We shall see what they were. Singular incidents produced strange results.

About twelve o'clock a general was sitting on his horse in the Place de la Madeleine, in front of his troops. His mind was filled with doubt and indecision. His troops were as much undecided as he was, as the populace could see. The Representative Raymond, who lived at No. 4, Place de la Madeleine, saw a carriage drive up, a woman step out of it, and whisper to the general a few words. This woman was Mme. K——. The general bent down from his horse and listened to her, then he made a gesture resembling a conquered man flinging down his arms, and Mme. K—— got into her carriage again. The man, it was said, loved the woman; and she could by her beauty, with which she had fascinated him, lead him in any direction she pleased,—raise him to heroism or drag him down to infamy and crime. Her beauty consisted of a strange and dazzling whiteness and an unearthly gaze. It was the gaze that vanquished him. The man hesitated no longer, but performed his part sorrowfully.

From twelve to two o'clock the vast city gave itself up to the unknown. There was an air of cruel waiting upon all things animate and inanimate. An alarming sense of calmness filled the place. The regiments and the batteries silently quitted the faubourgs and formed

up on the boulevards. There was not a sound in the ranks. An eye-witness said, "The soldiers seemed absolutely to move with a friendly aspect."

Upon the Quai de la Férronnerie, which had been crowded with regiments since the morning of the 2d of December, there was only a picket of the Municipal Guard. All the troops had moved to one common centre, and the populace had followed the example of the military.

The silence and stillness of the troops had ended by inspiring the people with confidence. They stood and watched them. Each of the soldiers had three days' rations and six packets of cartridges. Some time afterwards it leaked out that ten thousand francs a day had been spent in brandy for each brigade.

About one o'clock Magnan went to the Hôtel de Ville and personally superintended the horsing of the reserve batteries, and did not leave until they were all ready for immediate action. Suspicious preparations.

Towards twelve o'clock the ambulance corps and the dressers formed at No. 2, Faubourg Montmartre an extensive field hospital, with a vast quantity of litters.

"What is all this for?" asked the crowd.

Dr. Deville, who had attended Espinasse when he was wounded, saw him on the boulevards, and said to him, "How far will you go?"

Espinasse's reply has become historical. He answered, "To the bitter end."

At two o'clock five brigades, commanded by Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reybell, five batteries of artillery, sixteen thousand four hundred men — cavalry and infantry, lancers, cuirassiers, grenadiers, and gunners — were formed up, without any one knowing the reason, between the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg Poissonnière. Two guns were laid so as to command

the entrance of all the streets. There were eleven in position on the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. The infantry had their muskets at the ready and the cavalry had their sabres drawn. What could all this mean? It was a curious sight, and was worth the trouble of coming to see. From the pavement on each side of the street, from the windows of the houses, the crowd gazed down full of confidence and trust.

Little by little, however, this confidence diminished, and curiosity gave place to surprise. Those who passed through this eventful time will never forget it. It was evident that there was something beneath the surface. But what could it be? It was all shrouded in the darkest gloom. Was it possible to imagine Paris let down into a cellar? A low roof seemed to weigh down men and crush them. We were, it appeared, walled in by the unknown and the unexpected. All seemed to be worked by the exercise of some mysterious will.

But, after all, we were strong; we were the Republic, we were Paris, we were France. What was there to fear? Nothing. And so the people continued to shout, "Down with Bonaparte!" The troops remained silent, but the shining sabres had been drawn from their scabbards and the lighted matches smoked at the corners of the streets. Blacker and blacker grew the crowd, whilst the silence was more complete and threatening.

The density of the cloud that hung over all portended some direful tragedy. The impending calamity made itself felt, and the presence of a criminal also was obvious.

Treason coiled and crept about on all sides on that night, and no one can foresee or arrest the sliding down of some terrible thought when the plane upon which it is descending is an inclined one. What was it that was about to issue from these black thunderclouds?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASSACRE.

ALL at once a window, looking straight into hell, was violently thrown open. Had Dante been peering through the gloom, he would have recognized the eighth circle of his poem in the fatal Boulevard Montmartre.

A hideous spectacle, — Paris in the clutches of Bonaparte!

The armed men massed together on the boulevard felt a sudden frenzy incite them. They were no longer men, but demons. For them there was no longer a banner, law, humanity, or country. For them France had ceased to exist, and Murder rode rampant through their souls. The division of the robber Schinderhannes, the brigades of the murderers Mandrin, Cartouche, Poulailler, Trestaillon, and Tropmann, advanced through the gloom, shooting down and murdering on all sides, — for we cannot attribute the terrible scenes that were enacted in that melancholy eclipse of faith and honour to the French Army.

History has handed down to us the accounts of many terrible massacres, but there was some reason for each of them. Saint Bartholomew and the Dragonnades had their origin in religious differences. The Sicilian Vespers and the Butcheries of September were the offspring of patriotism. In each case they crushed the enemy or rooted out the foreigner; but the carnage of the Boule-

vard Montmartre was a useless crime for which no reason could be assigned. And yet a reason, and a very terrible one, did exist. Let us say what it was. There are two mighty powers in the State, — the Law and the People. A man murders the law. He feels the hour of retribution draw near, and there is nothing left for him to do but to slay the people.

And he does so.

The 2d of December was the risk, the 4th was the method to make things secure.

Rising indignation had to be stifled by abject terror. The Eumenides of Justice halted terror-struck before the Fury that had risen up in its path. Before Erinnyes stood Medusa.

What a terrible triumph there was in overthrowing Nemesis.

Louis Bonaparte achieved that glory, and at the same time reached the pinnacle of his infamy. Let us tell how he did it, and recall what History did not see, — the murder of a people by one man!

On a sudden, at a given signal, by a musket fired, — it signifies not where or by whom, — a deadly fire of grape was opened on the crowd. Grape-shot is a crowd of itself; it is death in pellets. It knows not where it comes from or whither it is going; it slays, and passes on. And yet it has a species of soul, — it acts with premeditation and executes a design. The movement was an unexpected one. It was like a handful of thunderbolts dashed upon the people. Nothing could be more simple. It had all the easiness of the solution of a riddle. The grape-shot annihilated the populace.

What are you doing there? Die. Are you passing through the street? It is a crime. Why do you oppose the Government? Government is a cut-throat. It has stated that it will do a certain thing: it has commenced

it; it must be carried out. If society is to be saved, the people must be destroyed.

Are there no social necessities? Must not Beville have eighty-seven thousand francs a year, and Fleury his ninety thousand? Must not the Chief-Almoner Menjaud, Bishop of Nancy, have his three hundred and forty-two francs per day? Bassano and Cambacérès their three hundred and ninety-three francs; Vaillant his four hundred and sixty-eight, and Saint Arnaud his eight hundred and twenty-two? Must not Louis Bonaparte receive his seventy-six thousand seven hundred and twelve francs per day? Could an Emperor do with less?

In an instant there was a series of murders extending for a quarter of a mile along the boulevard. Eleven pieces of cannon demolished the Hôtel Sallandrouze. One shot pierced right through twenty-eight houses. The Baths of Jouvence were riddled. Tortoni's was destroyed. One whole quarter of Paris was a scene of terrified fright. The air was full of cries of anguish.

Death, sudden death, was on all sides. No one expected anything. People were falling on all sides. Whence did it come?

"From on high," said a *Te Deum* of bishops.

"From below!" said the truth. "From a spot worse than the veriest depths of hell!"

It was the conception of a Caligula executed by a Papavoine.

Xavier Durrieu came on the boulevard. He said afterwards, "I took sixty steps, and I stumbled against sixty corpses." Then he realized it was a heinous crime to be in the street. It was also a crime to be in your own house. The murderers entered the houses and slaughtered the inmates.

Adde, of the library on the Boulevard Poissonnière, was on his doorstep; they killed him. At the same

moment,— for the murder was a widely extended one,— far away in the Rue de Lancry, the owner of No. 5, M. Thirion de Montauban, was at his door; they killed him. In the Rue Tiquetonne, a child of seven years of age, named Boursier, was passing by; they killed him. Mlle. Soulac, 196, Rue du Temple, opened her window; they killed her. In the same street, at No. 97, two women, Mesdames Vidal and Raboisson, dressmakers, were in their own house; they killed them. Belval, a cabinet-maker in the Rue de la Loire, No. 10, was at home; they killed him. Debaëcque, commission agent, 45, Rue du Sentier, was in his own house; Couvercelle, florist, 257, Rue Saint Denis, at home; Labitté, jeweller, 55, Boulevard Saint Martin, in his own house; Moupelas perfumer, 181, Rue Saint Martin, in his own house. All these were killed. They cut down in her own room at 240, Rue Saint Martin, a poor embroiderer named Seguin, who, not having money enough to pay a doctor, died at the Beaujon Hospital on January 1, 1852,— the very day indeed on which Sibour's *Te Deum* was celebrated in Nôtre Dame. Another, a waistcoat-maker named Françoise Noël was shot in the Rue Faubourg Montmartre, and died in the Charity Hospital. Mme. Ledaust, a charwoman, living at 76, Passage du Caire, was struck by a grape-shot and died in the Morgue. Of the foot-passengers, Mlle. Gressier, living at 240, Faubourg Saint Martin, Mme. Guilard, of 77, Faubourg Saint Denis, fell under the shower of grape, — the first on the Boulevard Montmartre, and the other on the Boulevard Saint Denis. They were only wounded, and endeavoured to rise to their feet; but the soldiers with shouts of fiendish laughter looked on, and they fell at last never to rise again.

There were some gallant feats of arms. Colonel Rochefort, in the Rue de la Paix, charged at the head of

his Lancers a number of nursemaids and children. He was afterwards made a general, no doubt for this distinguished service. All the men who took part in this unrelatable exploit had some hidden peril which urged them on. Herbillon had Zaatcha behind him; Saint Arnaud, Kabylia; Renault, the affairs of the villages of Saint André and Saint Hippolyte; Espinasse, Rome and the attack of June 30th; Magnan, his debts. Must we go on? Dr. Piquet, a man of seventy years of age, was killed in his drawing-room by a shot in the stomach. Jollivart the painter was shot through the head before his easel; his brains bespattered the picture upon which he was engaged. William Jesse, an English captain, narrowly escaped a bullet, which struck the ceiling just above his head; in the reading-room of the Magasins de Prophète, a father, mother, and two daughters were cut down. Lefilleul, another librarian, was shot in his shop on the Boulevard Poissonnière. Boyer, a chemist, whilst standing behind his counter, was speared by the Lancers. A captain, killing every one he met, took by storm the house known as the Grand Balcon. A servant was killed in the Magasin de Brandus. Reybell in the midst of the discharge of grape, said to Sax, "And I also compose melodies." The Café Leblond was pillaged. The Maison Billecoq was so injured by artillery fire that the walls had to be shored up the next day. Before the Maison Jouvin there was a perfect heap of dead bodies, amongst which was an old man with his umbrella and a young one with an eyeglass. The Hôtel de Castille, the Maison Dorée, the Little Jeannette, the Café de Paris, the Café Anglais, were for three hours the targets of a furious cannonade. The Maison Raquenault was destroyed by a shell, and cannon-shot demolished the Montmartre Bazaar.

No one escaped; muskets and pistols were used at

point-blank range. The New Year was drawing near, and there were shops full of New Year's gifts. A child of thirteen years of age, flying before the fire of the soldiers, took refuge in a shop in the Arcade Sauveur, and hid himself under a heap of toys. He was seized and slaughtered, his murderers with a laugh enlarging the wounds with their sabres. A woman told me, "You could hear the little creature's cries all through the arcade."

Four men were shot before the same shop. The officer who ordered it said, "This will teach you to lounge about here." A fifth, named Mailleret, was left for dead. He had eleven wounds, and was carried to the Charity Hospital, where he died. The cellars were fired into through the airholes. A leather-dresser named Moulins, who had taken refuge in a cellar, was shot in this way. A foot-passenger, wounded in the thigh by a bullet, had seated himself on the pavement with his back against a shop, and was groaning in agony. Some soldiers heard him, and running up, dispatched him with their bayonets.

One brigade killed the bystanders from the Madeleine to the Opera House, and another from the Opera House to the Gymnase Theatre, and a third one from the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle to the Porte Saint Denis. The 75th Regiment of the Line took the barricade of the Porte Saint Denis; there had been no resistance, only butchery afterwards. Massacre strove (a horrible but an expressive word) in the boulevards and in all the streets. It was like a devil-fish extending its long snaky arms. Should they fly? Wherefore? Hide themselves? To what end? Death was pursuing you farther than you could fly.

In the Rue Pagevin a soldier said to a foot-passenger, "What are you doing here?"

"Returning home," was the reply.

The soldier killed him.

In the Rue des Marais they killed four young men in their own courtyard.

Colonel Espinasse shouted out, "After the bayonet, the artillery."

Colonel Rochefort cried out, "Pierce, bleed, sabre!" Then he added, "It will save noise and powder."

Before the Magasin de Bard a driver exhibited for admiration his weapon, which was a rifle, and said, "With this I can put a bullet between any one's eyes." As he said this he took aim, and not caring whom he fired at, generally made a good shot.

The carnage was terrible. Whilst the butchery under Carrelet's orders occupied the boulevard, the brigade under Bourgon's command pillaged the Temple; Marulaz's brigade pillaged the Rue Rambuteau; whilst Regnault's division employed itself on the left bank of the Seine. Regnault was the general who had given Charras his pistols at Mascara. In 1848 he had said to him, "We must organize a revolution throughout Europe," and Charras had replied to him, "Not so fast." Louis Bonaparte had gazetted him a general in July, 1851.

The Rue aux Ours was very much changed. Morny, speaking to Bonaparte that evening said, "There is one good mark for the 15th Light Infantry; they have swept the Rue aux Ours clean."

At the corner of the Rue du Sentier, an officer of Spahis waved his sword in the air and shouted, "You do not understand your orders. Fire at the women!"

A woman ran across the road who was *enceinte*; she fell, and the soldiers running up, finished her with the butt-ends of their muskets. Another woman, terrified out of her life, was about to turn a corner of the street. She carried a child in her arms. Two soldiers

took aim at her. One cried, "At the woman!" and hit his mark; the child rolled on the pavement. Then the other cried, "At the child!" fired, and killed it.

A man well known in the scientific world, Dr. Germain Seé, declared that in one single house,—that of the Baths of Jouvence,—there were under a pent-house in the courtyard, nearly eighty wounded, chiefly old men, women, and infants. Dr. Seé gave them assistance before all others.

"There was in the Rue Mardier," said an eye-witness, "a perfect string of corpses, which began from the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache. Before the Maison Odier there were twenty-six bodies; before the Hôtel de Montmorency, thirty; before the Variétés, fifty-two, of which eleven were women. In the Rue Grange Batetière were three naked bodies. No. 19, Rue des Faubourg du Montmartre was full of dead and wounded bodies.

A woman, running at the top of her speed with her hair dishevelled and her arms stretched out, was flying down the Rue Poissonnière shrieking, "They 're killing us! they 're killing us!"

The soldiers were joking among themselves. "I 'll bet," said one, "that I knock her over."

It was thus that Count Poninsky was killed, as he was returning to his home, No. 52, in the Rue de la Paix.

I wished to know what to believe. In order to state that certain crimes had been committed, it was necessary that they should be proved. I therefore went to the spot of the murder.

In certain states of agony, feeling grows dead. We do not think, or if we do think it is blindly, and we only hope that events may end one way or the other. The death of others inspires you with so much horror that you long for your own dissolution, if at least by

dying you could serve any good end. Your memory reverts to those men whose deaths have caused popular commotions and risings, and you feel that you have but one ambition left, — to be a dead body that has been of some use.

I walked on, therefore, filled with gloomy thoughts. I wended my way to the boulevards. I saw a fiery furnace, I heard the peals of thunder. Jules Simin, a man who in those terrible days risked his valuable life freely, came towards me. He stopped me.

"Where are you going to?" asked he. "You will get yourself killed. What is it you want?"

"What you say," answered I.

We shook hands, and I continued my way.

I reached the boulevard; the scene was indescribable. I have seen this crime. I have seen this tragedy, this butchery. I have seen this blind stream of death, and the fall, upon every side of me, of the murdered people; and it is for this reason that I can sign this book as an EYE-WITNESS.

Destiny has its designs. It watches mysteriously over the future historian. She permits him to mingle with carnage and destruction, but she will not permit him to die, having much work for him to do.

In the midst of these indescribable horrors I met Xavier Durrieu who said to me, "Ah, here you are. I have just met Mme. D——; she is looking for you."

Mme. D—— and Mme. de la R——, two noble and generous spirits, who had promised Mme. Victor Hugo, then on a bed of sickness, to let her know where I was and what I was doing. Mme. D—— had boldly ventured into the slaughter, and this is what had happened to her: At the corner of the street she had come to a stop before a heap of corpses, and having had the temerity to express her indignation, a trooper had ridden up

to her, pistol in hand, and had it not been for a friendly door that opened suddenly for her and into which she hurried, she would have been a dead woman.

As we know, the total of the deaths resulting from this massacre are unknown. Bonaparte has cast a veil over their number. Such is the usual custom of those who have ordered a massacre. One of the colonels whom our readers have met in the earlier pages of this book has asserted that his regiment alone slaughtered more than two thousand five hundred individuals. That is more than one by each soldier. We ourselves believe that this colonel exaggerates; sometimes crime delights in vaunting the deepness of its dye. Lereux, a writer who was taken prisoner and sentenced to be shot, and who escaped by a miracle, declares that he saw "more than eight hundred bodies."

About four o'clock the horses were taken out of the post-chaises that had been standing in readiness in the courtyard of the Elysée.

This massacre which an English eye-witness, Captain William Jesse, terms "a good-natured fusilade," lasted from two to five. During these three terrible hours Louis Bonaparte had executed his premeditated design and finished his work. Up to the moment of the commencement, the unsuspecting mind of the citizens was quite indulgent towards him.

"Ah, yes," said the sceptics, "it is only a little friendly game, a kind of State jugglery, a conjuring trick of a high class."

Suddenly, however, Bonaparte grew uneasy and unmasked all his designs. "Tell Saint Arnaud to execute my orders."

Saint Arnaud obeyed. The *coup d'état* did what it had always been its design to do; and from that terrible moment a gigantic flood of fire flowed across the path of the crime.

The dead bodies were left lying pale and ghastly upon the pavement, with their pockets turned inside out. The character of the soldier is doomed to this terrible scale of ascension,—a murderer in the morning, a thief in the evening.

When night fell, the Elysée was full of joy and excitement. The men were full of triumph. Conneau told the story with an air of perfect simplicity. The intimate associates were overjoyed. Fialin spoke familiarly to Bonaparte.

"You had better leave off that," whispered Veilleurs to him.

As a matter of fact, this butchery made Bonaparte an emperor. He was now "your Majesty." They drank, they smoked, like the soldiers on the boulevards; for after having been murdering all day, one drinks all night. When blood is spilt, wine flows. All these at the Elysée were delighted with the success. They went into ecstasies over it, and admired it prodigiously.

"What a splendid idea the Prince had had. How well the thing had been carried out! This was better than retreating by Dieppe like Haussez, or by La Membrolle like Gurnon Ranville; or to be taken disguised as a footman, blacking the shoes of Mme. de Saint Fargeau, like that poor Polignac!"

"Guizot was not a more skilful man than Polignac," exclaimed Persigny.

"Your pupils would not have carried out a *coup d'état*," observed Fleury, turning to Morny.

"No," answered Morny, "they were not clever enough," and yet their names were Louis Philippe, Guizot, Thiers.

"If," said Louis Bonaparte, interrupting him, and for a moment removing the cigarette from between his lips, "these were clever men, I had rather be a beast."

"A savage one," adds History as she reports this conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING WITH THE TRADES UNIONS.

IT is necessary to relate what our Committee did during these tragical events.

Let us go a few hours back, — to the moment when this huge and terrible massacre began.

The place of sitting of the Committee was still in the Rue Richelieu. I had returned there after the exploration that I had thought it necessary to make in the insurgent part of the town, and was giving an account of it to my colleagues. Madier de Montjau, who had also come in from the barricades, was adding to my report, when the terrible roar of artillery drowned our words. Just then Versigny rushed in and told us of the terrible events that were taking place on the boulevards. At first it was not known what was the cause of this terrible affray, only that grape and round-shot were flying about and that the boulevards were heaped with dead, and that from all appearance it was a butchery, — a sort of Saint Bartholomew experienced by the *coup d'état;* that houses a few yards from us were being searched; and that the soldiers were killing on all sides. The murderers were going from door to door and were approaching ours. He recommended us to quit M. Grévy's house on the spot. It was evident that the Committee of Insurrection would be a grand find for the bayonets of an infuriated soldiery; we therefore decided to leave at once.

A man distinguished alike by his talents and character, M. Dupin White, offered us a refuge in his house in the Rue Monthabor. We left by the back door of M. Grévy's house, which opened upon the Rue Fontaine Molière, but without any undue haste, and two by two, Madier de Montjau with Versigny, Michel de Bourges with Carnot, whilst I walked arm-in-arm with Jules Favre, who, still bold and still smiling at me as he tied a handkerchief round his throat, remarked, —

" I am quite willing to be shot, but not to catch a cold in my head. "

Jules Favre and I reached the back of the Church of Saint Roch by the Rue des Moulins. The Rue Neuve Saint Roch was filled with a crowd of affrighted foot-passengers, flying rather than walking from the boulevards, the men speaking in a loud voice and the women weeping. We could hear the roar of the cannon and the harsh shriek of the grape. All the shops were shut. M. de Falloux leaning upon the arm of M. Albert de Rességuier was hurriedly coming by Saint Roch and hastening towards the Rue Saint Honoré. The Rue Saint Honoré was in one vast turmoil. People were coming and going, asking questions, standing still, and hurrying on. The shopkeepers standing at their half-opened doors were interrogating the passers-by, and you could hear nothing but the cry of, " Ah, great heavens! " The residents in the street came out hatless and mingled with the crowd. A fine rain was falling. There was not a vehicle in the street. At the corner of the Rue Saint Roch and the Rue Saint Honoré we heard a voice saying, " Victor Hugo has been killed. "

" Not yet, " answered Jules Favre, with his accustomed smile, as he pressed my arm. The same report had been spread the evening before of Esquiros and of Madier de Montjau; and this rumour, so pleasant to those of the

reactionary party, had penetrated to the Conciergerie where my two sons were imprisoned.

The crowd of foot-passengers driven back from the boulevards and from the Rue Richelieu, turned towards the Rue de la Paix. We noticed the faces of several of the Representatives of the Right who had been arrested the night before, and who had already been released. M. Buffet, a former Minister of Louis Bonaparte, accompanied by several other members of the Assembly, was going towards the Palais Royal; just as he passed by us he uttered the name of Bonaparte in terms of extreme loathing.

The Rue Monthabor, a few paces from the Rue Saint Honoré, was silent and peaceful. Not a passer-by, not an open door, not a hand at any window. The room into which we were conducted on the third floor had the same air of calm tranquillity. The windows looked into an inner courtyard. Five or six arm-chairs were ranged before the fire, and a few books were scattered about on the table. I glanced at them, and they appeared to treat of administrative law and political economy. The Representatives, who joined us almost at once, threw their umbrellas and coats dripping with rain into a corner. No one seemed to know exactly what had happened, and each one repeated his own conjectures on the matter.

The Committee had scarcely installed itself in an adjoining room, when our old colleague Leblond was brought in. King, the delegate of the Trades Union Societies, was with him. The delegate informed us that the Committees were sitting in permanence, and had sent him to us. Following out the instructions of the Committee of Insurrection, they had done their best to prolong the fighting without risking any very decisive encounter.

The greater number of the Societies had not yet joined. However, a plan of action was drawn out. The fighting had been sharp all the morning. The Society of the Rights of Man had turned out. Our former constituant, M. Beslay, had collected at the Passage de Caire some six or seven hundred working-men from the Marais, and had placed them in position in the neighbourhood of the Bank. New barricades would probably be erected in the course of the evening. The moment of resistance would be hastened, and the hand-to-hand struggle which the Committee had desired to keep back was imminent. All was going off with a kind of a dash. Was it best to let events take their course or to stop them? Would it be advisable to end all with one blow which would be the last, and which would evidently leave either Empire or the Republic a lifeless corpse upon the ground? The Trades Unions asked us for instructions. They still held in reserve some three or four thousand fighting-men, and could according to the order which the Committee gave them keep them there still, or else send them under fire at once. They were sure of their adherents, and would act as we decided; but it was not concealed from us that the working-men wanted immediate action, and that there was danger in permitting them to calm down by any delay.

The majority of the members of the Committee still inclined to a certain relaxing of our efforts so as to prolong the struggle; and it was difficult to say that they were in the wrong. It was certain that if we could retain Paris for another week in the position into which the *coup d'état* had thrown it, Louis Bonaparte was a lost man. Paris would not allow herself to be trampled on for eight days by the enemy. This is, however, what struck me most. The Trades Unions offered us three or four thousand fighting-men,—a powerful piece of assist-

ance; but the working-man understands very little about strategy. He is highly enthusiastic and any postponement throws him back. His courage does not die away, but it grows dim; and three thousand men to-day would dwindle into five hundred to-morrow. Then something serious had taken place upon the boulevard of which we were ignorant, nor could we guess at the consequences that might accrue from it; but it seemed impossible to me that what had happened, which though it was still unknown to us was doubtless of a violent nature, would not in some way modify the situation and consequently not cause us to change our line of conduct. I therefore spoke in accordance with these views. I declared that we ought to accept the help of the Trades Unions, and throw ourselves at once into the struggle. I insisted that revolutionary warfare often requires sudden changes of tactics. A general with an enemy before him in the open can act as he likes, for all is clear around him. He knows his strength, the number of his men, how many regiments he has at his disposal, and can compare his force with that of the enemy. He can choose his own time and ground for fighting. He has a map before him and can see what he is doing. He is sure of his reserve; he has it well in hand, and can make use of it when he requires it. "But we," said I, "we are in a state of indecision. We are acting against unknown risks. Who is against us? We can see that. But who is for us? That we are ignorant of. How many soldiers, guns, and cartridges have we? We know nothing, and all is darkness. Perhaps we have all the people, perhaps we have nobody. Keep men in reserve! But who can guarantee that that reserve will remain? To-day it is an army, to-morrow a mere handful of dust. All that we can clearly see is our duty, all the rest is obscurity. We can only conjecture, for we are ignorant

of everything. We go into action blindfolded. Let us strike every blow that we can. Let us go straight forward at all hazards. Let us boldly confront peril; and having faith, for we are justice and law, God should be with us in this dark cloud of gloom. Therefore let us accept the noble, though hazardous task of right disarmed, but still fighting."

Leblond and King, when consulted by the Committee, agreed with me; and it was decided that we should invite the Trades Unions to assemble in the streets in all their force.

"But we are keeping nothing for the future," objected one of the members; "what assistance shall we have to-morrow?"

"Victory," replied Jules Favre.

Carnot and Michel de Bourges remarked that it would be as well for the members of the unions who belonged to the National Guard to wear their uniforms. This too was agreed upon.

King, the delegate, rose from his seat. "Citizen Representatives," said he, "your orders shall be at once transmitted. Our friends are all ready, and will muster in a few hours. To-night there will be barricades and fighting."

"Would it be of any service to you," asked I, "if a Representative of the Committee, with his official scarf, was in the midst of you to-night?"

"Of course it would," replied he.

"Well," answered I, "I am ready; take me."

"We will all go!" exclaimed Jules Favre.

The delegate remarked that it would be sufficient if one of us was there when the unions began to muster, and that he could then send word to the other Representatives to come and join him. It was then arranged that as soon as the revised muster-places had been settled on

he should send some one to tell me, and to take me to them.

"Before one o'clock you shall hear from me," said he, as he left us.

Just as the delegate was leaving, Mathieu (de la Drôme) arrived; he was very pale, and exclaimed as he entered the room:—

"You are no longer under a republic; you are no longer in Paris; you are at Naples, under King Bomba!"

He had just come from the boulevards. Later on, when I saw Mathieu (de la Drôme) again, I said to him, "Under one worse than Bomba,—under Satan himself."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PROOF OF MORAL LAW.

THE carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre formed the originality of the *coup d'état.* Without this butchery the 2d of December would only have been an 18th Brumaire. Louis Bonaparte escaped by the massacre that he had plagiarized.

After all, he had always only been a copyist. The little cocked hat at Boulogne, the grey great-coat, and the tamed eagle were merely ludicrous.

"What is all this burlesque business for?" said some one.

Once he made people laugh, now they tremble. The odious is the exit of the ludicrous.

He was envious of those who had committed terrible crimes, and wished to place himself on a par with the worst malefactors. This aspiration for the horrible gave him a place in the museum of tyrants. Roguery wishing to be as large as wickedness, a little Nero swelling himself up to an enormous Lacénaire, — such is the phenomenon. Art for art, assassination for assassination.

Louis Bonaparte created a style of his own. It was in this manner that Louis Bonaparte made his entrance into the unexpected, in this manner that he revealed himself. Certain intellects are full of abysses. For a long time, evidently, the idea of murdering in order to gain a throne had fermented in his brain. The premeditation of criminals is where their guilt commences. Crime

for a long time forms part of their existence, diffused over their whole system, floating about, although unknown to them. Such deeds of villainy are not done in a moment, without thought. They do not at once spring up to a pitch of perfection. They increase, grow, and arrive at maturity; at first the idea is unshapen, and without form, but it is there for all that, living and breathing, ready for the appointed day, and terrible in its vagueness. This idea of assassination in order to gain a throne must, we insist, have dwelt for a long time in Louis Bonaparte's brain. His soul must always have revelled in its possibility. It came and went like the animalculæ in an aquarium, mixed up with gloom and doubt, with desires and expedients, with dreams of I do not know what Cæsarean Socialism, like a deadly hydra half seen through the clear transparency of chaos. He hardly knew that this misshapen idea existed within him. When he wanted it he was able to find it, armed and ready to serve him. His impenetrable brain had in some mysterious manner nourished it. The abysses are full of monsters.

Until that terrible day of December 4th Louis Bonaparte did not perhaps thoroughly know all that was in himself. Those who took the trouble to study this curious imperial animal did not believe him capable of such pure and unmitigated ferocity. They saw in him merely some strange and indescribable composition, in which the tricks of a swindler mingled with dreams of imperial power, who, even when he attained the Crown, would still remain a rogue. What a mountebank, incapable of climbing to the highest pinnacle of any position, even a position of infamy! Always a little above the smaller rogues, but far beneath the more daring criminals. He had been considered an apt pupil of all that is done in gambling-houses and dark places of earth;

but there was this difference, he would cheat in the dark places and murder in the gaming dens. The massacre on the boulevard roughly laid bare this soul. The ridiculous nicknames of Beaky and Badinguet faded away, and the brigand stood confessed. The real Contrafatto was discovered hidden beneath the false Bonaparte.

A shudder ran through the nation. This then was what the man had been keeping in reserve. Many have attempted to palliate his acts. It has ever been a failure. To praise Bonaparte is a simple thing. Dupin has been praised, but to whitewash him is a very complicated operation. What can be made out of December 4th? How can any one hope to extricate him from that? To justify an act is more easy than to glorify it. The sponge works with more difficulty than the censer. Those who have praised the *coup d'état* have had their trouble for nothing. Madame Sand, with all her talents, has failed signally in this; for whatever may be said, the list of the murdered will show through the thin coat of varnish.

No! no! No extenuation is possible. Unhappy Bonaparte, the cup has been filled with blood, and you must drain it to the dregs. The duel of the 4th of December is the most terrible dagger-thrust that a brigand let loose on society has ever given, we will not say to the people, but to the entire human race. The blow was a terrible one, and Paris was struck down by it. Paris struck down, is conscience, reason, liberty, all destroyed by one fell blow. It is the torch of justice, of truth, of life, dashed against the earth and extinguished. And that was what Louis Bonaparte did on that day. The villain's success was a complete one. The 2d of December was a loss, but the 4th of December saved the 2d. It was something like Erostratus saving Judas.

Paris but too well understood that the time of terror was not yet over, and behind the oppressor there was a bloodthirsty assassin. This is what a villain does when he drapes himself in the mantle of a Cæsar. The man was small and paltry; be it so, but he was to be dreaded. Paris yielded to this dread, gave in without a last word, and lying down, feigned death. There was something of suffocation in what had taken place. This crime had no resemblance to any other. Any one, after the lapse of centuries, were it an Æschylus or a Tacitus, in raising the lid of the coffin would perceive the odour of putrefaction. Paris resigned herself. Paris gave up her power. Paris yielded. The novelty of the crime made it a success. Paris almost ceased to be Paris; and the next day, in the darkness, would be heard the chattering of the teeth of the terrified Titan. And we must insist, to carry out the law of morals, that even after the 4th of December Louis Bonaparte still remained Napoleon the Little. His enormous crime still left him a dwarf; and the littleness of the assassin exists in the presence of the immensity of the murder.

And in spite of everything the pygmy had the advantage of the giant. The confession, humiliating though it may be, must be made.

The history of this great dishonour must bring scarlet blushes to the cheek of the historian.

END OF VOL. I.